PARSONS'S EDITION OF SELECT BRITISH CLASSICS.

SAM^l. JOHNSON, LLD.

Engraved for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row Feby. 1. 1793.

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THE

RAMBLER.

BY

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOL. I.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestus, deferor hospes.

HOR.

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THE LIFE

OF

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Litchfield, Sept. 7, 1709, O. S. His father, Michael Johnſon, was a bookſeller of that city. His mother was ſiſter to Dr. Ford, a phyſician, and father of Cornelius Ford, generally known by the name of *Parſon Ford*. Johnſon had a younger brother (Nathaniel) who died at the age of twenty-ſeven or twenty-eight. His uncle Andrew for ſome years kept the Ring at Smithfield, appropriated for wreſtlers and boxers. Michael the father died in 1731. Johnſon did not delight in talking of his relations: "There is little pleaſure," ſaid he to Mrs. Piozzi, "in relating the anecdotes of beggary."

He derived from his parents, or from an unwholeſome nurſe, the diſtemper called the King's Evil. The Jacobites at that time believed in the efficacy of the royal touch; and Mrs. Johnſon preſented her ſon, when two years old, before queen Anne, who for the firſt time performed that office, and communicated to her young patient all the healing virtue in her power. He was afterwards cut for that ſcrophulous humour; and the under part of his face was ſeamed and diſfigured by the operation. It is ſuppoſed that this diſeaſe deprived him of the ſight of his left eye, and alſo impaired his hearing.

At eight years old he was placed at the free-ſchool at Litchfield, where he was not remarkable for diligence or regular application. Whatever he read, his tenacious memory made his own. At about ſeventeen he was ſent to another ſchool at Stourbridge, in Worceſterſhire; and having gone through the rudiments of claſſic lite-

rature, he returned to his father's houſe. At the age of nineteen, he went to aſſiſt the ſtudies of a young gentleman, of the name of Corbet, at Oxford, and on Oct. 31, 1728, both were entered of Pembroke college. At this place, ethics, theology, and claſſic literature, were his favourite ſtudies. His reading, however, was by fits and ſtarts, undirected to any particular ſcience. He received at this time an early impreſſion of piety, and a taſte for the beſt authors, ancient and modern. The want of pecuniary ſupplies at length obliged him to quit the univerſity. He obtained, however, the aſſiſtance of a friend, and returning in a ſhort time, was able to complete his reſidence of three years.

From the univerſity Johnſon went back to Lichfield. His father died ſoon after, and the whole receipt out of his effects was no more than twenty pounds. In this exigence he became under-maſter of a grammar-ſchool, at Market Boſworth; but diſguſted by the pride of the patron of the ſeminary, he left the place in diſcontent, and ever after ſpoke of it with abhorrence. In 1733, he went on a viſit to Mr. Hector, who had been his ſchool-fellow, and was then a ſurgeon at Birmingham. At that place Johnſon performed his firſt literary work, a tranſlation of Lobo's Voyage to Abyſſinia. In Feb. 1734, he returned to his native city, and in Auguſt following publiſhed propoſals for printing the Latin Poems of Politian; but this proſpect failed for want of encouragement.

Our author's next expedient was to offer his aſſiſtance, under a feigned name, to Cave, the projector of the Gentleman's Magazine. His propoſals were accepted, and he was retained as a correſpondent and contributor to the Magazine. In 1735, he made overtures to the Rev. Mr. Budworth, maſter of a grammar-ſchool at Brerewood, in Staffordſhire, to become his aſſiſtant; but this propoſition did not ſucceed. Another mode of advancement preſented itſelf about this time. Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer in Birmingham, admired his

his talents. She had about 800l. and that ſum, to a perſon in Johnſon's circumſtances, was an affluent fortune. A marriage took place; and he ſoon afterwards projected the ſcheme of an academy for education at Edial, near Litchfield. The celebrated Garrick, then about eighteen, was placed in the new ſeminary. An acceſſion of ſeven or eight pupils was the moſt that could be obtained; and the undertaking conſequently proved abortive.

Johnſon, having now abandoned all hopes of promoting his fortune in the country, determined to become an adventurer in the world at large. Young Garrick had formed the ſame reſolution; and in March 1737, they arrived in London together. Their ſtock of money was ſoon exhauſted. In three or four years afterward, Garrick came forth with talents that aſtoniſhed the public. He choſe a lucrative profeſſion, and ſoon emerged from all his difficulties: but Johnſon was left to toil in the humble walks of literature. His tragedy of Irene was the whole of his ſtock: it was offered to Fleetwood, and rejected. He now made himſelf known to Cave, and became connected with him in buſineſs, and in a cloſe and intimate acquaintance. Cave was his firſt and moſt uſeful patron. About this time commenced his intimacy with the well-known Richard Savage.

In 1738 he publiſhed his admirable poem called London; and in Auguſt of that year offered himſelf a candidate for the maſterſhip of the ſchool at Appleby, in Leiceſterſhire; but this ſcheme miſcarried. Johnſon was now thrown back on the metropolis. Bred to no profeſſion, without relations, friends, or intereſt, he was condemned to drudgery in the ſervice of Cave, his only patron. With a mind naturally vigorous, and quickened by neceſſity, he formed a multiplicity of projects; but moſt of them failed. A number of ſmall tracts now iſſued from his pen with wonderful rapidity.—It is a mortifying reflection, that Johnſon, with a

ſtore of learning and extraordinary talents, was not able at the age of thirty, to force his way to the favour of the public. *Slow riſes worth by poverty depreſs'd.* "He was ſtill," as he ſays himſelf, "to provide for the "day that was paſſing over him." In November 1740, he began to compoſe the parliamentary ſpeeches for the Magazines, and continued them till February 1742-3. In 1743-4, he was employed in the painful drudgery of making the catalogue of the Earl of Oxford's library, and in compiling the Harleian Miſcellany. In 1744, he publiſhed the Life of Savage; and then projected a new edition of Shakeſpeare. But the attention of the public was not excited; there was no friend to promote a ſubſcription; and the project died, to revive at a future day.

A new undertaking, however, was ſoon after propoſed—an Engliſh Dictionary, upon an enlarged plan. Several opulent booksellers had meditated a work of this kind; and the agreement was ſoon adjuſted between the parties. Johnſon had hitherto lodged with his wife in courts and alleys about the Strand; but now, for the purpoſe of carrying on his arduous undertaking, and to be near his printer and friend, Mr. Strahan, he ventured to take a houſe in Gough-ſquare, Fleet-ſtreet.

In 1747, the playhouſe being under Garrick's direction, Johnſon thought of his tragedy. It was put in rehearſal in Jan. 1749; and to awaken the public attention, the Vanity of Human Wiſhes was publiſhed the ſame month. Irene was acted on the 6th of February, and on the twelve following nights; ſince which time it has not been acted on any ſtage. He was now forty years old; his fame was widely diffuſed; and he had made his agreement with the booksellers for his Dictionary at 1500 guineas; part of which was to be advanced in proportion to the progreſs of the work. He now eſtabliſhed a weekly club in Ivy-lane; and this is the firſt ſcene of ſocial life to which Johnſon can be traced out of his own home. At this time he had pro-

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jected the RAMBLER. He communicated his plan to none of his friends: he desired no assistance, relying entirely on his own fund and the protection of the Divine Being, which he implored in a solemn form of prayer, composed for the occasion. The first number was published March 20, 1750; and the last, March 14, 1752.

In 1750, one Lauder pretended that he had detected a multitude of plagiarisms in Milton: Johnson, in common with many others, was induced to give credit to his assertions, and wrote a preface to Lauder's book. The arts of this impostor were at length detected. Johnson then renounced all connection with him, and drew up a recantation, in a letter to Dr. Douglas, which Lauder signed; and it was published in 1751.

On the 28th of March, 1752, Johnson felt a severe stroke of affliction in the death of his wife. Mrs. Johnson left a daughter (Lucy Porter) by her first husband. She had contracted a friendship with Mrs. Anne Williams, daughter of Zachary Williams, a physician of eminence in South Wales. This lady possessed uncommon talents, and though blind, had an alacrity of mind that made her conversation desirable. To relieve melancholy reflections, Johnson took her home to his house in Gough-square. Garrick gave her a benefit-play, which produced 200l. a volume of Miscellannies increased her stock to 300l. and this fund, with Johnson's protection, supported her through the remainder of her life.

While the Rambler was carried on, the Dictionary proceeded slowly. In May 1752, having composed a prayer preparatory to his return from tears and sorrow to the duties of life, he resumed his grand design, and went on with vigour; giving however occasional assistance to his friend Dr. Hawkesworth in the Adventurer, which began soon after the Rambler was laid aside. The Dictionary was completed towards the end of

of 1754, and was publiſhed in May 1755. Johnſon was deſirous that it ſhould come from one who had obtained academical honours; and his friend, the Rev. T. Warton, had obtained for him, in February, a diploma for a maſter's degree from Oxford.

His mind, at this time ſtrained and over-laboured by conſtant exertion, called for an interval of repoſe and indolence, but indolence was the time of danger: it was then that his ſpirits, not employed abroad, turned with inward hoſtility againſt himſelf. His reflections on his own life and conduct were always ſevere; and, wiſhing to be immaculate, he deſtroyed his own peace by unneceſſary ſcruples. He tells us, that when he ſurveyed his paſt life, he diſcovered nothing but a barren waſte of time, with ſome diſorders of body and diſturbances of mind, very near to madneſs. His life, he ſays, from his earlieſt years, was waſted in a morning bed; and his reigning ſin was a general ſluggiſhneſs, to which he was always inclined, and, in part of his life, almoſt compelled, by morbid melancholy and wearineſs of mind. This was his conſtitutional malady, derived, perhaps, from his father, who was, at times, overcaſt with a gloom that bordered on inſanity: when to this it is added, that Johnſon, about the age of twenty, drew up a deſcription of his infirmities for Dr. Swinfen, at that time an eminent phyſician in Staffordſhire; and received an anſwer to his letter, importing that the ſymptoms indicated a future privation of reaſon; who can wonder that he was troubled with melancholy and dejection of ſpirit! An apprehenſion of the worſt calamity that can befal human nature hung over him all the reſt of his life, like the ſword of the tyrant ſuſpended over his gueſt.

In 1756, he became a reviewer in the Literary Magazine; but this employment engroſſed but little of his time. He reſigned himſelf to indolence, took no exerciſe, roſe about two, and then received the viſits of his friends: till four or five in the evening he preſided at his tea-table. Tea was his favourite beverage—In this year

year the propoſal for a new edition of Shakeſpeare was reſumed; and in April, 1758, he began the Idler. In 1759 he publiſhed the Prince of Abyſſinia. Johnſon wanted to go to Litchfield, to pay the laſt offices of filial duty to his mother, who, at the age of 90, was then near her diſſolution; but money was neceſſary. Mr. Johnſton the bookſeller gave 100l. for the copy. With this ſupply Johnſon ſet out; but did not arrive in time to cloſe the eyes of a parent whom he loved.

He now found it neceſſary to retrench his expences. He firſt retired to Gray's-Inn, and then to Inner Temple-lane, where he lived in poverty, total idleneſs, and the pride of literature. Halcyon days however were now to open upon him. In May 1762, his Majeſty, to reward literary merit, granted him a penſion of 300l. a year. Being thus poſſeſſed of a regular income, he left the Temple, and once more became maſter of a houſe in Johnſon's court, Fleet-ſtreet. To enlarge his circle, he had again recourſe to a weekly literary club. The members were, Mr. Edm. Burke, Sir J. Reynolds, &c. Enjoying his amuſements in this ſociety, and happy in a ſtate of independence, Johnſon gained in 1765 another reſource, which contributed more than any thing elſe to exempt him from the ſolicitudes of life—he was introduced to the late Mr. Thrale and his family.

In October 1765, Shakeſpeare was publiſhed, and ſhortly after, the Univerſity of Dublin created Johnſon a doctor of laws: Oxford in eight or ten years followed the example; and till then he never aſſumed the title of Doctor. In 1766 his conſtitution ſeemed to be in a rapid decline, and that morbid melancholy which often clouded his underſtanding, came upon him with a deeper gloom than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Thrale paid him a viſit in this ſituation, and found him on his knees, with Dr. Delap, beſeeching God to continue to him the uſe of his underſtanding. Mr. Thrale took him to his houſe at Streatham; and Johnſon from that time became a conſtant reſident in the family.

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In 1770, he publiſhed the Falſe Alarm; and in 1771, Falkland Iſlands. In Auguſt 1773, he ſet out on a journey to Scotland, in company with Mr. Boſwell, and returned to London about November. In 1774 was publiſhed the Patriot; and in 1775, Taxation no Tyranny, and the Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland.—The firſt publication of the Lives of the Poets was in 1779; and the whole was completed in 1781.

We now take leave of Dr. Johnſon as an author. From the cloſe of his laſt work, the malady which perſecuted him through life, came upon him with alarming ſeverity, and his conſtitution declined apace. In June 1783 he had a paralytic ſtroke, which affected his ſpeech only. The contemplation of his approaching end was conſtantly before his eyes; and the proſpect of death, he declared, was terrible. In November 1783 he was ſwelled from head to foot with a dropſy; but being eaſed of this complaint, he began to entertain hopes that his conſtitution was not entirely broken. About Midſummer 1784, with ſome appearance of health, he went into Derbyſhire. In his abſence his friends thought a warmer air might prolong his life; but a penſion of 300l. a year was a fund too ſlender for a travelling valetudinarian. The patronage of the Chancellor (Lord Thurlow) was ſolicited; he undertook to recommend Johnſon's caſe, but without ſucceſs; he offered to advance 500l. from his own purſe: Dr. Brockleſby alſo offered an annuity of 100l; but both theſe generous propoſals Doctor Johnſon declined. He returned to London in November, labouring with the dropſy and an aſthma.

The hiſtory of a death-bed is painful. The ſtrength of religion prevailed againſt the infirmity of nature; and his foreboding dread of the divine juſtice ſubſided into a pious truſt and humble hope of mercy at the throne of grace. He expired without a groan, at ſeven in the evening of Monday, Dec. 13, 1784. On the 20th of the ſame month his remains were buried in Weſtmin-

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ter-Abbey, near the foot of Shakeſpeare's monument, and near the grave of Garrick. A black marble over his grave has the following inſcription: "Samuel Johnſon, L.L.D. obiit 13 die Decembris, Anno Domini 1784, ætatis ſuæ 75."

Dr. Johnſon's perſon was large and unwieldy. His nerves were affected by the ſcrophula. His head ſhook, and involuntary motions made it uncertain that his legs and arms would, even at a tea-table, remain in their proper place. The exteriors of politeneſs did not belong to Johnſon. His morbid melancholy had an effect on his temper: his paſſions were irritable; and the pride of ſcience, as well as of a fierce independent ſpirit, inflamed him on ſome occaſions above all bounds of moderation. Though not in the "ſhade of academic bowers," he led a ſcholaſtic life; and the habit of pronouncing deciſions to his friends and viſitors, gave him a dictatorial manner, which was much enforced by a voice naturally loud, and often overſtretched. Metaphyſical diſcuſſion, moral theory, ſyſtems of religion, and anecdotes of literature, were his favourite topics. General hiſtory had little of his regard. Biography was his delight. "The proper ſtudy of mankind is man." Sooner than hear of the Punic war, he would be rude to the perſon who introduced the ſubject. Chemiſtry was part of his amuſement.

Johnſon was born a logician. In conſequence of his ſkill in that art, he loved argumentation. No man thought more profoundly, nor with ſuch acute diſcernment. A fallacy could not ſtand before him; it was there to be refuted by ſtrength of reaſoning, and a precision both in idea and expreſſion, almoſt unequalled. It was ſurprized to be told, but it was certainly true, that, with great powers of mind, wit and humour were his ſhining talents. Notwithſtanding his piety, ſelf-government, or the command of his paſſions in converſation, does not ſeem to have been one of his attainments. For his intolerant and overbearing ſpirit he apologized, by obſerving,

obſerving, that it had done ſome good: obſcenity and impiety were repreſſed in his company. In the ſociety at Mr. Thrale's he began to wear off the rugged points of his own character. He ſaw the advantages of mutual civility, and endeavoured to profit by the models before him. He felt not only kindneſs but zeal and ardour for his friends. His piety was fervid, but in ſome inſtances bordered on ſuperſtition. His benevolence embraced the whole race of man, and yet was tinctured with particular prejudices. He was pleaſed with the miniſter in the Iſle of Sky, and loved him ſo much, that he began to wiſh him not a Preſbyterian. To that body of diſſenters his zeal for the eſtabliſhed church made him in ſome degree an adverſary; and his attachment to a mixed and limited monarchy led him to declare open war againſt what he called a ſullen republican. He would rather praiſe a man of Oxford than of Cambridge. He diſliked a whig, and loved a tory. Theſe were the ſhades of his character, which it has been the buſineſs of certain party-writers to repreſent in the darkeſt colours. His humanity and generoſity, in proportion to his ſlender income, were unbounded. It has been truly ſaid, that the lame, the blind, and the ſorrowful, found in his houſe a ſure retreat. A ſtrict adherence to truth he conſidered as a ſacred obligation, inſomuch that, in relating the moſt minute anecdote, he would not allow himſelf the ſmalleſt addition to embelliſh his ſtory. The late Mr. Tyers, who knew Dr. Johnſon intimately, obſerved, "that he always talked as if he was talking upon "oath."

Dr. Johnſon's failings may well be forgiven for the ſake of his virtues: his defects were ſpots in the ſun. His piety, his kind affections, and the goodneſs of his heart, preſent an example worthy of imitation. His works will remain a monument of genius and of learning; and by a diligent attention to them, all may advance in virtue.

THE

THE RAMBLER.

No. I. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1750.

Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos auruncæ flexit alumnus,
Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam. JUV.

Why to expatiate in this beaten field;
Why arms oft us'd in vain, I mean to wield;
If time permit, and candour will attend,
Some ſatisfaction this eſſay may lend. ELPHINSTON.

THE difficulty of the firſt addreſs on any new occaſion, is felt by every man in his tranſactions with the world, and confeſſed by the ſettled and regular forms of ſalutation which neceſſity has introduced into all languages. Judgment was wearied with the perplexity of being forced upon choice, where there was no motive to preference; and it was found convenient that ſome eaſy method of introduction ſhould be eſtabliſhed, which, if it wanted the allurement of novelty, might enjoy the ſecurity of preſcription.

Perhaps few authors have preſented themſelves before the public, without wiſhing that ſuch ceremonial modes of entrance had been anciently eſtabliſhed, as might have freed them from thoſe dangers which the deſire of pleaſing is certain to produce, and precluded the vain expedients of ſoftening cenſure by apologies, or rouſing attention by abruptneſs.

The epic writers have found the proemial part of the poem ſuch an addition to their undertaking, that they have almoſt unanimouſly adopted the firſt lines of Homer; and the reader needs only be informed of the ſubject, to know in what manner the poem will begin.

But this ſolemn repetition is hitherto the peculiar diſtinction of heroic poetry; it has never been legally extended to the lower orders of literature, but ſeems to be conſidered as an hereditary privilege, to be enjoyed only by thoſe who claim it from their alliance to the genius of Homer.

The rules which the injudicious uſe of this prerogative ſuggeſted to Horace, may indeed be applied to the direction of candidates for inferior fame; it may be proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raiſe expectation which it is not in their power to ſatisfy, and that it is more pleaſing to ſee ſmoke brightening into flame, than flame ſinking into ſmoke.

This precept has been long received, both from regard to the authority of Horace, and its conformity to the general opinion of the world; yet there have been always ſome, that thought it no deviation from modeſty to recommend their own labours, and imagined themſelves entitled by indiſputable merit to an exemption from general reſtraints, and to elevations not allowed in common life. They perhaps believed, that when, like Thucydides, they bequeathed to mankind 'κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ—' an eſtate for ever,' it was an additional favour to inform them of its value.

It may, indeed, be no leſs dangerous to claim, on certain occaſions, too little than too much. There is ſomething captivating in ſpirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield, as to a reſiſtleſs power; nor can he reaſonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently diſtruſts himſelf.

Plutarch, in his enumeration of the various occaſions on which a man may without juſt offence proclaim his own excellencies, has omitted the caſe of an author entering the world; unleſs it may be comprehended under his general poſition——that a man may lawfully praiſe himſelf for thoſe qualities which cannot be known but from his own mouth; as when he is among ſtrangers, and can have no opportunity of an actual exertion of his powers. That the caſe of an author is parallel, will ſcarcely be granted, becauſe he neceſſarily diſcovers the

degree

degree of his merit to his judges when he appears at his trial. But it ſhould be remembered, that unleſs his judges are inclined to favour him, they will hardly be perſuaded to hear the cauſe.

In love, the ſtate which fills the heart with a degree of ſolicitude next that of an author, it has been held a maxim, that ſucceſs is moſt eaſily obtained by indirect and unperceived approaches; he who too ſoon profeſſes himſelf a lover, raiſes obſtacles to his own wiſhes; and thoſe whom diſappointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their paſſion till they believe their miſtreſs wiſhes for the diſcovery. The ſame method, if it were practicable to writers, would ſave many complaints of the ſeverity of the age, and the caprices of criticiſm. If a man could glide imperceptibly into the favour of the public, and only proclaim his pretenſions to literary honours when he is ſure of not being rejected, he might commence author with better hopes, as his failings might eſcape contempt, though he ſhall never attain much regard.

But ſince the world ſuppoſes every man that writes ambitious of applauſe, as ſome ladies have taught themſelves to believe that every man intends love who expreſſes civility, the miſcarriage of any endeavour in learning raiſes an unbounded contempt, indulged by moſt minds without ſcruple, as an honeſt triumph over unjuſt claims and exorbitant expectations. The artifices of thoſe who put themſelves in this hazardous ſtate, have therefore been multiplied in proportion to their fear as well as their ambition; and are to be looked upon with more indulgence, as they are incited at once by the two great movers of the human mind, the deſire of good, and the fear of evil: for who can wonder that, allured on one ſide, and frightened on the other, ſome ſhould endeavour to gain favour by bribing the judge with an appearance of reſpect which they do not feel, to excite compaſſion by confeſſing weakneſs of which they are not convinced; and others to attract regard by a ſhew of openneſs and magnanimity, by a daring profeſſion of their own deſerts, and a public challenge of honours and rewards.

The oſtentatious and haughty diſplay of themſelves has been the uſual refuge of diurnal writers; in vindication of whoſe practice it may be ſaid, that what it wants in prudence is ſupplied by ſincerity; and who at leaſt may plead, that if their boaſts deceive any into the peruſal of their performances, they defraud them of but little time.

——Quid enim? Concurritur—horæ
Memento cito mors venit, aut victoria læta.

The battle join; and, in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conqueſt, ends the fight.
FRANCIS.

The queſtion concerning the merit of the day is ſoon decided; and we are not condemned to toil through half a folio, to be convinced that the writer has broke his promiſe.

It is one among many reaſons for which I purpoſe to endeavour the entertainment of my countrymen, by a ſhort eſſay on Tueſday and Saturday, that I hope not much to tire thoſe whom I ſhall not happen to pleaſe; and if I am not commended for the beauty of my works, to be at leaſt pardoned for their brevity. But whether my expectations are moſt fixed on pardon or praiſe, I think it not neceſſary to diſcover; for having accurately weighed the reaſons for arrogance and ſubmiſſion, I find them ſo nearly equiponderant, that my impatience to try the event of my firſt performance will not ſuffer me to attend any longer the trepidations of the balance.

There are, indeed, many conveniences almoſt peculiar to this method of publication, which may naturally flatter the author, whether he be confident or timorous. The man to whom the extent of his knowledge, or the ſprightlineſs of his imagination, has in his own opinion already ſecured the praiſes of the world, willingly takes that way of diſplaying his abilities which will ſooneſt give him an opportunity of hearing the voice of fame; it heightens his alacrity to think in how many places he ſhall hear what he is now writing, read with ecſtaſies to-morrow. He will often pleaſe himſelf with reflecting,

reflecting, that the author of a large treatiſe muſt proceed with anxiety, leſt, before the completion of his work, the attention of the public may have changed its object; but that he who is confined to no ſingle topic, may follow the national taſte through all its variations, and catch the *aura popularis*—the gale of favour, from what point ſoever it ſhall blow.

Nor is the proſpect leſs likely to eaſe the doubts of the cautious, and the terrors of the fearful; for to ſuch the ſhortneſs of every ſingle paper is a powerful encouragement. He that queſtions his abilities to arrange the diſſimilar parts of an extenſive plan, or fears to be loſt in a complicated ſyſtem, may yet hope to adjuſt a few pages without perplexity; and if, when he turns over the repoſitories of his memory, he finds his collection too ſmall for a volume, he may yet have enough to furniſh out an eſſay. He that would fear to lay out too much time upon an experiment of which he knows not the event, perſuades himſelf that a few days will ſhew him what he is to expect from his learning and his genius. If he thinks his own judgment not ſufficiently enlightened, he may, by attending the remarks which every paper will produce, rectify his opinions. If he ſhould with too little premeditation encumber himſelf by an unwieldy ſubject, he can quit it without confeſſing his ignorance, and paſs to other topics leſs dangerous, or more tractable. And if he finds, with all his induſtry, and all his artifices, that he cannot deſerve regard, or cannot attain it, he may let the deſign fall at once; and, without injury to others or himſelf, retire to amuſements of greater pleaſure, or to ſtudies of better proſpect.

No. II. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1750.

Stare loco neſcit, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.
STATIUS.

Th' impatient courſer pants in every vein;
And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already croſt;
And, ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt. POPE.

THAT the mind of man is never ſatisfied with the objects immediately before it, but is always breaking away from the preſent moment, and loſing itſelf in ſchemes of future felicity; and that we forget the proper uſe of the time now in our power, to provide for the enjoyment of that which, perhaps, may never be granted us, has been frequently remarked: and as this practice is a commodious ſubject of raillery to the gay, and of declamation to the ſerious, it has been ridiculed with all the pleaſantry of wit, and exaggerated with all the amplifications of rhetoric. Every inſtance, by which its abſurdity might appear moſt flagrant, has been ſtudiouſly collected; it has been marked with every epithet of contempt; and all the tropes and figures have been called forth againſt it.

Cenſure is willingly indulged, becauſe it always implies ſome ſuperiority; men pleaſe themſelves with imagining that they have made a deeper ſearch, or wider ſurvey, than others, and detected faults and follies which eſcape vulgar obſervation. And the pleaſure of wantoning in common topics is ſo tempting to a writer, that he cannot eaſily reſign it; a train of ſentiments generally received, enables him to ſhine without labour, and to conquer without a conteſt. It is ſo eaſy to laugh at the folly of him who lives only in idea, refuſes immediate eaſe for diſtant pleaſures, and, inſtead of enjoying the bleſſings of life, lets life glide away in preparations to enjoy them; it affords ſuch opportunities of triumphant exultation to exemplify the uncertainty of the human ſtate, to rouſe mortals

mortals from their dream, and inform them of the ſilent celerity of time, that we may believe authors willing rather to tranſmit than examine ſo advantageous a principle, and more inclined to purſue a track ſo ſmooth and ſo flowery, than attentively to conſider whether it leads to truth.

This quality of looking forward into futurity ſeems the unavoidable condition of a being whoſe motions are gradual, and whoſe life is progreſſive: as his powers are limited, he muſt uſe means for the attainment of his ends, and intend firſt what he performs laſt; as by continual advances from his firſt ſtage of exiſtence, he is perpetually varying the horizon of his proſpects, he muſt always diſcover new motives of action, new excitements of fear, and allurements of deſire.

The end, therefore, which at preſent calls forth our efforts, will be found, when it is once gained, to be only one of the means to ſome remoter end. The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleaſure to pleaſure, but from hope to hope.

He that directs his ſteps to a certain point, muſt frequently turn his eyes to that place which he ſtrives to reach; he that undergoes the fatigue of labour, muſt ſolace his wearineſs with the contemplation of its reward. In agriculture, one of the moſt ſimple and neceſſary employments; no man turns up the ground but becauſe he thinks of the harveſt; that harveſt which blights may intercept, which inundations may ſweep away, or which death or calamity may hinder him from reaping.

Yet, as few maxims are widely received, or long retained, but for ſome conformity with truth and nature, it muſt be confeſſed, that this caution againſt keeping our view too intent upon remote advantages is not without its propriety or uſefulneſs, though it may have been recited with too much levity, or enforced with too little diſtinction: for, not to ſpeak of that vehemence of deſire which preſſes through right and wrong to its gratification, or that anxious inquietude which is juſtly chargeable with diſtruſt of Heaven (ſubjects too ſolemn for my preſent purpoſe) it frequently happens that, by indulging

ing early the raptures of ſucceſs, we forget the meaſures neceſſary to ſecure it, and ſuffer the imagination to riot in the fruition of ſome poſſible good, till the time of obtaining it has ſlipped away.

There would, however, be few enterprizes of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we perſuade ourſelves to expect from them. When the Knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to ſignalize himſelf in ſuch a manner that he ſhall be ſummoned to the ſupport of empires, ſolicited to accept the heireſs of the crown which he has preſerved, have honours and riches to ſcatter about him, and an iſland to beſtow on his worthy 'ſquire, very few readers, amidſt their mirth or pity, can deny that they have admitted viſions of the ſame kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally ſtrange, or by means equally inadequate. When we pity him, we reflect on our own diſappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us that he is not more ridiculous than ourſelves, except that he tells what we have only thought.

The underſtanding of a man naturally ſanguine, may, indeed, be eaſily vitiated by the luxurious indulgence of hope, however neceſſary to the production of every thing great or excellent; as ſome plants are deſtroyed by too open expoſure to that ſun which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Perhaps no claſs of the human ſpecies requires more to be cautioned againſt this anticipation of happineſs than thoſe that aſpire to the name of authors. A man of lively fancy no ſooner finds a hint moving in his mind, than he makes momentaneous excurſions to the preſs, and to the world; and, with a little encouragement from flattery, puſhes forward into future ages, and prognoſticates the honours to be paid him, when envy is extinct and faction forgotten, and thoſe whom partiality now ſuffers to obſcure him ſhall have given way to the triflers of as ſhort duration as themſelves.

Thoſe who have proceeded ſo far as to appeal to the tribunal of ſucceeding times, are not likely to be cured of their

their infatuation; but all endeavours ought to be uſed for the prevention of a diſeaſe, for which, when it has attained its height, perhaps no remedy will be found in the gardens of Philoſophy, however ſhe may boaſt her phyſic of the mind, her cathartics of vice, or lenitives of paſſion.

I ſhall, therefore, while I am yet but lightly touched with the ſymptoms of the writer's malady, endeavour to fortify myſelf againſt the infection, not without ſome weak hope that my preſervatives may extend their virtue to others whoſe employment expoſes them to the ſame danger.

> Laudis amore tumes? Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
> Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
>
> Is fame your paſſion? Wiſdom's powerful charm,
> If thrice read over, ſhall its force diſarm.
>
> FRANCIS.

It is the ſage advice of Epictetus, that a man ſhould accuſtom himſelf often to think of what is moſt ſhocking and terrible, that by ſuch reflections he may be preſerved from too ardent wiſhes for ſeeming good, and from too much dejection in real evil.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect; compared with which, reproach, hatred, and oppoſition, are names of happineſs: yet this worſt, this meaneſt fate, every one who dares to write has reaſon to fear.

> I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros.
>
> Go now, and meditate thy tuneful lays.
>
> ELPHINSTON.

It may not be unfit for him who makes a new entrance into the lettered world, ſo far as to ſuſpect his own powers, as to believe that he poſſibly may deſerve neglect; that nature may not have qualified him much to enlarge or embelliſh knowledge, nor ſent him forth entitled by indiſputable ſuperiority to regulate the conduct of the reſt of mankind; that, though the world muſt be granted to be yet in ignorance, he is not deſtined to diſpel the cloud,

nor

nor to ſhine out as one of the luminaries of life. For this ſuſpicion, every catalogue of a library will furniſh ſufficient reaſon; as he will find it crowded with names of men who, though now forgotten, were once no leſs enterprizing or confident than himſelf, equally pleaſed with their own productions, equally careſſed by their patrons, and flattered by their friends.

But though it ſhould happen that an author is capable of excelling, yet his merit may paſs without notice, huddled in the variety of things, and thrown into the general miſcellany of life. He that endeavours after fame by writing, ſolicits the regard of a multitude fluctuating in meaſures, or immerſed in buſineſs, without time for intellectual amuſements; he appeals to judges prepoſſeſſed by paſſions, or corrupted by prejudices, which preclude their approbation of any new performance. Some are too indolent to read any thing, till its reputation is eſtabliſhed; others too envious to promote that fame which gives them pain by its increaſe. What is new is oppoſed, because moſt are unwilling to be taught; and what is known is rejected, becauſe it is not ſufficiently conſidered that men more frequently require to be reminded than informed. The learned are afraid to declare their opinion early, leſt they ſhould put their reputation in hazard; the ignorant always imagine themſelves giving ſome proof of delicacy when they refuſe to be pleaſed; and he that finds his way to reputation through all theſe obſtructions; muſt acknowledge that he is indebted to other cauſes beſides his induſtry, his learning, or his wit.

No. III. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1750.

Virtus, repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulgit honoribus,
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

Undiſappointed in deſigns,
With native honours virtue ſhines;
Nor takes up power, nor lays it down,
As giddy rabbles ſmile or frown.
ELPHINSTON.

THE taſk of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommended known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light in upon the mind, and open new ſcenes to the proſpect, or to vary the dreſs and ſituation of common objects, ſo as to give them freſh grace and more powerful attractions; to ſpread ſuch flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progreſs, as may tempt it to return, and take a ſecond view of things haſtily paſſed over or negligently regarded.

Either of theſe labours is very difficult; becauſe that they may not be fruitleſs, men muſt not only be perſuaded of their errors, but reconciled to their guide; they muſt not only confeſs their ignorance, but, what is ſtill leſs pleaſing, muſt allow that he from whom they are to learn is more knowing than themſelves.

It might be imagined that ſuch an employment was in itſelf ſufficiently irkſome and hazardous; that none would be found ſo malevolent as wantonly to add weight to the ſtone of Siſyphus; and that few endeavours would be uſed to obſtruct thoſe advances to reputation, which muſt be made at ſuch an expence of time and thought, with ſo great hazard in the miſcarriage, and with ſo little advantage from the ſucceſs.

Yet there is a certain race of men, that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amuſement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius; who ſtand as centinels in the avenues of fame, and value themſelves

ſelves upon giving Ignorance and Envy the firſt notice of a prey.

To theſe men who diſtinguiſh themſelves by the appellation of Critics, it is neceſſary for a new author to find ſome means of recommendation. It is probable, that the moſt malignant of theſe perſecutors might be ſomewhat ſoftened and prevailed on, for a ſhort time, to remit their fury. Having for this purpoſe conſidered many expedients, I find in the records of ancient times, that Argus was lulled by muſic, and Cerberus quieted with a ſop; and am, therefore, inclined to believe that modern critics, who, if they have not the eyes, have the watchfulneſs of Argus, and can bark as loud as Cerberus, though perhaps they cannot bite with equal force, might be ſubdued by methods of the ſame kind. I have heard how ſome have been pacified with claret and a ſupper, and others laid aſleep with the ſoft notes of flattery.

Though the nature of my undertaking gives me ſufficient reaſon to dread the united attacks of this virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto perſuaded myſelf to take any meaſures for flight or treaty. For I am in doubt whether they can act againſt me by lawful authority, and ſuſpect that they have preſumed upon a forged commiſſion, ſtiled themſelves the miniſters of Criticiſm, without any authentic evidence of delegation, and uttered their own determinations as the decrees of a higher judicature.

Criticiſm, from whom they derive their claim to decide the fate of writers, was the eldeſt daugher of Labour and of Truth: ſhe was, at her birth, committed to the care of Juſtice, and brought up by her in the palace of Wiſdom. Being ſoon diſtinguiſhed by the celeſtials for her uncommon qualities, ſhe was appointed the governeſs of Fancy, and empowered to beat time to the chorus of the Muſes, when they ſung before the throne of Jupiter.

When the Muſes condeſcended to viſit this lower world, they came accompanied by Criticiſm, to whom upon her deſcent from her native regions, Juſtice gave a ſceptre, to be carried aloft in her right hand; one end of which was tinctured with ambroſia, and enwreathed with a golden

a golden foliage of amaranths and bays; the other end was encircled with cypreſs and poppies, and dipped in the waters of Oblivion. In her left hand ſhe bore an unextinguiſhable torch, manufactured by Labour, and lighted by Truth, of which it was the particular quality immediately to ſhew every thing in its true form, however it might be diſguiſed to common eyes. Whatever Art could complicate, or Folly could confound, was, upon the firſt gleam of the torch of Truth, exhibited in its diſtinct parts and original ſimplicity; it darted through the labyrinths of ſophiſtry, and ſhewed at once all the abſurdities to which they ſerved for refuge; it pierced through the robes which Rhetoric often ſold to Falſehood, and detected the diſproportion of parts which artificial veils had been contrived to cover.

Thus furniſhed for the execution of her office, Criticiſm came down to ſurvey the performances of thoſe who profeſſed themſelves the votaries of the Muſes. Whatever was brought before her ſhe beheld by the ſteady light of the torch of Truth; and when her examination had convinced her that the laws of juſt writing had been obſerved, ſhe touched it with the amaranthine end of the ſceptre, and conſigned it over to immortality.

But it more frequently happened, that in the works which required her inſpection, there was ſome impoſture attempted; that falſe colours were laboriouſly laid; that ſome ſecret inequality was found between the words and ſentiments, or ſome diſſimilitude of the ideas and the original objects; that incongruities were linked together, or that ſome parts were of no uſe but to enlarge the appearance of the whole, without contributing to its beauty, ſolidity, or uſefulneſs.

Wherever ſuch diſcoveries were made, and they were made whenever theſe faults were committed, Criticiſm refuſed the touch which conferred the ſanction of immortality; and, when the errors were frequent and groſs, reverſed the ſceptre, and let drops of Lethe diſtil from the poppies and cypreſs: a fatal mildew, which immediately began to waſte the work away, till it was at laſt totally deſtroyed.

There were ſome compoſitions brought to the teſt in which, when the ſtrongeſt light was thrown upon them, their beauties and faults appeared ſo equally mingled, that Criticiſm ſtood with her ſceptre poiſed in her hand, in doubt whether to ſhed Lethe or ambroſia upon them. Theſe at laſt increaſed to ſo great a number, that ſhe was weary of attending ſuch doubtful claims; and, for fear of uſing improperly the ſceptre of Juſtice, referred the cauſe to be conſidered by Time.

The proceedings of Time, though very dilatory, were, ſome few caprices excepted, conformable to juſtice: and many who thought themſelves ſecure by a ſhort forbearance, have ſunk under his ſcythe, as they were poſting down with their volumes in triumph to futurity. It was obſervable that ſome were deſtroyed by little and little, and others cruſhed for ever by a ſingle blow.

Criticiſm, having long kept her eye fixed ſteadily upon Time, was at laſt ſo well ſatisfied with his conduct, that ſhe withdrew from the earth with her patroneſs Aſtrea, and left Prejudice and Falſe Taſte to ravage at large as the aſſociates of Fraud and Miſchief; contenting herſelf thenceforth to ſhed her influence from afar upon ſome ſelect minds, fitted for its reception by learning and by virtue.

Before her departure ſhe broke her ſceptre; of which the ſhivers that formed the ambroſial end were caught up by Flattery, and thoſe that had been infected with the waters of Lethe were, with equal haſte, ſeized by Malevolence. The followers of Flattery, to whom ſhe diſtributed her part of the ſceptre, neither had nor deſired light, but touched indiſcriminately whatever power or intereſt happened to exhibit. The companions of Malevolence were ſupplied by the Furies with a torch, which had this quality peculiar to infernal luſtre, that its light fell only upon faults.

> No light, but rather darkneſs viſible,
> Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe.

With the fragments of authority, the ſlaves of Flattery and Malevolence marched out, at the command of their

their miſtreſſes, to confer immortality, or condemn to oblivion. But the ſceptre had now loſt its power; and Time paſſes his ſentence at leiſure, without any regard to their determinations.

No. IV. SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ. HOR.

And join both profit and delight in one, CREECH.

THE works of fiction, with which the preſent generation ſeems more particularly delighted, are ſuch as exhibit life in its true ſtate, diverſified only by accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by paſſions and qualities which are really to be found in converſing with mankind.

This kind of writing may be termed not improperly the comedy of romance; and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comic poetry. Its province is to bring about natural events by eaſy means, and to keep up curioſity without the help of wonder: it is therefore precluded from the machines and expedience of the heroic romance, and can neither employ giants to ſnatch away a lady from the nuptial rites, nor known to bring her back from captivity; it can neither bewilder its perſonages in deſarts, nor lodge them in imaginary caſtles.

I remember a remark made by Scaliger upon Pontanus—that all his writings are filled with the ſame images; and that if you take from him his lilies and his roſes, his ſatyrs and his dryads, he will have nothing left that can be called poetry. In like manner, almoſt all the fictions of the laſt age will vaniſh, if you deprive them of a hermit and a wood, a battle and a ſhipwreck.

Why this wild ſtrain of imagination found reception ſo long in polite and learned ages, it is not eaſy to conceive, but we cannot wonder that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it; for when a man had by practice gained ſome fluency of lan-

guage, he had no further care than to retire to his cloſet, let looſe his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities; a book was thus produced without fear of criticiſm, without the toil of ſtudy, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.

The taſk of our preſent writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by ſolitary diligence, but muſt ariſe from general converſe and accurate obſervation of the living world. Their performances have, as Horace expreſſes it.—'*Plus oneris* '*quantum veniae minus*—little indulgence, and therefore 'more difficulty.' They are engaged in portraits of which every one knows the original, and can detect any deviation from exactneſs of reſemblance. Other writings are ſafe, except from the malice of learning; but theſe are in danger from every common reader; as the ſlipper ill executed was cenſured by a ſhoemaker who happened to ſtop in the way at the Venus of Apelles.

But the fear of not being approved as juſt copiers of human manners, is not the moſt important concern that an author of this ſort ought to have before him. Theſe books are written chiefly to the young, the ignorant, and the idle, to whom they ſerve as lectures of conduct, and introductions into life. They are the entertainment of minds unfurniſhed with ideas, and therefore eaſily ſuſceptible of impreſſions; not fixed by principles, and therefore eaſily following the current of fancy; not informed by experience, and conſequently open to every falſe ſuggeſtion and partial account.

That the higheſt degree of reverence ſhould be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent ſhould be ſuffered to approach their eyes or ears, are precepts extorted by ſenſe and virtue from an ancient writer by no means eminent for chaſtity of thought. The ſame kind, though not the ſame degree of caution, is required in every thing which is laid before them, to ſecure them from unjuſt prejudices, perverſe opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

In

In the romances formerly written, every tranſaction and ſentiment was ſo remote from all that paſſes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any applications to himſelf; the virtues and crimes were equally beyond his ſphere of activity; and he amuſed himſelf with heroes and with traitors, deliverers and perſecutors, as with beings of another ſpecies, whoſe actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and who had neither faults nor excellencies in common with himſelf.

But when an adventurer is levelled with the reſt of the world, and acts in ſuch ſcenes of the univerſal drama as may be the lot of any other man, young ſpectators fix their eyes upon him with cloſer attention, and hope, by obſerving his behaviour and ſucceſs, to regulate their own practices when they ſhall be engaged in the like part.

For this reaſon theſe familiar hiſtories may perhaps be made of greater uſe than the ſolemnities of profeſſed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is ſo great as to take poſſeſſion of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almoſt without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken that, when the choice is unreſtrained, the beſt examples only ſhould be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate ſo ſtrongly, ſhould not be miſchievous or uncertain in its effects.

The chief advantage which theſe fictions have over real life is, that their authors are at liberty, though not to invent, yet to ſelect objects, and to cull from the maſs of mankind thoſe individuals upon which the attention ought moſt to be employed; as a diamond, though it cannot be made, may by poliſhed by art, and placed in ſuch a ſituation as to diſplay that luſtre which before was buried among common ſtones.

It is juſtly conſidered as the greateſt excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh thoſe parts of nature which are moſt proper for imitation: greater care is ſtill required in preſenting life, which is

ſo often diſcoloured by paſſion, or deformed by wickedneſs. If the world be promiſcuouſly deſcribed, I cannot ſee of what uſe it can be to read the account; or why it may not be as ſafe to turn the eye immediately upon mankind as upon a mirror, which ſhews all that preſents itſelf without diſcrimination.

It is therefore not a ſufficient vindication of a character, that it is drawn as it appears, for many characters ought never to be drawn; nor of a narrative, that the train of events is agreeable to obſervation and experience; for that obſervation which is called knowledge of the world, will be found much more frequently to make men cunning than good. The purpoſe of theſe writings is ſurely not only to ſhew mankind, but to provide that they may be ſeen hereafter with leſs hazard; to teach the means of avoiding the ſnares which are laid by Treachery for Innocence, without infuſing any wiſh for that ſuperiority with which the betrayer flatters his vanity; to give the power of counteracting fraud, without the temptation to practiſe it; to initiate youth by mock encounters in the art of neceſſary defence, and to increaſe prudence without impairing virtue.

Many writers, for the ſake of following nature, ſo mingle good and bad qualities in their principle perſonages, that they are both equally conſpicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to intereſt ourſelves in their favour, we loſe the abhorrence of their faults, becauſe they do not hinder our pleaſure, or perhaps regard them with ſome kindneſs for being united with ſo much merit.

There have been men, indeed, ſplendidly wicked, whoſe endowments threw a brightneſs on their crimes, and whom ſcarce any villainy made perfectly deteſtable, becauſe they never could be wholly diveſted of their excellencies; but ſuch have been in all ages the great corrupters of the world; and their reſemblance ought no more to be preſerved than the art of murdering without pain.

Some have advanced, without due attention to the conſequences of this notion, that certain virtues have their correſpondent faults; and, therefore, that to exhibit either apart

apart is to deviate from probability. Thus men are obſerved by Swift to be 'grateful in the ſame degree as 'they are reſentful.' This principle, with others of the ſame kind, ſuppoſes man to act from a brute impulſe, and purſue a certain degree of inclination, without any choice of the object; for otherwiſe, though it ſhould be allowed that gratitude and reſentment ariſe from the ſame conſtitution of the paſſions, it follows not that they will be equally indulged when reaſon is conſulted; yet unleſs that conſequence be admitted, this ſagacious maxim becomes an empty ſound, without any relation to practice or to life.

Nor is it evident, that even the firſt motions to theſe effects are always in the ſame proportion. For pride, which produces quickneſs of reſentment, will obſtruct gratitude, by unwillingneſs to admit that inferiority which obligation implies; and it is very unlikely that he who cannot think he receives a favour, will acknowledge or repay it.

It is of the utmoſt importance to mankind, that poſitions of this tendency ſhould be laid open and confuted; for while men conſider good and evil as ſpringing from the ſame root, they will ſpare the one for the ſake of the other; and in judging (if not of others, at leaſt of themſelves) will be apt to eſtimate their virtues by their vices. To this fatal error all thoſe will contribute who confound the colours of right and wrong; and, inſtead of helping to ſettle their boundaries, mix them with ſo much art, that no common mind is able to diſunite them.

In narratives, where hiſtorical veracity has no place, I cannot diſcover why there ſhould not be exhibited the moſt perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor above probability, for what we cannot credit we ſhall never imitate; but the higheſt end pureſt that humanity can reach, which, exerciſed in ſuch trials as the various revolutions of things ſhall bring upon it, may, by conquering ſome calamities and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, or vice is neceſſary to be ſhewn, ſhould always diſguſt;

nor

nor ſhould the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be ſo united with it as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it ſhould raiſe hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanneſs of its ſtratagems; for while it is ſupported by either parts or ſpirit, it will be ſeldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thouſands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It is therefore to be ſteadily inculcated, that virtue is the higheſt proof of underſtanding, and the only ſolid baſis of greatneſs; and that vice is the natural conſequence of narrow thoughts: that it begins in miſtake, and ends in ignominy.

No. V. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1750.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos;
Nunc frondent ſilvæ, nunc formoſſimus annus.

VIRG.

Now ev'ry field, now ev'ry tree, is green;
Now genial nature's faireſt face is ſeen.

ELPHINSTON.

EVERY man is ſufficiently diſcontented with ſome circumſtances of his preſent ſtate, to ſuffer his imagination to range more or leſs in queſt of future happineſs, and to fix upon ſome point of time, in which, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or acquiſition of the advantage which he at preſent wants, he ſhall find the condition of his life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at laſt arrives, it generally comes without the bleſſing for which it was deſired; but we ſolace ourſelves with ſome new proſpect, and preſs forward again with equal eagerneſs.

It is lucky for a man in whom this temper prevails, when he turns his hopes upon things wholly out of his own

own power; ſince he forbears then to precipitate his affairs for the ſake of the great event that is to complete his felicity, and waits for the bliſsful hour with leſs neglect of the meaſures neceſſary to be taken in the mean time.

I have long known a perſon of this temper, who indulged his dream of happineſs with leſs hurt to himſelf than ſuch chimerical wiſhes commonly produce, and adjuſted his ſcheme with ſuch addreſs, that his hopes were in full bloom three parts of the year, and in the other part never wholly blaſted. Many, perhaps, would be deſirous of learning by what means he procured to himſelf ſuch a cheap and laſting ſatisfaction. It was gained by a conſtant practice of referring the removal of all his uneaſineſs to the coming of the next ſpring: if his health was impaired, the ſpring would reſtore it; if what he wanted was at a high price, it would fall in its value in the ſpring.

The ſpring, indeed, did often come without any of theſe effects, but he was always certain the next would be more propitious; nor was ever convinced that the preſent ſpring would fail him before the middle of ſummer; for he always talked of the ſpring as coming till it was paſt; and, when it was once paſt, every one agreed with him that it was coming.

By long converſe with this man, I am, perhaps, brought to feel immoderate pleaſure in the contemplation of this delightful ſeaſon; but I have the ſatisfaction of finding many, whom it can be no ſhame to reſemble, affected with the ſame enthuſiaſm; for there is, I believe, ſcarce any poet of eminence who has not left ſome teſtimony of his fondneſs for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of the ſpring. Nor has the moſt luxuriant imagination been able to deſcribe the ſerenity and happineſs of the golden age, otherwiſe than by giving a perpetual ſpring, as the higheſt reward of uncorrupted innocence.

There is indeed ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new diſplay of the treaſures of nature. The cold and darkneſs of winter

ter, with the naked deformity of every object on which we turn our eyes, make us rejoice at the ſucceeding ſeaſon, as well for what we have eſcaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower, which a warm ſituation brings early to our view, is conſidered by us as a meſſenger to notify the approach of more joyous days.

The Spring affords, to a mind ſo free from the diſturbance of cares or paſſions as to be vacant to calm amuſements, almoſt every thing that our preſent ſtate makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the ſucceſſion of grateful odours, the voice of pleaſure pouring out its notes on every ſide, with the gladneſs apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gaiety ſignificantly expreſſed by the ſmile of nature.

Yet there are men to whom theſe ſcenes are able to give no delight, and who hurry away from all the varieties of rural beauty, to loſe their hours and divert their thoughts by cards or aſſemblies, a tavern-dinner or the prattle of the day.

It may be laid down as a poſition, which will ſeldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company there is ſomething wrong. He muſt fly from himſelf either becauſe he feels a tediouſneſs in life, from the equipoiſe of an empty mind, which having no tendency to one motion more than another but as it is impelled by ſome external power, muſt always have recourſe to foreign objects; or he muſt be afraid of the intruſion of ſome unpleaſing ideas, and perhaps is ſtruggling to eſcape from the remembrance of a loſs, the fear of a calamity, or ſome other thought of greater horror.

Thoſe whom ſorrow incapacitates to enjoy the pleaſures of contemplation, may properly apply to ſuch diverſions, provided they are innocent, as lay ſtrong hold on the attention; and thoſe whom fear of any future affliction chains down to miſery, muſt endeavour to alleviate the danger.

My conſideration ſhall, on this occaſion, be turned to ſuch as are burdenſome to themſelves, merely be-

hey want ſubjects for reflection, and to whom the vo-ume of nature is thrown open without affording them leaſure or inſtruction, becauſe they never learned to ead the characters.

A French author has advanced this ſeeming paradox—hat 'very few men know how to take a walk;' and, ndeed, it is true, that few know how to take a walk ith a proſpect of any other pleaſure than the ſame com-any would have afforded them at home.

There are animals that borrow their colour from the eighbouring body, and conſequently vary their hue as ey happen to change their place. In like manner it ght to be the endeavour of every man to derive his re-ctions from the objects about him; for it is to no pur-oſe that he alters his poſition, if his attention continues xed to the ſame point. The mind ſhould be kept open the acceſs of every new idea, and ſo far diſengaged om the predominance of particular thoughts, as eaſily accommodate itſelf to occaſional entertainment.

A man that has formed this habit of turning every new ject to his entertainment, finds in the productions of ature an inexhauſtible ſtock of materials upon which can employ himſelf, without any temptations to envy malevolence; faults, perhaps, ſeldom totally avoided thoſe whoſe judgment is much exerciſed upon the orks of art. He has always a certain proſpect of diſ-vering new reaſons for adoring the ſovereign Author the univerſe, and probable hopes of making ſome diſ-very of benefit to others, or of profit to himſelf. There no doubt but many vegetables and animals have quali-s that might be of great uſe, to the knowledge of ich there is not required much force of penetration, or igue of ſtudy, but only frequent experiments and cloſe tention. What is ſaid by the chemiſts of their darling ercury, is perhaps true of every body through the ole creation, that if a thouſand lives ſhould be ſpent on it, all its properties would not be found out.

Mankind muſt neceſſarily be diverſified by various tes, ſince life affords and requires ſuch multiplicity of ployments; and a nation of naturaliſts is neither to be hoped

hoped nor desired: but it is surely not improper to point out a fresh amusement to those who languish in health and repine in plenty, for want of some source of diversion that may be less easily exhausted, and to inform the multitudes of both sexes, who are burdened with every new day, that there are many shows which they have not seen.

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; and therefore the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal speculation, must excuse me for calling upon them to make use at once of the spring of the year and the spring of life; to acquire while their minds may be yet impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures and an ardour for useful knowledge; and to remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.

No VI. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1750.

Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus. Hor.

Active in indolence, abroad we roam
In quest of happiness, which dwells at home:
With vain pursuits fatigu'd, at length you'll find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind. Elphinston.

THAT man should never suffer his happiness to depend upon external circumstances, is one of the chief precepts of the Stoical philosophy; a precept indeed which that lofty sect has extended beyond the conditions of human life, and in which some of them seem to have comprised an utter exclusion of all corporal pain and pleasure from the regard or attention of a wise man.

Such *sapientia insaniens*, as Horace calls the doctrine

of another ſect, ſuch extravagance of philoſophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation); it is overthrown by the experience of every hour; and the powers of nature riſe up againſt it. But we may very properly enquire how near to this exalted ſtate it is in our power to approach, how far we can exempt ourſelves from outward influences, and ſecure to our minds a ſtate of tranquillity: for though the boaſt of abſolute independence is ridiculous and vain, yet a mean flexibility to every impulſe, and a patient ſubmiſſion to the tyranny of caſual troubles, is below the dignity of that mind, which, however depraved or weakened, boaſts its derivation from a celeſtial original, and hopes for an union with infinite goodneſs and unvariable felicity.

Ni vitiis perjora fovens
Proprium deſerat ortum.

Unleſs the ſoul, to vice a thrall,
Deſert her own original.

The neceſſity of erecting ourſelves to ſome degree of intellectual dignity, and of preſerving reſources of pleaſure which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon thoſe whom fortune has let looſe to their own conduct; who, not being chained down by their condition to a regular and ſtated allotment of their hours, are obliged to find themſelves buſineſs or diverſion; and, having nothing within that can entertain or employ them, are compelled to try all the arts of deſtroying time.

The numberleſs expedients practiſed by this claſs of mortals to alleviate the burden of life, are not leſs ſhameful, nor perhaps much leſs pitiable, than thoſe to which the trader on the edge of bankruptcy is reduced. I have ſeen melancholy overſpread a whole family at the diſappointment of a party for cards; and when, after the propoſal of a thouſand ſchemes, and the diſpatch of the footman upon a hundred meſſages, they have ſubmitted, with gloomy reſignation, to the misfortune of paſſing one even-

evening in gloomy converſation with each other, on a ſudden (ſuch are the revolutions of the world) an unexpected viſitor has brought them relief, acceptable as provision to a ſtarving city, and enabled them to hold out till the next day.

The general remedy of thoſe who are uneaſy without knowing the cauſe, is change of place; they are willing to imagine that their pain is the conſequence of ſome local inconvenience, and endeavour to fly from it, as children from their ſhadows; always hoping for ſome more ſatisfactory delight from every new ſcene, and always returning home with diſappointment and complaints.

Who can look upon this kind of infatuation, without reflecting on thoſe that ſuffer under the dreadful ſymptom of canine madneſs, termed by phyſicians the *dread of water?* Theſe miſerable wretches, unable to drink, though burning with thirſt, are ſometimes known to try various contortions, or inclinations of the body, flattering themſelves that they can ſwallow in one poſture that liquor which they find in another to repel their lips.

Yet ſuch folly is not peculiar to the thoughtleſs or ignorant, but ſometimes ſeizes thoſe minds which ſeem most exempted from it, by the variety of attainments, quickneſs of penetration, or ſeverity of judgment; and indeed the pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified, by finding that they confer no ſecurity againſt the common errors which miſlead the weakeſt and meaneſt of mankind.

Theſe reflections aroſe in my mind upon the remembrance of a paſſage in Cowley's preface to his poems, where, however exalted by genius and enlarged by ſtudy, he informs us of a ſcheme of happineſs to which the imagination of a girl upon the loſs of her firſt lover could have ſcarcely given way, but which he ſeems to have indulged, till he had totally forgotten its abſurdity, and would probably have put in execution, had he been hindered only by his reaſon.

'My deſire,' ſays he, 'has been for ſome years paſt, 'though the execution has been accidentally diverted, 'and does ſtill vehemently continue, to retire myſelf

'ſom

ſome of our American Plantations, not to ſeek for gold, or enrich myſelf with the traffick of thoſe parts, which is the end of moſt men that travel thither, but to forſake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myſelf there in ſome obſcure retreat; but not without the conſolation of letters and philoſophy.'

Such was the chimerical proviſion which Cowley had made, in his own mind, for the quiet of his remaining life; and which he ſeems to recommend to poſterity, ſince there is no other reaſon for diſcloſing it. Surely no ſtronger inſtance can be given of a perſuaſion that content was the inhabitant of particular regions, and that a man might ſet ſail with a fair wind, and leave behind him all his cares, incumbrances, and calamities.

If he travelled ſo far with no other purpoſe than to *bury himſelf in ſome obſcure retreat*, he might have found in his own country, innumerable coverts ſufficiently dark to have concealed the genius of Cowley; for whatever might be his opinion of the importunity with which he might be ſummoned back into public life, a ſhort experience would have convinced him, that privation is eaſier than acquiſition, and that it would require little continuance to free himſelf from the intruſion of the world. There is pride enough in the human heart to prevent much deſire of acquaintance with a man by whom we are ſure to be neglected, however his reputation for ſcience or virtue may excite our curioſity or eſteem; ſo that the lover of retirement needs not be afraid leſt the reſpect of ſtrangers ſhould overwhelm him with viſits. Even thoſe to whom he has formerly been known, will very patiently ſupport his abſence when they have tried a little to live without him, and found new diverſions for thoſe moments which his company contributed to exhilirate.

It was perhaps ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyrannizing over one another, that no individual ſhould be of ſuch importance as to cauſe, by his retirement or death, any chaſm in the world. And Cowley had converſed to little purpoſe with mankind, if he had never remarked how ſoon the uſeful friend, the gay com-

panion, and the favoured lover, when once they are removed from before the ſight, give way to the ſucceſſion of new objects.

The privacy therefore of his hermitage might have been ſafe enough from violation, though he had choſen it within the limits of his native iſland; he might have found here preſervatives againſt the *vanities* and *vexations* of the world, not leſs efficacious than thoſe which the woods or fields of America could afford him: but having once his mind embittered with diſguſt, he conceived it impoſſible to be far enough from the cauſe of his uneaſineſs; and was poſting away with the expedition of a coward, who, for want of venturing to look behind him, thinks the enemy perpetually at his heels.

When he was interrupted by company, or fatigued with buſineſs, he ſo ſtrongly imaged to himſelf the happineſs of leiſure and retreat, that he determined to enjoy them for the future without interruption, and to exclude for ever all that could deprive him of his darling ſatisfaction. He forgot, in the vehemence of deſire, that ſolitude and quiet owe their pleaſures to thoſe miſeries which he was ſo ſtudious to obviate: for ſuch are the viciſſitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labour and reſt, hurry and retirement, endear each other; ſuch are the changes that keep the mind in action; we deſire, we purſue, we obtain, we are ſatiated; we deſire ſomething elſe, and begin a new purſuit.

If he had proceeded in his proſpect, and fixed his habitation in the moſt delightful part of the new world, it may be doubted whether his diſtance from the *vanities* of life would have enabled him to keep away the *vexations*. It is common for a man who feels pain, to fancy that he could bear it better in any other part. Cowley having known the troubles and perplexities of a particular condition, readily perſuaded himſelf that nothing worſe was to be found, and that every alteration would bring ſome improvement: he never ſuſpected that the cauſe of his unhappineſs was within; that his own paſſions were not ſufficiently regulated; and that he was harraſſed by his own impatience, which could never be without ſomething to awaken it.

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would accompany him over the ſea, and find its way to his American elyſium. He would, upon the trial, have been ſoon convinced, that the fountain of content muſt ſpring up in the mind; and that he who has ſo little knowledge of human nature as to ſeek happineſs by changing any thing but his own diſpoſitions, will waſte his life in fruitleſs efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purpoſes to remove.

No. VII. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1750.

O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum cœlique ſator!—
Diſjice terrenæ nebulas et pondera molis,
Atque tuo ſplendore mica! tu namque ſerenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere, finis,
Principium vector, dux, ſemita, terminus, idem.

BOETHIUS

O thou whoſe power o'er moving worlds preſides,
Whoſe voice created, and whoſe wiſdom guides,
On darkling man in pure refulgence ſhine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breaſt
With ſilent confidence and holy reſt:
From thee, great God, we ſpring; to thee we tend;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

THE love of Retirement has in all ages adhered cloſely to thoſe minds which have been moſt enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Thoſe who enjoyed every thing generally ſuppoſed to confer happineſs, have been forced to ſeek it in the ſhades of privacy. Though they poſſeſſed both power and riches, and were therefore ſurrounded by men who conſidered it as their chief intereſt to remove from them every thing that might offend their eaſe or interrupt their pleaſure, they have ſoon felt the languors of ſatiety, and found themſelves unable to purſue the race of life without frequent reſpirations of intermediate ſolitude.

To produce this diſpoſition nothing appears requiſite but quick ſenſibility and active imagination; for though not devoted to virtue or ſcience, the man whoſe faculties enable him to make ready compariſons of the preſent with the paſt, will find ſuch a conſtant recurrence of the ſame pleaſures and troubles, the ſame expectations and diſappointments, that he will gladly ſnatch an hour of retreat to let his thoughts expatiate at large, and ſeek for that variety in his own ideas which the objects of ſenſe cannot afford him.

Nor will greatneſs or abundance exempt him from the importunities of this deſire; ſince, if he is born to think, he cannot reſtrain himſelf from a thouſand enquiries and ſpeculations, which he muſt purſue by his own reaſon, and which the ſplendour of his condition can only hinder; for thoſe who are moſt exalted above dependence or controul, are yet condemned to pay ſo large a tribute of their time to cuſtom, ceremony, and popularity, that according to the Greek proverb, no man in the houſe is more a ſlave than the maſter.

When a king aſked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner, he was anſwered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be ſeized by might, or purchaſed with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by ſtudy, and ſtudy to be proſecuted only in retirement.

Theſe are ſome of the motives which have had power to ſequeſter kings and heroes from the crowds that ſoothed them with flatteries, or inſpirited them with acclamations; but their efficacy ſeemed confined to the higher mind, and to operate little upon the common claſſes of mankind, to whoſe conceptions the preſent aſſemblage of things is adequate, and who ſeldom range beyond thoſe entertainments, and vexations which ſolicit their attention by preſſing on their ſenſes.

But their is an univerſal reaſon for ſome ſtated intervals of ſolitude, which the inſtitutions of the church call upon me now eſpecially to mention; a reaſon which extends as wide as moral duty, or the hopes of divine favour in a future ſtate; and which ought to influence all

ranks

anks of life, and all degrees of intellect; ſince none can magine themſelves not comprehended in its obligation, ut ſuch as determine to ſet their Maker at defiance by bſtinate wickedneſs, or whoſe enthuſiaſtic ſecurity of is approbation places them above external ordinances, nd all human means of improvement.

The great taſk of him who conducts his life by the recepts of religion, is to make the future predominate ver the preſent, to impreſs upon his mind ſo ſtrong a nſe of the importance of obedience to the divine will, f the value of the reward promiſed to virtue, and the rrors of the puniſhment denounced againſt crimes, as ay overbear all the temptations which temporal hope fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal efiance to joy and ſorrow, to turn away at one time om the allurements of ambition, and puſh forward at nother againſt the threats of calamity.

It is not without reaſon that the Apoſtle repreſents our aſſage through this ſtage of exiſtence by images drawn om the alarms and ſolicitude of a military life; for we e placed in ſuch a ſtate, that almoſt every thing about conſpires againſt our chief intereſt. We are in danger om whatever can get poſſeſſion of our thoughts; all t can excite in us either pain or pleaſure has a tenden- to obſtruct the way that leads to happineſs, and either turn us aſide, or retard our progreſs.

Our ſenſes, our appetites, and our paſſions, are our ful and faithful guides in moſt things that relate ſolely this life; and therefore, by the hourly neceſſity of ſulting them, we gradually ſink into an implicit ſub- ion and habitual confidence. Every act of compli- e with their motions facilitates a ſecond compliance; y new ſtep towards depravity is made with leſs reluct- e than the former; and thus the deſcent to life mere- enſual is perpetually accelerated.

he ſenſes have not only that advantage over con- nce, which things neceſſary muſt always have over gs choſen, but they have likewiſe a kind of preſcrip- in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than pprehended guilt, and were delighted with the ſen-

ſations

ſations of pleaſure before we had capacities to be charm
with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus ear
eſtabliſhed, and inceſſantly increaſing, it muſt be remem
bered, that almoſt every man has, in ſome part of h
life, added new ſtrength by a voluntary or negligent ſub
jection of himſelf; for who is there that has not inſtiga
ed his appetites by indulgence, or ſuffered them, by a
unreſiſting neutrality, to enlarge their dominion, an
multiply their demands?

From the neceſſity of diſpoſſeſſing the ſenſitive facu
ties of the influence which they muſt naturally gain b
this pre-occupation of the ſoul, ariſes that conflict b
tween oppoſite deſires in the firſt endeavours after a r
ligious life; which, however enthuſiaſtically it may ha
been deſcribed, or however contemptuouſly ridicule
will naturally be felt in ſome degree, though varied wit
out end, by different tempers of mind, and innumerab
circumſtances of health or condition, greater or leſs fe
vour, more or fewer temptations to relapſe.

From the perpetual neceſſity of conſulting the anim
faculties in our proviſion for the preſent life, ariſes t
difficulty of withſtanding their impulſes, even in ca
where they ought to be of no weight; for the moti
of ſenſe are inſtantaneous, its objects ſtrike unſough
we are accuſtomed to follow its directions, and the
fore often ſubmit to the ſentence without examining t
authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philoſophical eſtimate, th
ſuppoſing the mind, at any certain time, in an equip
between the pleaſures of this life and the hopes of fu
rity, preſent objects falling more frequently into the ſ
would in time preponderate, and that our regard for
inviſible ſtate would grow every moment weaker, til
laſt it would loſe all its activity, and become abſolu
without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put i
our own hands, and we have power to transfer the we
to either ſide. The motives to a life of holineſs are i
nite; not leſs than the favour or anger of Omnipote
not leſs than eternity of happineſs or miſery. But t

only influence our conduct as they gain our atten-
n, which the buſineſs or diverſions of the world are
ays calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which
the rites of religion ſeem to be inſtituted, is the per-
ual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a volun-
y employment of our mind in the contemplation of its
llence, its importance, and its neceſſity; which, in
portion as they are more frequently and more will-
y revolved, gain a more forcible and permanent in-
nce, till in time they become the reigning ideas, the
ding principles of action, and the teſt by which every
g propoſed to the judgment is rejected or approved.

To facilitate this change of our affections, it is neceſ-
that we weaken the temptations of the world, by
ring at certain ſeaſons from it; for its influence ariſing
from its preſence, is much leſſened when it be-
es the object of ſolitary meditation. A conſtant re-
nce amidſt noiſe and pleaſure inevitably obliterates
impreſſions of piety, and a frequent abſtraction of
ſelves into a ſtate where this life, like the next, ope-
s only upon the reaſon, will reinſtate religion in its
authority, even without thoſe irradiations from above,
hope of which I have no intention to withdraw from
ſincere and the diligent.

This is that conqueſt of the world and of ourſelves,
ch has been always conſidered as the perfection of hu-
nature; and this is only to be obtained by fervent
yer, ſteady reſolutions, and frequent retirement from
and vanity; from the cares of avarice, and the joys
ntemperance; from the lulling ſounds of deceitful
ery, and the tempting ſight of proſperous wicked-

No. VIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 14. 1750.

———Patitur pœnas peccandi ſola voluntas;
Nam ſcelus intra ſe tacitum qui cogitat ullum.
Facti crimen habet. Ju

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault. Cr

IF the moſt active and induſtrious of mankind was ab at the cloſe of life, to recollect diſtinctly his paſt m ments, and diſtribute them, in a regular account, a cording to the manner in which they have been ſpent, is ſcarcely to be imagined how few would be marked o to the mind by any permanent or viſible effects, h ſmall a proportion his real action would bear to his ſe ing poſſibilities of action, how many chaſms he wo find of wide and continued vacuity, and how many terſtitial ſpaces unfilled, even in the moſt tumultu hurries of buſineſs, and the moſt eager vehemence purſuit.

It is ſaid by modern philoſophers, that not only great globes of matter are thinly ſcattered through univerſe, but the hardeſt bodies are ſo porous, that, all matter were compreſſed to a perfect ſolidity, it m be contained in a cube of a few feet. In like man if all the employment of life were crowded into the t which it really occupied, perhaps a few weeks, days, hours, would be ſufficient for its accompliſhment, ſo as the mind was engaged in the performance. For is the inequality of our corporeal to our intellectual culties, that we contrive in minutes what we execut years, and the ſoul often ſtands an idle ſpectator of labour of the hands and expedition of the feet.

For this reaſon, the ancient generals often found th ſelves at leiſure to purſue the ſtudy of philoſophy in camps; and Lucan, with hiſtorical veracity, makes C far relate of himſelf, that he noted the revolutions of ſtars in the midſt of preparations for battle.

——M

——Media inter prælia ſemper
Sideribus, cœlique plagis, ſuperiſque vacavi.

Amid the ſtorms of war with curious eyes,
I trace the planets and ſurvey the ſkies.

That the ſoul always exerts her peculiar powers with eater or leſs force, is very probable, though the com- of occaſions of our preſent condition require but a ſmall rt of that inceſſant cogitation; and by the natural frame our bodies, and general combination of the world, we ſo frequently condemned to inactivity, that as through our time we are thinking, ſo for a great part of our e we can only think.

Leſt a power ſo reſtleſs ſhould be either unprofitably hurtfully employed, and the ſuperfluities of intellect to waſte, it is no vain ſpeculation to conſider how we y govern our thoughts, reſtrain them from irregular tions, or confine them from boundleſs diſſipation.

How the underſtanding is beſt conducted to the knowge of ſcience, by what ſteps it is to be led forward in purſuit, how it is to be cured of its defects, and haituated to new ſtudies, has been the inquiry of many ute and learned men, whoſe obſervations I ſhall not her adopt or cenſure; my purpoſe being to conſider the ral diſcipline of the mind, and to promote the increaſe virtue rather than of learning.

This inquiry ſeems to have been neglected for want of membering that all action has its origin in the mind, d that therefore to ſuffer the thoughts to be vitiated is poiſon the fountains of morality: irregular deſires will duce licentious practices; what men allow themſelves wiſh they will ſoon believe, and will be at laſt incited execute what they pleaſe themſelves with contriving.

For this reaſon the caſuiſts of the Romiſh church, who n, by confeſſion, great opportunities of knowing hun nature, have generally determined that what it is a me to do, it is a crime to think. Since by revolving h pleaſure the facility, ſafety, or advantage of a wicked d, a man ſoon begins to find his conſtancy relax, and deteſtation ſoften; the happineſs of ſucceſs glittering

before

before him, withdraws his attention from the atrocio
neſs of the guilt, and acts are at laſt confidently pe
petrated, of which the firſt conception only crept in
the mind, diſguiſed in pleaſing complications, and pe
mitted rather than invited.

No man has ever been drawn to crimes by love or je
louſy, envy or hatred, but he can tell how eaſily h
might at firſt have repelled the temptation, how readi
his mind would have obeyed a call to any other objec
and how weak his paſſion has been after ſome caſual an
cation, till he has recalled it again to his heart, and n
vived the viper by too warm a fondneſs.

Such, therefore, is the importance of keeping reaſ
a conſtant guard over imagination, that we have othe
wiſe no ſecurity for our own virtue, but may corrupt o
hearts in the moſt recluſe ſolitude, with more pernicio
and tyrannical appetites and wiſhes than the commerce
the world will generally produce: for we are eaſ
ſhocked by crimes which appear at once in their fu
magnitude; but the gradual growth of our own wicke
neſs, endeared by intereſt and palliated by all the ar
fices of ſelf-deceit, gives us time to form diſtinctions i
our own favour; and reaſon by degrees ſubmits to a
ſurdity, as the eye is in time accommodated to darkne

In this diſeaſe of the ſoul, it is of the utmoſt impo
ance to apply remedies at the beginning; and therefor
ſhall endeavour to ſhew what thoughts are to be reje
or improved, as they regard the paſt, preſent, or futur
in hopes that ſome may be awakened to caution and w
gilance, who perhaps indulge themſelves in dangero
dreams; ſo much the more dangerous, becauſe be
yet only dreams, they are concluded innocent.

The recollection of the paſt is only uſeful by way
proviſion for the future; and therefore, in reviewing
occurrences that fall under a religious conſideration, it
proper that a man ſtop at the firſt thoughts, to rema
how he was led thither, and why he continues the r
flection. If he is dwelling with delight upon a ſtra
gem of ſucceſsful fraud, a night of licentious riot, or
intrigue of guilty pleaſure, let him ſummon off his im
gina

gination as from an unlawful purſuit, expel thoſe paſſages from his remembrance, of which, though he cannot ſeriouſly approve them, the pleaſure overpowers the guilt, and refer them to a future hour, when they may be conſidered with greater ſafety. Such an hour will certainly come; for the impreſſions of paſt pleaſure are always leſſening, but the ſenſe of guilt, which reſpects futurity, continues the ſame.

The ſerious and impartial retroſpect of our conduct is indiſputably neceſſary to the confirmation or recovery of virtue, and is therefore recommended under the name of ſelf-examination, by divines, as the firſt act previous to repentance. It is, indeed, of ſo great uſe, that without it we ſhould always be to begin life, be ſeduced for ever by the ſame allurements, and miſled by the ſame fallacies. But in order that we may not loſe the advantage of our experience, we muſt endeavour to ſee every thing in its proper form, and excite in ourſelves thoſe ſentiments which the great Author of nature has decreed the concomitants or followers of good or bad actions.

Μηδ' ὕπνον μαλακοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασι προσδὲξασθαι,
Πρὶν τῶν ἡμερινῶν ἕξεων τρὶς ἕκαστον ἐπελθεῖν.
Πῆ παρέβην; τί δ' ἔρεξα; τί μοι δέον οὐκ ἐτελέσθη;
Ἀρξάμενος δ' ἀπὸ πρώτου ἐπέξιθι καὶ μετάπειτα,
Σεῖλα μὲν ἐκπρήξας, ἐπιπολήσουσι, χρηστὰ δὲ, τέρπου.

Let not ſleep, ſays Pythagoras, fall upon thy eyes till thou haſt thrice reviewed the tranſactions of the paſt day. Where have I turned aſide from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the firſt act, and proceed; and, in concluſion, at the ill which thou haſt done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

Our thoughts on preſent things being determined by the objects before us, fall not under thoſe indulgences, or excurſions, which I am now conſidering. But I cannot forbear, under this head, to caution pious and tender minds, that are diſturbed by the irruptions of wicked imaginations, againſt too great dejection, and too anxi-

ous alarms; for thoughts are only criminal when they are firſt choſen, and then voluntarily continued.

Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or ſtain behind. MILTON.

In futurity chiefly are the ſnares lodged by which the imagination is entangled. Futurity is the proper abode of hope and fear, with all their train and progeny of ſubordinate apprehenſions and deſires. In futurity, events and chances are yet floating at large, without apparent connection with their cauſes; and we therefore eaſily indulge the liberty of gratifying ourſelves with a pleaſing choice. To pick and cull among poſſible advantages is, as the civil law terms it, *in vacuum venire*—to take what belongs to nobody, but it has this hazard in it, that we ſhall be unwilling to quit what we have ſeized, though an owner ſhould be found. It is eaſy to think on that which may be gained, till at laſt we reſolve to gain it; and to image the happineſs of particular conditions, till we can be eaſy in no other. We ought at leaſt to let our deſires fix upon nothing in another's power for the ſake of our quiet, or in another's poſſeſſion, for the ſake of our innocence. When a man finds himſelf led, though by a train of honeſt ſentiments, to wiſh for that to which he has no right, he ſhould ſtart back as from a pitfal covered with flowers. He that fancies he ſhould benefit the public more in a great ſtation than the man that fills it, will in time imagine it an act of virtue to ſupplant him; and as oppoſition readily kindles into hatred, his eagerneſs to do that good to which he is not called, will betray him to crimes which in his original ſcheme were never propoſed.

He therefore that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, muſt regulate his thoughts by thoſe of reaſon; he muſt keep guilt from the receſſes of his heart; and remember that the pleaſures of fancy and the emotions of deſire, are more dangerous as they are more hidden, ſince they eſcape the awe of obſervation, and operate equally in every ſituation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.

No. IX. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1750.

Quod ſis eſſe velis, nihilque malis. MART.

Chuſe what you are; no other ſtate prefer.
ELPHINSTON.

IT is juſtly remarked by Horace, that, howſoever every man may complain occaſionally of the hardſhips of his condition, he is ſeldom willing to change it for any other on the ſame level; for whether it be that he who follows an employment made choice of it at firſt on account of its ſuitableneſs to his inclination; or that, when accident, or the determination of others, have placed him in a particular ſtation, he by endeavouring to reconcile himſelf to it, gets the cuſtom of viewing it only on the faireſt ſide; or whether every man thinks that claſs to which he belongs the moſt illuſtrious, merely becauſe he has honoured it with his name: it is certain that, whatever be the reaſon, moſt men have a very ſtrong and active prejudice in favour of their own vocation, always working upon their minds, and influencing their behaviour.

This partiality is ſufficiently viſible in every rank of the human ſpecies; but it exerts itſelf more frequently, and with greater force among thoſe who have never learned to conceal their ſentiments for reaſons of policy, or to model their expreſſions by the laws of politeneſs; and therefore the chief conteſts of wit among artificers and handicraftmen ariſe from a mutual endeavour to exalt one trade by depreciating another.

From the ſame principles are derived many conſolations to alleviate the inconveniencies to which every calling is peculiarly expoſed. A blackſmith was lately pleaſing himſelf at his anvil, with obſerving that, though his trade was hot and ſooty, laborious and unhealthy, yet he had the honour of living by his hammer; he got his bread like a man; and if his ſon ſhould riſe in the world, and keep his coach, nobody could reproach him that his father was a taylor.

A man truly zealous for his fraternity, is never ſo irreſiſtibly flattered as when ſome rival calling is mentioned with contempt. Upon this principle a linen-draper boaſted that he had got a new cuſtomer whom he could ſafely truſt; for he could have no doubt of his honeſty, ſince it was known, from unqueſtionable authority, that he was now filing a bill in chancery to delay payment for the clothes which he had worn the laſt ſeven years; and he himſelf had heard him declare, in a public coffee-houſe, that he looked upon the whole generation of woollen-drapers to be ſuch deſpicable wretches, that no gentleman ought to pay them.

It has been obſerved that phyſicians and lawyers are no friends to religion; and many conjectures have been formed to diſcover the reaſon of ſuch a combination between men who agree in nothing elſe, and who ſeem leſs to be affected, in their own provinces, by religious opinions, than any other part of the community. The truth is, very few of them have thought about religion: but they have all ſeen a parſon; ſeen him in a habit different from their own, and therefore declared war againſt him. A young ſtudent from the inns of court, who has often attacked the curate of his father's pariſh with ſuch arguments as his acquaintances could furniſh, and returned to town without ſucceſs, is now gone down with a reſolution to deſtroy him; for he has learned at laſt how to manage a prig; and if he pretends to hold him again to ſyllogiſm, he has a catch in reſerve, which neither logic nor metaphyſics can reſiſt.

I laugh to think how your unſhaken Cato
Will look aghaſt, when unforeſeen deſtruction
Pours in upon him thus.

The malignity of ſoldiers and ſailors againſt each other has been often experienced at the coſt of their country; and, perhaps, no orders of men have an enmity of more acrimony, or longer continuance. When, upon our late ſucceſſes at ſea, ſome new regulations were concerted for eſtabliſhing the rank of the naval commanders, a captain of foot very acutely remarked, that nothing was

more

more abſurd than to give any honorary rewards to ſeamen: 'For honour,' ſays he, 'ought only to be won 'by bravery; and all the world knows that in a ſea-'fight there is no danger, and therefore no evidence of 'courage.'

But although this general deſire of aggrandizing themſelves by raiſing their profeſſion, betrays men to a thouſand ridiculous and miſchievous acts of ſupplantation and detraction, yet as almoſt all paſſions have their good as well as bad effects, it likewiſe excites ingenuity, and ſometimes raiſes an honeſt and uſeful emulation of diligence. It may be obſerved in general, that no trade had ever reached the excellence to which it is now improved, had its profeſſors looked upon it with the eyes of indifferent ſpectators; the advances, from the firſt rude eſſays muſt have been made by men who valued themſelves for performances for which ſcarce any other would be perſuaded to eſteem them.

It is pleaſing to contemplate a manufacture riſing gradually from its firſt mean ſtate, by the ſucceſſive labours of innumerable minds; to conſider the firſt hollow trunk of an oak, in which, perhaps, the ſhepherd could ſcarce venture to croſs a brook ſwelled with a ſhower, enlarged at laſt into a ſhip of war, attacking fortreſſes, terrifying nations, ſetting ſtorms and billows at defiance, and viſiting the remoteſt parts of the globe. And it might contribute to diſpoſe us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to conſider from what unpromiſing beginnings the moſt uſeful productions of art have probably ariſen. Who, when he ſaw the firſt ſand of aſhes, by a caſual intenſeneſs of heat melted into a metalline form, rugged with excreſcences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this ſhapeleſs lump lay concealed ſo many conveniencies of life, as would in time conſtitute a great part of the happineſs of the world? Yet by ſome ſuch fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree ſolid and tranſparent, which might admit the light of the ſun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the ſight of the philoſopher to new ranges

of exiſtence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endleſs ſubordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might ſupply the decays of nature, and ſuccour old age with ſubſidiary ſight. Thus was the firſt artificer in glaſs employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of ſcience, and conferring the higheſt and moſt laſting pleaſures; he was enabling the ſtudent to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herſelf.

This paſſion for the honour of a profeſſion, like that for the grandeur of our own country, is to be regulated not extinguiſhed. Every man, from the higheſt to the loweſt ſtation, ought to warm his heart, and animate his endeavours with the hopes of being uſeful to the world, by advancing the art which it is his lot to exerciſe; and for that end he muſt neceſſarily conſider the whole extent of its application, and the whole weight of its importance. But let him not too readily imagine that another is ill employed; becauſe, for want of fuller knowledge of his buſineſs, he is not able to comprehend its dignity. Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raiſing himſelf; and enjoy the pleaſure of his own ſuperiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the ſame felicity. The philoſopher may very juſtly be delighted with the extent of his views, and the artificer with the readineſs of his hands; but let the one remember, that without mechanical performances, refined ſpeculation is an empty dream; and the other, that, without theoretical reaſoning, dexterity is little more than a brute inſtinct.

No X. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1750.

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo. VIRG.

For trifling sports I quitted grave affairs.

THE number of correspondents which increases every day upon me, shews that my paper is at least distinguished from the common production of the press. It is no less a proof of eminence to have many enemies than many friends; and I look upon every letter, whether it contains encomiums or reproaches, as in equal attestation of rising credit. The only pain which I can feel from my correspondence, is the fear of disgusting those whose letters I shall neglect; and therefore I take this opportunity of reminding them, that, in disapproving their attempts, whenever it may happen, I only return the treatment which I often receive. Besides, many particular motives influence a writer, known only to himself, or his private friends; and it may be justly concluded, that not all letters which are postponed are rejected, nor all that are rejected critically condemned.

Having thus eased my heart of the only apprehension that sat heavy on it, I can please myself with the candour of Benevolus, who encourages me to proceed, without sinking under the anger of Flirtilla, who quarrels with me, for being old and ugly, and for wanting both activity of body and sprightliness of mind; feeds her monkey with my lucubrations, and refuses any reconciliation till I have appeared in vindication of masquerades. That she may not however imagine me without support, and left the rest wholly upon my own fortitude, I shall now publish some letters which I have received from men as well dressed, and as handsome, as her favourite; and others from ladies whom I sincerely believe as young, as rich, as gay, as pretty, as fashionable, and as often toasted and treated as herself.

A SET of candid readers send their respects to the Rambler, and acknowledge his merit in so well beginning

'ning a work that may be of public benefit. But, su-
'perior as his genius is to the impertinences of a trifling
'age, they cannot help a wish, that he would conde-
'ſcend to the weakneſs of minds ſoftened by perpetual
'amuſements, and now and then throw in, like his pre-
'deceſſor, ſome papers of a gay and humourous turn.
'Too fair a field now lies open, with too plentiful a
'harveſt of follies! Let the cheerful Thalia put in her
'ſickle: and, ſinging at her work, deck her hair with
'red and blue.'

'A LADY ſends her compliments to the Rambler,
'and deſires to know by what other name ſhe may direct
'to him; what are his ſet of friends, his amuſements;
'what his way of thinking, with regard to the living
'world and its ways: in ſhort, whether he is a perſon
'now alive, and in town? If he be, ſhe will do herſelf
'the honour to write him pretty often; and hopes, from
'time to time, to be the better for his advice and ani-
'madverſions; for his animadverſions on her neighbour
'at leaſt. But, if he is a mere eſſayiſt, and troubles not
'himſelf with the manners of the age, ſhe is ſorry to
'tell him, that even the genius and correctneſs of
'Addiſon will not ſecure him from neglect.'

No man is ſo much abſtracted from common life, as
not to feel a particular pleaſure from the regard of the fe-
male world; the candid writers of the firſt billet will not
be offended that my haſte to ſatisfy a lady has hurried
their addreſs too ſoon out of my mind, and that I reſerve
them for a reply to ſome future paper, in order to ſatisfy
this curious inquirer after my other name; the anſwer of
a philoſopher to a man who, meeting him in the ſtreet,
deſired to ſee what he carried under his cloak—'I carry
'it there,' ſays he, 'that you may not ſee it.' But
though ſhe is never to know my name, ſhe may often ſee
my face: for I am of her opinion, that a diurnal writer
ter ought to view the world; and that he who neglects
his cotemporaries, may be, with juſtice, neglected by
them.

'LAD

'LADY RACKET ſends compliments to the Rambler; and lets him know, ſhe ſhall have cards at her houſe every Sunday the remainder of the ſeaſon; where ſhe will be ſure of meeting all the good company in town. By this means ſhe hopes to ſee his papers interſperſed with living characters. She longs to ſee the torch of Truth produced at an aſſembly, and to admire the charming luſtre it will throw on the jewels, complexions, and behaviour of every dear creature there.'

It is a rule with me to receive every offer with the ſame civility as it is made; and therefore, though Lady Racket may have had ſome reaſon to gueſs that I ſeldom frequent card-tables on Sundays, I ſhall not inſiſt upon the exception which may to her appear of ſo little force. My buſineſs has been to view, as opportunity was offered, every place in which mankind was to be ſeen: but at card-tables, however brilliant, I have always thought my viſit loſt, for I could know nothing of the company, but their clothes and their faces. I ſaw their looks clouded at the beginning of every game with an uniform ſolicitude, now and then in its progreſs varied with ſhort triumph, at one time wrinkled with cunning, at another deadened with deſpondency, or by accident flaſhed with rage at the unſkilful or unlucky play of a partner. From ſuch aſſemblies, in whatever humour I happened to enter them, I was quickly forced to retire; they were too trifling for me when I was grave, and too dull when I was cheerful.

Yet I cannot but value myſelf upon this token of regard from a lady who is not afraid to ſtand before the torch of Truth. Let her not, however, conſult her curioſity more than her prudence; but reflect a moment on the fate of Semele, who might have lived the favourite of Jupiter, if ſhe could have been content without his thunder. It is dangerous for mortal beauty or terreſtrial virtue, to be examined by too ſtrong a light. The torch of Truth ſhews much that we cannot, and all that we would not ſee. In a face dimpled with ſmiles, it has been diſcovered malevolence and envy, and detected,

under

under jewels and brocade, the frightful forms of pover and diſtreſs. A fine hand of cards have changed befo it into a thouſand ſpectres of ſickneſs, miſery, and ven tion; and immenſe ſums of money, while the winn counted them with tranſport, have at the firſt glimpſe this unwelcome luſtre vaniſhed from before him. If h ladyſhip therefore deſigns to continue her aſſembly, would adviſe her to ſhun ſuch dangerous experiments, ſatisfy herſelf with common appearances, and to light her apartments rather with myrtle than the torch Truth.

'A MODEST young man ſends his ſervice to t
'author of the Rambler, and will be very willing t
'aſſiſt him in his work; but is ſadly afraid of being di
'couraged by having his firſt eſſay rejected; a diſgra
'he has woefully experienced in every offer he h
'made of it to every new writer of every new pape
'but he comforts himſelf by thinking, without vani
'that this has been from a peculiar favour of the Mu
'who ſaved his performance from being buried in tra
'and reſerved it to appear with luſtre in the Rambl

I am equally a friend to modeſty and enterprize; therefore ſhall think it an honour to correſpond with young man who poſſeſſes both in ſo eminent a degr Youth is, indeed, the time in which theſe qualities oug chiefly to be found; modeſty ſuits well with inexpe ence, and enterprize with health and vigour, and an tenſive proſpect of life. One of my predeceſſors has ju obſerved, that, though modeſty has an amiable and w ning appearance, it ought not to hinder the exertio the active powers, but that a man ſhould ſhew under bluſhes a latent reſolution. This point of perfecti nice as it is, my correſpondent ſeems to have attain That he is modeſt, his own declaration may evince; a I think, the latent reſolution may be diſcovered in his l ter by an acute obſerver. I will adviſe him, ſince he well deſerves my precepts, not to be diſcouraged, thou the Rambler ſhould prove equally envious, or taſtel

ith the reſt of this fraternity. If his paper is refuſed, e preſſes of England are open; let him try the judg- ent of the publick. If, as it has ſometimes happened in neral combinations againſt merit, he cannot perſuade e world to buy his works, he may preſent them to his ends; and if his friends are ſeized with the epidemical atuation, and cannot find his genius, or will not con- s it, let him then refer his cauſe to poſterity, and re- ve his labours for a wiſer age.

Thus have I diſpatched ſome of my correſpondents in e uſual manner, with fair words and general civility. t to Flirtilla, the gay Flirtilla, what ſh. l I reply? Un- le as I am to fly, at her command, over lands and ſeas, to ſupply her, from week to week, with the faſhions of ris, or the intrigues of Madrid, I am yet not willing incur her further diſpleaſure; and would ſave my pa- rs from her monkey on any reaſonable terms. By at propitiation, therefore, may I atone for my former vity, and open, without trembling, the future let- s of this ſprightly perſecutor? To write in defence of ſquerades is no eaſy taſk; yet ſomething difficult and ring may well be required, as the price of ſo important approbation. I therefore conſulted, in this great emer- cy, a man of high reputation in gay life, who, hav- added, to his other accompliſhments, no mean profi- acy in the minute philoſophy, after the fifth peruſal her letter, broke out with rapture in theſe words:— And can you, Mr. Rambler, ſtand out againſt this harming creature? Let her know, at leaſt, that from his moment Nigrinus devotes his life and his labours o her ſervice. Is there any ſtubborn prejudice of edu- ation that ſtands between thee and the moſt amiable of ankind? Behold, Flirtilla, at thy feet, a man grown rey in the ſtudy of thoſe noble arts by which right nd wrong may be confounded; by which reaſon may e blinded, when we have a mind to eſcape from her in- pection; and caprice and appetite inſtated in uncon- ouled command, and boundleſs dominion! Such a ſuiſt may ſurely engage, with certainty of ſucceſs, in ndication of an entertainment which in an inſtant

gives

'gives confidence to the timorous, and kindles ardo
'in the cold; an entertainment where the vigilance
'jealouſy has ſo often been eluded, and the virgin is ſe
'free from the neceſſity of languiſhing in ſilence
'where all the outworks of chaſtity are at once dem
'liſhed; where the heart is laid open without a bluſh
'where baſhfulneſs may ſurvive virtue, and no wiſh
'cruſhed under the frown of modeſty. Far weaker in
'fluence than Flirtilla's might gain over an advocate fo
'ſuch amuſements. It was declared by Pompey, tha
'if the commonwealth was violated, he could ſtam
'with his foot, and raiſe an army out of the ground:
'the rights of pleaſure are again invaded, let but Fli
'tilla crack her fan, neither pens nor ſwords ſhall
'wanting at the ſummons, the wit and the colonel ſha
'march out at her command; and neither law nor re
'ſon ſhall ſtand before us.'

No. XI. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1750.

Non Dindymene, non Adytis quatit
Mentem ſacerdotum incola pythius,
Non liber æque, non acuta.
Sic geminant corybantes æra,
Triſtes ut iræ. ——— HOR.

Yet O! remember, nor the God of wine,
Nor Pythean Phœbus from his inmoſt ſhrine,
Nor Dindymene, nor her prieſts poſſeſt,
Can with their ſounding cymbals ſhake the breaſt,
Like furious anger. FRANCIS.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of
ſeven ſages of Greece, left as a memorial of his kn
ledge and benevolence, was, χόλε κράτει —be maſte
thy anger. He conſidered anger as the great diſturbe
human life, the chief enemy both of public happi
and private tranquillity, and thought that he could
lay on poſterity a ſtronger obligation to reverence his

ory, than by leaving them a ſalutary caution againſt is outrageous paſſion.

To what latitude Periander might extend the word, e brevity of his precept will ſcarce allow us to conjec- re. From anger, in its full import, protracted into levolence, and exerted in revenge, ariſe, indeed, many the evils to which the life of man is expoſed. By an- r operating upon power are produced the ſubverſion of ies, the deſolation of countries, the maſſacre of na- ns, and all thoſe dreadful and aſtoniſhing calamities ich fill the hiſtories of the world, and which could be read at any diſtant point of time, when the paſ- ns ſtand neutral, and every motive and principle is to its natural force, without ſome doubt of the truth the relation, did we not ſee the ſame cauſes ſtill tend- to the ſame effects, and only acting with leſs vigour want of the ſame concurrent opportunities.

But this gigantic and enormous ſpecies of anger falls properly under the animadverſion of a writer whoſe f end is the regulation of common life, and whoſe cepts are to recommend themſelves by their general Nor is this eſſay intended to expoſe the tragical or l effects even of private malignity. The anger which ropoſe now for my ſubject, is ſuch as makes thoſe who lge it more troubleſome than formidable, and ranks n rather with hornets and waſps, than with baſiliſks lions. I have therefore prefixed a motto, which racterizes this paſſion, not ſo much by the miſchief it cauſes, as by the noiſe that it utters.

There is in the world a certain claſs of mortals, known, contentedly known by the appellation of 'paſſionate n,' who imagine themſelves entitled by that diſtinc- to be provoked on every ſlight occaſion, and to vent rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furi- menaces and licentious reproaches. Their rage, in- for the moſt part, fumes away in outcries of in- and proteſtations of vengeance, and ſeldom pro- to actual violence, unleſs a drawer or link-boy fall eir way; but they interrupt the quiet of thoſe that en to be within the reach of their clamours, obſtruct

the courſe of converſation, and diſturb the enjoyment of ſociety.

Men of this kind are ſometimes not without underſtanding or virtue; and are, therefore, not always treated with the ſeverity which their neglect of the eaſe of all about them might juſtly provoke: they have obtained a kind of preſcription for their folly, and are conſidered by their companions as under a predominant influence that leaves them not maſters of their conduct or language; as acting without conſciouſneſs, and ruſhing into miſchief with a miſt before their eyes; they are therefore pitied rather than cenſured, and their ſallies are paſſed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the ſpaſms of convulſion.

It is ſurely not to be obſerved without indignation that men may be found of minds mean enough to be ſatisfied with this treatment: wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without ſhame and without regret, conſider themſelves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exerciſing their patience, and boaſting their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger; but pride, like every other paſſion, if it once breaks looſe from reaſon, counteracts its own purpoſes. A paſſionate man upon a review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has conſidered how his outrages were cauſed, why they were borne, and what they are likely to end at laſt.

Thoſe ſudden burſts of rage generally break out upon ſmall occaſions: for life, unhappy as it is, cannot ſupply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks fit to be enraged; therefore the firſt reflection upon his violence muſt ſhew him that he is mean enough to be driven from his poſt by every petty incident, that he is the mere ſlave of caſualty, and that his reaſon and virtue are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of theſe loud extravagances, which a man is careful to conceal from others, and does not always diſcover to himſelf. He that finds his knowledge

arrow, and his arguments weak, and by conſequence is ſuffrage not much regarded, is ſometimes in hope of aining that attention by his clamours which he cannot herwiſe obtain, and is pleaſed with remembering that leaſt he made himſelf heard, that he had the power to nterrupt thoſe whom he could not confute, and ſuſpend he deciſion which he could not guide.

Of this kind is the fury to which many men give way mong their ſervants and domeſtics; they feel their own norance; they ſee their own inſignificance; and there- re they endeavour, by their fury, to fright away con- mpt from before them, when they know it muſt follow em behind; and think themſelves eminently maſters, hen they ſee one folly tamely complied with, only leſt efuſal or delay ſhould provoke them to a greater.

Theſe temptations cannot but be owned to have ſome rce. It is ſo little pleaſing to any man to ſee himſelf holly overlooked in the maſs of things, that he may be llowed to try a few expedients for procuring ſome kind f ſupplemental dignity, and uſe ſome endeavour to add eight, by the violence of his temper, to the lightneſs f his other powers. But this has now been long prac- iſed, and found, upon the moſt exact eſtimate, not to roduce advantages equal to its inconveniences; for it ppears not that a man can by uproar, tumult, and bluſ- r, alter any one's opinion of his underſtanding, or gain nfluence, except over thoſe whom fortune or nature have ade his dependents. He may, by a ſteady perſeverance n his ferocity, frighten his children and harraſs his ſer- ants; but the reſt of the world will look on and laugh, nd he will have the comfort at laſt of thinking that he ives only to raiſe contempt and hatred; emotions to hich wiſdom and virtue would be always unwilling to ive occaſion. He has contrived only to make thoſe fear im whom every reaſonable being is endeavouring to en- ear by kindneſs, and muſt content himſelf with the plea- ure of a triumph obtained by trampling on them who ould not reſiſt. He muſt perceive that the apprehenſion hich his preſence cauſes is not the awe of his virtue, ut the dread of his brutality, and that he has given up

the felicity of being loved, without gaining the honour of being reverenced.

But this is not the only ill conſequence of the frequent indulgence of this bluſtering paſſion, which a man, by often calling to his aſſiſtance, will teach, in a ſhort time, to intrude before the ſummons, to ruſh upon him with reſiſtleſs violence, and without any previous notice of its approach. He will find himſelf liable to be inflamed at the firſt touch of provocation, and unable to retain his reſentment, till he has a full conviction of the offence, to proportion his anger to the cauſe, or to regulate it by prudence or by duty. When a man has once ſuffered his mind to be thus vitiated, he becomes one of the moſt hateful and unhappy beings. He can give no ſecurity to himſelf that he ſhall not, at the next interview, alienate by ſome ſudden tranſport his deareſt friend; or break out, upon ſome ſlight contradiction, into ſuch terms of rudeneſs as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converſes with him, lives with the ſuſpicion and ſolicitude of a man that plays with a tame tiger, always under a neceſſity of watching the moment in which the capricious ſavage ſhall begin to growl.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the Duke of Dorſet, that his ſervants uſed to put themſelves in his way when he was angry, becauſe he was ſure to recompence them for any indignities which he made them ſuffer. This is the round of a paſſionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to diſcharge at the return of reaſon. He ſpends his time in outrage and acknowledgement, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himſelf in oppreſſion, and juſtifies the wrong, becauſe he has done it, his inſenſibility can make ſmall part of his praiſe or his happineſs; he only adds deliberate to haſty folly, aggravates petulence by contumacy, and deſtroys the only plea which he can offer for the tenderneſs and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity we may be content to pity, becauſe it ſeldom wants a puniſhment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more deſpicable or more miſerable than

RAMBLER, VOL. I. N°. 12.

Is that colour your own, Child?

Corbould del. Engraved for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row. Feb.y 1. 1792.

han the old age of a paſſionate man. When the vigour f youth fails him, and his amuſements pall with fre-uent repetition, his occaſional rage ſinks by decay of rength into peeviſhneſs; that peeviſhneſs, for want of ovelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls ff from around him, and he is left, as Homer expreſſes , φθινύθων φίλον κῆρ — to devour his own heart in ſoli-de and contempt.

No. XII. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1750.

—Miſerum parva ſtipe focilat, ut pudibundos,
Exercere ſales inter convivia poſſit.—
——Tu mitis, et acri
Aſperitate carens, poſitoque per omnia faſtu,
Inter ut æquales unus numeraris amicos,
Obſequitumque doces, et amorem quæris amando.

LUCANUS AD PISONEM.

Unlike the ribald, whoſe licentious jeſt
Pollutes his banquet, and inſults his gueſt;
From wealth and grandeur eaſy to deſcend,
Thou joy'ſt to loſe the maſter in the friend.
We round thy board the cheerful menials ſee,
Gay with the ſmile of bland equality;
No ſocial care the gracious Lord diſdains,
Love prompts to love, and Rev'rence rev'rence gains.

To the Rambler.

'SIR,

AS you ſeem to have devoted your labours to virtue, I cannot forbear to inform you of one ſpecies of ruelty with which the life of a man of letters perhaps oes not often make him acquainted; and which, as it eems to produce no other advantage to thoſe that prac-iſe it than a ſhort gratification of thoughtleſs vanity, nay become leſs common when it has been once expoſed n its various forms, and its full magnitude.

'I am the daughter of a country gentleman, who
'family is numerous, and whose estate, not at first
'ficient to supply us with affluence, has been lately
'much impaired by an unsuccessful law-suit, that
'the younger children are obliged to try such means
'their education affords them, for procuring the nece
'saries of life. Distress and curiosity concurred to bri
'me to London, where I was received by a relation wi
'the coldness which misfortune generally finds. A wee
'a long week, I lived with my cousin, before the m
'vigilant enquiry could procure us the least hopes of
'place, in which time I was much better qualified
'bear all the vexations of servitude. The first two da
'she was content to pity me, and only wished I had
'been quite so well bred; but people must comply wi
'their circumstances. This lenity, however, was so
'at an end; and for the remaining part of the wee
'I heard every hour of the pride of my family, the ob
'stinacy of my father, and of people better born th
'myself that were common servants.

'At last, on Saturday noon, she told me, with ve
'visible satisfaction, that Mrs. Bombazine, the great silk
'mercer's lady, wanted a maid; and a fine place it wou
'be, for there would be nothing to do but to clean m
'mistress's room, get up her linen, dress the young la
'dies, wait at tea in the morning, take care of a litt
'miss just come from nurse, and then sit down to m
'needle. But Madam was a woman of great spirit, an
'would not be contradicted, and therefore I should tak
'care; for good places were not easily to be got.

'With these cautions I waited on Madam Bombazi
'of whom the first sight gave me no ravishing ideas. S
'was two yards round the waist, her voice was at on
'loud and squeaking, and her face brought to my mi
'the picture of the full moon. "Are you the young w
"man," says she, "that are come to offer yourself
"It is strange when people of substance want a servan
"how soon it is the town-talk. But they know th
"shall have a belly-full that live with me. Not li
"people at the other end of the town, we dine at o
"o'clo

" o'clock. But I never take any body without a cha-
" racter. What friends do you come of?" 'I then told
' her that my father was a gentleman, and that we had
' been unfortunate.' "A great misfortune indeed, to
" come to me, and have three meals a-day! So your
" father was a gentleman; and you are a gentlewoman,
" I ſuppoſe: ſuch gentlewomen!"—'Madam, I did
' not mean to claim any exemptions; I only anſwered
' your enquiry.—" Such gentlewomen! People ſhould
" ſet their children to good trades, and keep them off
" the pariſh. Pray go to the other end of the town;
" there are gentlewomen if they would pay their debts:
" I am ſure we have loſt enough by gentlewomen!"
Upon this her broad face grew broader with triumph;
and I was afraid ſhe would have taken me for the plea-
ſure of continuing her inſult; but happily the next
word was—" Pray, Mrs. Gentlewoman, troop down
ſtairs."—' You may believe I obeyed her.

'I returned, and met with a better reception from my
couſin than I expected; for, while I was out, ſhe had
heard that Mrs. Standiſh, whoſe huſband had lately
been raiſed from a clerk in an office, to be commiſſioner
of the exciſe, had taken a fine houſe, and wanted a
maid.

'To Mrs. Standiſh I went; and, after having waited
ſix hours, was at laſt admitted to the top of the ſtairs,
when ſhe came out of her room, with two of her com-
pany. There was a ſmell of punch. "So, young wo-
man, you want a place; whence do you come?"—
'From the country, Madam.'—"Yes, they all come
out of the country. And what brought you to town?
a baſtard? Where do you lodge?"—'At the Seven
Dials.'—"What, you never heard of the Foundling-
houſe?" 'Upon this they all laughed ſo obſtreper-
ouſly, that I took the opportunity of ſneaking off in
the tumult.

'I then heard of a place at an elderly lady's. She
was at cards; but in two hours, I was told, ſhe would
ſpeak to me. She aſked me if I could keep an account;
and ordered me to write. I wrote two lines out of

'ſome

'some book that lay by her. She wondered what peo-
'ple meant, to breed up poor girls to write at that rate.'
"I suppose, Mrs. Flirt, if I was to see your work, it
"would be fine stuff! You may walk. I will not have
"love-letters written from my house to every young fel-
"low in the street."

'Two days after, I went on the same pursuit to Lady
'Lofty, dressed, as I was directed, in what little orna-
'ments I had, because she had lately got a place at court.
'Upon the first sight of me, she turns to the woman that
'shewed me in'—"Is this the lady that wants a place?
"Pray, what place would you have, Miss? a maid of
"honour's place? Servants now-a-days!"—'Madam, I
'heard you wanted—' "Wanted what? Somebody
"finer than myself! A pretty servant, indeed! I should
"be afraid to speak to her.—I suppose, Mrs. Mynx,
"those fine hands cannot bear wetting. A servant, in-
"deed! Pray move off: I am resolved to be the hea
"person in this house. You are ready dressed; the ta-
"verns will be open."

'I went to enquire for the next place in a clean linen
'gown; and heard the servant tell his lady, there was a
'young woman, but he saw she would not do. I was
'brought us however.' "Are you the trollop that ha
"the impudence to come for my place? What, you hav
"hired that nasty gown, and are come to steal a better?
'Madam, I have another, but being obliged to walk—
"Then these are your manners, with your blushes, an
"your courtesies, to come to me in your worst gown!"
'Madam, give me leave to wait upon you in my othe
—"Wait on me, you saucy slut! Then you are sure
"coming: I could not let such a drab come near me.
"Here, you, girl, that came up with her, have you
"touched her? If you have, wash your hands before y
"dress me.—Such trollops!—Get you down!—Wha
"whimpering? Pray walk."

'I went away with tears; for my cousin had lost a
'patience. However, she told me, that having a respe
'for my relations, she was willing to keep me out of t
'street, and would let me have another week.

'T

'The firſt day of this week I ſaw two places. At one I was aſked where I had lived; and, upon my anſwer, was told by the lady, that people ſhould qualify themſelves in ordinary places, for ſhe ſhould never have done if ſhe was to follow girls about. At the other houſe I was a ſmirking huſſy, and that ſweet face I might make money of: for her part, it was a rule with her never to take any creature that thought herſelf handſome.

'The three next days were ſpent in Lady Bluff's entry, where I waited ſix hours every day for the pleaſure of ſeeing the ſervants peep at me, and go away laughing.' "Madam will ſtretch her ſmall ſhanks in the entry; ſhe will know the houſe again." At ſunſet the two firſt days I was told that my lady would ſee me to-morrow; and, on the third, that her woman was laid.

'My week was now near its end, and I had no hopes of a place. My relation, who always laid upon me the blame of every miſcarriage, told me that I muſt learn to humble myſelf, and that all great ladies had particular ways; that if I went on in that manner, ſhe could not tell who would keep me; ſhe had known many who had refuſed places ſell their clothes, and beg in the ſtreets.

'It was to no purpoſe that the refuſal was declared by me to be never on my ſide; I was reaſoning againſt intereſt, and againſt ſtupidity: and therefore I comforted myſelf with the hope of ſucceeding better in my next attempt, and went to Mrs. Courtly, a very fine lady, who had routes at her houſe, and ſaw the beſt company in town.

'I had not waited two hours before I was called up, and found Mr. Courtly and his lady at piquet, in the height of good humour. This I looked on as a favourable ſign, and ſtood at the lower end of the room in expectation of the common queſtions. At laſt Mr. Courtly called out, after a whiſper—"Stand facing the light, that one may ſee you." 'I changed my place, and bluſhed. They frequently turned their eyes upon me, and ſeemed to diſcover many ſubjects of mer-

'riment;

'riment; for at every look they whiſpered, and laugh
'with the moſt violent agitations of delight. At h
'Mr. Courtly cried out, "Is that colour your ow
"child?—'Yes,' ſays the lady, if ſhe has not robb
'the kitchen hearth.'—This was ſo happy a conceit, th
'it renewed the ſtorm of laughter, and they threw dow
'their cards in hopes of better ſport. The lady th
'called me to her, and began with an affected gr
'vity to inquire what I could do. "But firſt tu
"about, and let us ſee your fine ſhape. Well, what
"you fit for, Mrs. Mum? You would find your tong
"I ſuppoſe, in the kitchen."—'No, no,' ſays M
Courtly, 'the girl's a good girl yet; but I am afraid
'briſk young fellow, with fine tags on his ſhoulder—
'Come, child, hold up your head; what, you have ſt
'nothing?'—"not yet," ſays the lady; "but ſhe hope
"ſteal your heart quickly." 'Here was a laugh of ha
'pineſs and triumph, prolonged by the confuſion which
'could no longer repreſs. At laſt the lady recollect
'herſelf—"Stole! no: but if I had her, I ſhould wa
"her; for that downcaſt eye—Why cannot you l
"people in the face?"—'Steal! ſays her huſba
'ſhe would ſteal nothing but perhaps a few ribbands
'fore they were left off by her lady.'—"Sir," anſwe
'I, "why ſhould you, by ſuppoſing me thief, in
"one from whom you have received no injury?—'
'ſult!' ſays the lady; 'are you come here to be a
'vant, you ſaucy baggage, and talk of inſulting? W
'will this world come to, if a gentleman may not
'with a ſervant? Well, ſuch ſervants! Pray be gone,
'ſee when you will have the honour to be ſo inſu
'again—Servants inſulted—a fine time! Inſulted!
'down ſtairs, you ſlut, or the footman ſhall inſult yo
'The laſt day of the laſt week was now coming;
'my kind couſin talked of ſending me down in the w
'gon to preſerve me from bad courſes. But in the m
'ing ſhe came and told me ſhe had one trial more
'me: Euphemia wanted a maid, and perhaps I m
'do for her; for, like me, ſhe muſt fall her creſt, b
'forced to lay down her chariot upon the loſs of half
'for

fortune, by bad ſecurities; and, with her way of giving her money to every body that pretended to want it, ſhe could have little beforehand; therefore I might ſerve her; for, with all her fine ſenſe, ſhe muſt not pretend to be nice.

'I went immediately, and met at the door a young gentlewoman, who told me ſhe had herſelf been hired that morning, but that ſhe was ordered to bring any that offered up ſtairs. I was accordingly introduced to Euphemia; who, when I came in, laid down her book, and told me, that ſhe ſent for me not to gratify an idle curioſity, but leſt my diſappointment might be made ſtill more grating by incivility, that ſhe was in pain to deny any thing, much more what was no favour; that ſhe ſaw nothing in my appearance which did not make her wiſh for my company; but that another, whoſe claims might perhaps be equal, had come before me. The thought of being ſo near to ſuch a place, and miſſing it, brought tears into my eyes; and my ſobs hindered me from returning my acknowledgments. She roſe up confuſed; and ſuppoſing, by my concern, that I was diſtreſſed, placed me by her, and made me tell her my ſtory; which, when ſhe had heard, ſhe put two guineas in my hand, ordering me to lodge near her, and make uſe of her table till ſhe could provide for me. I am now under her protection; and know not how to ſhew my gratitude better than by giving this account to the Rambler.

'ZOSIMA.'

No. XIII. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1750.

Commiſſumque teges et vino tortus et ira. HOR.

And let not wine or anger wreſt
Th' intruſted ſecret from your breaſt. FRANCIS.

IT is related by Quintus Curtius, that the Perſians always conceived an invincible contempt of a man who had

had violated the laws of ſecrecy; for they thought that however he might be deficient in the qualities requiſite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at leaſt were in his power; and though he, perhaps, could not ſpeak well if he was to try, it was ſtill eaſy for him not to ſpeak.

In forming this opinion of the eaſineſs of ſecrecy, they ſeem to have conſidered it as oppoſed, not to treachery but loquacity; and to have conceived the man whom they thus cenſured, not frighted by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promiſes to betray, but incited by the mere pleaſure of talking, or ſome other motive equally trifling to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let what ever he knew ſlip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether by their ſettled and avowed ſcorn of thoughtleſs talkers, the Perſians were able to diffuſe, to any great extent, the virtue of taciturnity, we are hin dered by the diſtance of thoſe times from being able to diſcover; there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of Perſepolis, nor any diſtinct accounts handed down to us of their office-clerks, their ladies of the bed chamber, their attornies, their chamber-maids, or their footmen.

In theſe latter ages, though the old animoſity against a prattler is ſtill retained, it appears wholly to have loſt its effects upon the conduct of mankind; for ſecrets are ſo ſeldom kept, that it may with ſome reaſon be doubted whether the ancients were not miſtaken in their firſt poſ tulate; whether the quality of retention be ſo general beſtowed; and whether a ſecret has not ſome ſubtle vola tility by which it eſcapes imperceptibly at the ſmalle vent; or ſome power of fermentation by which it expan itſelf ſo as to burſt the heart that will not gave it way.

Thoſe that ſtudy either the body or the mind of man very often find the moſt ſpecious and pleaſing theo falling under the weight of contrary experience; and inſtead of gratifying their vanity by inferring effects fro cauſes, they are always reduced, at laſt, to conjectur cauſes from effects. That it is eaſy to be ſecret, the pr culatiſt can demonſtrate in his retreat; and thereby thinks himſelf juſtified in placing confidence: the m

f the world knows that, whether difficult or not, it is ncommon; and therefore finds himſelf rather inclined o ſearch after the reaſon of this univerſal failure in one f the moſt important duties of ſociety.

The vanity of being known to be truſted with a ſecret generally one of the chief motives to diſcloſe it; for owever abſurd it may be thought to boaſt an honour by act which ſhews that it was conferred without merit, et moſt men ſeem rather inclined to confeſs the want of rtue than of importance; and more willingly ſhew their fluence, though at the expence of their probity, than ide through life with no other pleaſure than the private nſciouſneſs of fidelity; which, while it is preſerved, uſt be without praiſe, except from the ſingle perſon o tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a ſecret, by which a n exempts himſelf from the reproaches of his conſci-ce, and gratifies his pride, without ſuffering himſelf believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the pri-e affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to thoſe m whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them thoſe who have no temptation to betray the truſt, or h a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friend-p, if he diſcovers that they become public.

ecrets are very frequently told in the firſt ardour of dneſs, or of love, for the ſake of proving, by ſo im-tant a ſacrifice, ſincerity or tenderneſs; but with this tive, though it be ſtrong in itſelf, vanity concurs; ſince ry man deſires to be moſt eſteemed by thoſe whom he es, or with whom he converſes, with whom he paſſes hours of pleaſure, and to whom he retires from bu-ſs and from care.

When the diſcovery of ſecrets is under conſideration, re is always a diſtinction carefully to be made between own and thoſe of another: thoſe of which we are y maſters, as they affect only our own intereſt; and e which are repoſited with us in truſt, and involve happineſs or convenience of ſuch as we have no right xpoſe to hazard. To tell our own ſecrets is gene-folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communi-

cate thoſe with which we are intruſted is always treachery and treachery, for the moſt part, combined with folly.

There have, indeed, been ſome enthuſiaſtic and irrational zealots for friendſhip, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in poſſeſſion of another; and that, therefore, it is a violation of kindneſs to exempt any ſecret from this boundleſs confidence. Accordingly, a late female miniſter of ſtate has been ſhameleſs enough to inform the world that ſhe uſed, when ſhe wanted to extract anything from her ſovereign, to remind her of Montaigne's reaſoning; who has determined, that to tell a ſecret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, becauſe the number of perſons truſted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the ſame.

That ſuch a fallacy could be impoſed upon any human underſtanding, or that an author could have advanced a poſition ſo remote from truth and reaſon, any other way than as a declaimer, to ſhew to what extent he could ſtretch his imagination, and with what ſtrength he could preſs his principle, would ſcarcely have been credible, had not this lady kindly ſhewn us how far weakneſs may be deluded, or indolence amuſed. But, ſince it appears that even this ſophiſtry has been able, with the help of a ſtrong deſire to repoſe in quiet upon the understanding of another, to miſlead honeſt intentions, and an underſtanding not contemptible, it may not be ſuperfluous to remark, that thoſe things which are communicated among friends are only ſuch as either poſſeſſes in his own right, and can alienate or deſtroy without injury to any other perſon. Without this limitation, confidence muſt run on without end; the ſecond perſon may tell the ſecret to the third, upon the ſame principle as he received it from the firſt; and the third may hand it forward to a fourth; till, at laſt, it is told in the round of friendſhip to them from whom it was the firſt intention to conceal it.

The confidence which Caius has of the faithfulneſs of Titius, is nothing more than an opinion which himſelf cannot know to be true, and which Claudius, who has

ells his ſecret to Caius, may know to be falſe; and herefore the truſt is transferred by Caius, if he reveals hat has been told him, to one from whom the perſon riginally concerned would have withheld it; and whatver may be the event, Caius has hazarded the happineſs his friend, without neceſſity and without permiſſion; d has put that truſt in the hand of fortune which was ven only to virtue.

All the arguments upon which a man who is telling e private affairs of another, may ground his confidence ſecurity, he muſt upon reflection know to be uncerin, becauſe he finds them without effect upon himſelf. hen he is imagining that Titius will be cautious, from regard to his intereſt, his reputation, or his duty, he ght to reflect that he is himſelf, at that inſtant, acting oppoſition to all theſe reaſons, and revealing what inreſt, reputation, and duty, direct him to conceal.

Every one feels that, in his own caſe, he ſhould conr the man incapable of truſt who believed himſelf at erty to tell whatever he knew to the firſt whom he uld conclude deſerving of his confidence; therefore ius, in admitting Titius to the affairs imparted only himſelf, muſt know that he violates his faith, ſince acts contrary to the intention of Claudius, to whom t faith was given; for promiſes of friendſhip are, like others, uſeleſs and vain, unleſs they are made in ſome own ſenſe, adjuſted and acknowledged by both pars.

I am not ignorant that many queſtions may be ſtarted ting to the duty of ſecrecy, where the affairs are of blick concern, where ſubſequent reaſons may ariſe to r the appearance and nature of the truſt, that the nner in which the ſecret was told may change the de- of obligation, and that the principles upon which a n is choſen for a confident may not always equally ſtrain him; but theſe ſcruples, if not too intricate, of too extenſive conſideration for my preſent purpoſe, are they ſuch as generally occur in common life: and ugh caſuiſtical knowledge be uſeful in proper hands, it ought by no means to be careleſsly expoſed, ſince

moſt will uſe it rather to lull than awaken their own con-
ſciences; and the threads of reaſoning, on which truth
is ſuſpended, are frequently drawn to ſuch ſubtilty, that
common eyes cannot perceive, and common ſenſibility
cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine, as well as practice, of ſecrecy is
ſo perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is
compelled to truſt, I think him unhappy who is choſen
to be truſted; for he is often involved in ſcruples without
the liberty of calling in the help of any other underſtand-
ing; he is frequently drawn into guilt under the appear-
ance of friendſhip and honeſty; and ſometimes ſubjected
to ſuſpicion by the treachery of others who are engaged
without his knowledge in the ſame ſchemes: for he that
has one confident has generally more, and when he is at
laſt betrayed, is in doubt on whom he ſhall fix the crime.

The rules, therefore, that I ſhall propoſe concerning
ſecrecy, and from which I think it not ſafe to deviate
without long and exact deliberation, are—Never to ſoli-
cit the knowledge of a ſecret. Not willingly, not with-
out many limitations, to accept ſuch confidence when it
is offered. When a ſecret is once admitted, to conſider
the truſt as of a very high nature, important as ſociety
and ſacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for
any incidental convenience, or ſlight appearance of con-
trary fitneſs.

No. XIV. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1750.

——Nil fuit unquam
Sic diſpar ſibi—— HOR.

Sure ſuch a various creature ne'er was known.
FRANCIS.

AMONG the many inconſiſtencies which folly pro-
duces, or infirmity ſuffers, in the human mind, it
has often been obſerved a manifeſt and ſtriking contra-
rity between the life of an author and his writings:

Milton, in a letter to a learned ſtranger, by whom he had been viſited, with great reaſon congratulates himſelf upon the conſciouſneſs of being found equal to his own character, and having preſerved, in a private and familiar interview, that reputation which his works had procured him.

Thoſe whom the appearance of virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer in whoſe performances they may be found, have indeed had frequent reaſon to repent their curioſity; the bubble that ſparkled before them has become common water at the touch; the phantom of perfection has vaniſhed when they wiſhed to preſs it to their boſom. They have loſt the pleaſure of imagining how far humanity may be exalted; and, perhaps, felt themſelves leſs inclined to toil up the ſteeps of virtue, when they obſerve thoſe who ſeem beſt able to point the way loitering below, as either afraid of the labour or doubtful of the reward.

It has been long the cuſtom of the oriental monarchs to hide themſelves in gardens and palaces, to avoid the converſation of mankind, and to be known to their ſubjects only by their edicts. The ſame policy is no leſs neceſſary to him that writes than to him that governs; for men would not more patiently ſubmit to be taught than commanded, by one known to have the ſame follies and weakneſſes with themſelves. A ſudden intruder into the cloſet of an author would perhaps feel equal indignation with the officer who, having long ſolicited admiſſion into the preſence of Sardanapalus, ſaw him not conſulting upon laws, enquiring into grievances, or modelling armies, but employed in feminine amuſements, and directing the ladies in their work.

It is not difficult to conceive, however, that for many reaſons a man writes much better than he lives. For without entering into refined ſpeculations, it may be known much eaſier to deſign than to perform. A man proposes his ſchemes of life in a ſtate of abſtraction and diſengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the ſolicitations of affection, the importunities of appe-

tite, or the depreſſions of fear; and is in the ſame ſtate with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the ſea is always ſmooth, and the wind always proſperous.

The mathematicians are well acquainted with the difference between pure ſcience, which has to do only with ideas, and the application of its laws to the uſe of life, in which they are conſtrained to ſubmit to the imperfections of matter and the influence of accidents. Thus, in moral diſcuſſions, it is to be remembered that many impediments obſtruct our practice, which very eaſily give way to theory. The ſpeculatiſt is only in danger of erroneous reaſoning; but the man involved in life has his own paſſions and thoſe of others to encounter, and is embarraſſed with a thouſand inconveniencies, which confound him with a variety of impulſe, and either perplex or obſtruct his way. He is forced to act without deliberation, and obliged to chuſe before he can examine; he is ſurpriſed by ſudden alterations of the ſtate of things, and changes his meaſures according to ſuperficial appearances; he is led by others, either becauſe he is indolent, or becauſe he is timorous; he is ſometimes afraid to know what is right, and ſometimes finds friends or enemies diligent to deceive him.

We are, therefore, not to wonder that moſt fail amidſt tumult and ſnares, and danger, in the obſervance of thoſe precepts which they lay down in ſolitude, ſafety, and tranquillity, with a mind unbiaſſed, and with liberty unobſtructed. It is the condition of our preſent ſtate to ſee more than we can attain; the exacteſt vigilance and caution can never maintain a ſingle day of unmingled innocence, much leſs can the utmoſt efforts of incorporated mind reach the ſummit of ſpeculative virtue.

It is, however, neceſſary for the idea of perfection to be propoſed, that we may have ſome object to which our endeavours are to be directed; and he that is moſt deficient in the duties of life makes ſome atonement for his faults, if he warns others againſt his own failings, and hinders, by the ſalubrity of his admonitions, the contagion of his example.

Nothing

Nothing is more unjuſt, however common, than to arge with hypocriſy him that expreſſes zeal for thoſe rtues which he neglects to practiſe; ſince he may be cerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his ſſions, without having yet obtained the victory, as a n may be confident of the advantages of a voyage or rney, without having courage or induſtry to under- e it; and may honeſtly recommend to others thoſe at- npts which he neglects himſelf.

The intereſt which the corrupt part of mankind have hardening themſelves againſt every motive to amend- nt, has diſpoſed them to give to theſe contradictions, en they can be produced againſt the cauſe of virtue, t weight which they will not allow them in any other e. They ſee men act in oppoſition to their intereſt, thout ſuppoſing that they do not know it; thoſe who e way to the ſudden violence of paſſion, and forſake moſt important purſuits for petty pleaſures, are not poſed to have changed their opinions, or to approve ir own conduct. In moral or religious queſtions ne they determine the ſentiments by the actions, and rge every man with endeavouring to impoſe upon the ld, whoſe writings are not confirmed by his life. y never conſider that themſelves neglect or practiſe ething every day inconſiſtently with their own ſettled gment; nor diſcover that the conduct of the advocates virtue can little increaſe or leſſen the obligations of r dictates: argument is to be invalidated only by ument, and is in itſelf of the ſame force, whether or it convinces him by whom it is propoſed.

Yet ſince this prejudice, however unreaſonable, is al- s likely to have ſome prevalence, it is the duty of y man to take care leſt he ſhould hinder the efficacy his own inſtructions. When he deſires to gain the ef of others, he ſhould ſhew that he believes himſelf; when he teaches the fitneſs of virtue by his reaſon- , he ſhould, by his example, prove its poſſibility: much at leaſt may be required of him that he ſhall act worſe than others, becauſe he writes better; nor gine that, by the merit of his genius, he may claim indulgence

indulgence beyond mortals of the lower claſſes, and b excuſed for want of prudence, or neglect of virtue.

Bacon, in his Hiſtory of the Winds, after having o fered ſomething to the imagination as deſirable, ofte propoſes lower advantages in its place, to the reaſon, a attainable. The ſame method may be ſometimes pur ſued in moral endeavours, which this philoſopher has ob ſerved in natural enquiries: having firſt ſet poſitive an abſolute excellence before us, we may be pardoned thoug we ſink down to humbler virtue; trying, however, t keep our point always in view, and ſtruggling not to lo ground, though we cannot gain it.

It is recorded of Sir Matthew Hale, that he for a lon time concealed the conſecration of himſelf to the ſtrict duties of religion, leſt, by ſome flagitious and ſhamefu action, he ſhould bring piety into diſgrace. For th ſame reaſon it may be prudent for a writer, who appre hends that he ſhall not enforce his own maxims by h domeſtic character, to conceal his name, that he may n injure them.

There are, indeed, a great number whoſe curioſit to gain a more familiar knowledge of ſucceſsful writer is not ſo much prompted by an opinion of their power improve as to delight; and who expect from them n arguments againſt vice, or diſſertations on temperance juſtice, but flights of wit and ſallies of pleaſantry; o at leaſt, acute remarks, nice diſtinctions, juſtneſs of ſe timent, and elegance of diction.

This expectation is, indeed, ſpecious and probabl and yet, ſuch is the fate of all human hopes, that it very often fruſtrated, and thoſe who raiſe admiration b their books, diſguſt by their company. A man of le ters for the moſt part ſpends, in the privacies of ſtud that ſeaſon of life in which the manners are to be ſoften into eaſe, and poliſhed into elegance; and, when he h gained knowledge enough to be reſpected, has neglect the minuter acts by which he might have pleaſed. Wh he enters life, if his temper be ſoft and timorous, he diffident and baſhful, from the knowledge of his defect or if he was born with ſpirit and reſolution, he is ſo

us and arrogant from the conſciouſneſs of his merit: is either diſſipated by the awe of company, and una- to recollect his reading, and arrange his arguments; he is hot and dogmatical, quick in oppoſition, and acious in defence; diſabled by his own violence, and nfuſed by his haſte to triumph.

The graces of writing and converſation are of differ- kinds; and though he who excels in one might have n with opportunities and application equally ſucceſſ- in the other, yet as many pleaſe by extemporary talk, ough utterly unacquainted with the more accurate me- d, and more laboured beauties, which compoſition re- ires; ſo it is very poſſible that men, wholly accuſ- med to works of ſtudy, may be without that readineſs conception, and affluence of language, always neceſ- y to colloquial entertainment. They may want ad- ſs to watch the hints which converſation offers for the play of their particular attainments, or they may be much unfurniſhed with matter on common ſubjects, at diſcourſe, not profeſſedly literary, glides over them heterogeneous bodies, without admitting their con- ptions to mix in the circulation.

A tranſition from an author's book to his converſation too often like an entrance into a large city, after a ſtant proſpect. Remotely, we ſee nothing but ſpires temples, and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the re- ence of ſplendor, grandeur, and magnificence; but hen we have paſſed the gates, we find it perplexed with rrow paſſages, diſgraced with deſpicable cottages, em- rraſſed with obſtructions, and clouded with ſmoke.

No. XV. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1750.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit ſinus? alea quando
Hoc animos? JUV.

What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown?
DRYDEN.

THERE is no grievance, public or private, of whic ſince I took upon me the office of a periodical mo nitor, I have received ſo many, or ſo earneſt complaint as of the predominance of play; of a fatal paſſion f cards and dice, which ſeems to have overturned not on the ambition of excellence, but the deſire of pleaſure; t have extinguiſhed the flames of a lover, as well as t the patriot; and threatens, in its further progreſs, to d ſtroy all diſtinctions, both of rank and ſex, to cruſh a emulation but that of fraud, to corrupt all thoſe claſſe of our people whoſe anceſtors have, by their virtue, the induſtry, or their parſimony, given them the power o living in extravagance, idleneſs, and vice, and to lea them without knowledge, but of the modiſh games, an without wiſhes, but for lucky hands.

I have found, by long experience, that there are fe enterprizes ſo hopeleſs as conteſts with the faſhion; i which the opponents are not only made confident b their numbers, and ſtrong by their union, but are har ened by contempt of their antagoniſt, whom they a ways look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracte views, mean converſation, and narrow fortune; wh envies the elevations which he cannot reach, who wou gladly imbitter the happineſs which his inelegance or in digence deny him to partake, and who has no other en in his advice than to revenge his own mortification, b hindering thoſe whom their birth and taſte have ſet abo him, from the enjoyment of their ſuperiority, and bring ing them down to a level with himſelf.

Thoug

Though I have never found myſelf much affected by ſ formidable cenſure, which I have incured often ugh to be acquainted with its full force, yet I ſhall, ſome meaſure, obviate it on this occaſion, by offering y little in my own name, either of argument or in- aty, ſince thoſe who ſuffer by this general infatuation y be ſuppoſed beſt able to relate its effects.

SIR,

THERE ſeems to be ſo little knowledge left in the world, and ſo little of that reflection practiſed by hich knowledge is to be gained, that I am in doubt hether I ſhall be underſtood when I complain of want f opportunity for thinking; or whether a condemna- ion, which at preſent ſeems irreverſible to perpetual norance, will raiſe any compaſſion either in you or our readers; yet I will venture to lay my ſtate before ou, becauſe I believe it is natural to moſt minds to ke ſome pleaſure in complaining of evils of which ey have no reaſon to be aſhamed.

I am the daughter of a man of great fortune, whoſe iffidence of mankind, and perhaps the pleaſure of con- nual accumulation, incline him to reſide upon his own ſtate, and to educate his children in his own houſe, here I was bred, if not with the moſt brilliant exam- les of virtue before my eyes, at leaſt remote enough om any incitements to vice; and wanting neither lei- re nor books, nor the acquaintance of ſome perſons f learning in the neighbourhood, I endeavoured to cquire ſuch knowledge as might moſt recommend me o eſteem, and thought myſelf able to ſupport a converſ- tion upon moſt of the ſubjects which my ſex and con- ition make it proper for me to underſtand.

I had, beſides my knowledge, as my mamma and y maid told me, a very fine face, and elegant ſhape, nd with all theſe advantages had been ſeventeen onths the reigning toaſt for twelve miles round; and ever came to the monthly aſſembly but I heard the ld ladies that ſat by, wiſhing that *it might end well*;

and

'and their daughters criticiſing my air, my features, 'my dreſs.

'You know, Mr. Rambler, that ambition is natu 'to youth, and curioſity to underſtanding; and there 'will hear, without wonder, that I was deſirous to 'tend my victories over thoſe who might give more 'nour to the conqueror; and that I found in a countr 'life a continual repetition of the ſame pleaſures, wh 'was not ſufficient to fill up the mind for the preſent, 'raiſe any expectations of the future; and I will confe 'to you, that I was impatient for a ſight of the tow 'and filled my thoughts with the diſcoveries which 'ſhould make, the triumphs that I ſhould obtain, a 'the praiſes that I ſhould receive.

'At laſt the time came. My aunt, whoſe huſba 'has a ſeat in parliament and a place at court, bur 'her only child, and ſent for me to ſupply the loſs. T 'hope that I ſhould ſo far inſinuate myſelf into their f 'vour, as to obtain a conſiderable augmentation of m 'fortune, procured me every convenience for my depar 'ure, with great expedition; and I could not amidſt 'my tranſports, forbear ſome indignation to ſee with wh 'readineſs the natural guardians of my virtue ſold me 'a ſtate which they thought more hazardous than it re 'ly was, as ſoon as a new acceſſion of fortune glitter 'in their eyes.

'Three days I was upon the road, and on the four 'morning my heart danced at the ſight of London. 'was ſet down at my aunts's, and entered upon the ſce 'of action. I expected now, from the age and exp 'rience of my aunt, ſome prudential leſſons: but, a 'ter the firſt civilities and firſt tears were over, was to 'what pity it was to have kept ſo fine a girl ſo long 'the country; for the people who did not begin youn 'ſeldom dealt their cards handſomely, or played the 'tolerably.

'Young perſons are commonly inclined to flig 'the remarks and counſels of their elders. I ſmil 'perhaps with too much contempt, and was upon t 'point of telling her that my time had not been paſſed

ſuch trivial attainments. But I ſoon found that things are to be eſtimated, not by the importance of their effects, but the frequency of their uſe.

'A few days after, my aunt gave me notice, that ſome company, which ſhe had been ſix weeks in collecting, was to meet that evening, and ſhe expected a finer aſſembly than had been ſeen all the winter. She expreſſed this in the jargon of a gameſter; and, when I aſked an explication of her terms of art, wondered where I had lived. I had already found my aunt ſo incapable of any rational concluſion, and ſo ignorant of every thing, whether great or little, that I had loſt all regard to her opinion, and dreſſed myſelf with great expectations of an opportunity to diſplay my charms among rivals whoſe competition would not diſhonour me. The company came in, and after the curſory compliments of ſalutation, alike eaſy to the loweſt and the higheſt underſtanding, what was the reſult? The cards were broke open, the parties were formed, the whole night paſſed in a game upon which the young and old were equally employed: nor was I able to attract an eye, or gain an ear; but being compelled to play without ſkill, I perpetually embarraſſed any partner, and ſoon perceived the contempt of the whole table gathering upon me.

'I cannot but ſuſpect, Sir, that this odious faſhion, is produced by a conſpiracy of the old, the ugly, and the ignorant, againſt the young and beautiful, the witty and the gay, as a contrivance to level all diſtinctions of nature and of art; to confound the world in a chaos of folly, to take from thoſe who could outſhine them all the advantages of mind and body, to withhold youth from its natural pleaſures, deprive wit of its influence, and beauty of its charms, to fix thoſe hearts upon money, to which love has hitherto been entitled, to ſink life into a tedious uniformity, and to allow it no other hopes or fears but thoſe of robbing and being robbed.

'Be pleaſed, Sir, to inform thoſe of my ſex who have

'minds capable of nobler ſentiments, that, if they will 'unite in vindication of their pleaſures and their prero- 'gatives, they may fix a time at which cards ſhall ceaſe 'to be in faſhion, or be left only to thoſe who have nei- 'ther beauty to be loved, nor ſpirit to be feared; neither 'knowledge to teach, nor modeſty to learn; and who, 'having paſſed their youth in vice, are juſtly condemned 'to ſpend their age in folly.

'I am Sir, &c.

'CLEORA.'

'SIR,

'VEXATION will burſt my heart, if I do not give it 'vent. As you publiſh a Paper, I inſiſt upon it, 'that you inſert this in your next, as ever you hope for 'the kindneſs and encouragement of any woman of taſte, 'ſpirit, and virtue. I would have it publiſhed to the 'world, how deſerving wives are uſed by imperious cox- 'combs, that henceforth no woman may marry who has 'not the patience of Grizzel. Nay, if even Grizzel had 'been married to a gameſter, her temper would never 'have held out. A wretch that loſes his good humour 'and humanity along with his money, and will not allow 'enough from his own extravagancies to ſupport a wo- 'man of faſhion in the neceſſary amuſements of life! 'Why does not he employ his wiſe head to make a fi- 'gure in parliament, raiſe an eſtate, and get a title? 'That would be fitter for a maſter of a family than rat- 'tling a noiſy dice-box; and then he might indulge his 'wife in a few ſlight expences and elegant diverſions.

'What, if I was unfortunate at Brag?—Should he 'not have ſtayed to ſee how luck would turn another 'time? Inſtead of that, what does he do, but picks a 'quarrel, upbraids me with loſs of beauty, abuſes my 'acquaintance, ridicules my play, and inſults my under- 'ſtanding; ſays, forſooth, that women have not head 'enough to play with any thing but dolls, and that they 'ſhould be employed in things proportionable to their 'underſtanding, keep at home, and mind family-af- 'fairs.

'I do

'I do ſtay at home, Sir; and all the world knows I 'am at home every Sunday. I have had ſix routes this 'winter, and ſent out ten packs of cards in invitations 'to private parties. As for management, I am ſure he 'cannot call me extravagant, or ſay I do not mind my 'family. The children are out at nurſe in villages as 'cheap as any two little brats can be kept, nor have I 'ever ſeen them ſince; ſo he has no trouble about them. 'The ſervants live at board-wages. My own dinners 'come from the Thatched-Houſe; and I have never 'paid a penny for any thing I have bought ſince I was 'married. As for play, I do think I may, indeed, in-'dulge in that, now I am my own miſtreſs. Papa made 'me drudge at Whiſt till I was tired of it; and, far from 'wanting a head, Mr. Hoyle, when he had not given 'me above forty leſſons, ſaid I was one of his beſt ſcho-'lars. I thought then with myſelf, that, if once I was 'at liberty, I would leave play, and take to reading ro-'mances, things ſo forbidden at our houſe, and ſo railed 'at, that it was impoſſible not to fancy them very 'charming. Moſt unfortunately, to ſave me from ab-'ſolute undutifulneſs, juſt as I was married, came dear 'Brag into faſhion, and ever ſince it has been the joy of 'my life; ſo eaſy, ſo cheerful, and careleſs, ſo void of 'thought, and ſo genteel! Who can help loving it? 'Yet the perfidious thing has uſed me very ill of late, 'and to-morrow I ſhould have changed it for Faro. 'But, oh! this deteſtable to-morrow, a thing always 'expected, and never found. Within theſe few hours 'muſt I be dragged into the country. The wretch, Sir, 'left me in a fit which his threatenings had occaſioned, 'and unmercifully ordered a poſt-chaiſe. Stay I can-'not, for money I have none, and credit I cannot get— 'But I will make the monkey play with me at piquet 'upon the road for all I want. I am almoſt ſure to beat 'him, and his debts of honour I know he will pay. 'Then who can tell but I may ſtill come back and con-'quer Lady Packer? Sir, you need not print this laſt 'ſcheme; and, upon ſecond thoughts you may.—Oh,

'diſtraction! the poſt-chaiſe is at the door, Sir, pub-
'liſh what you will, only let it be printed without
'name.'

No. XVI. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1750.

——Mutlis dicendi copia torrens,
Et ſuâ mortifera eſt facundia—— Juv.

Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd. Dryden.

'SIR,

'I AM the modeſt young man whom you favoured
'with your advice in a late paper; and, as I am very
'far from ſuſpecting that you foreſaw the numberleſs in-
'conveniences which I have, by following it, brought
'upon myſelf, I will lay my condition open before you,
'for you ſeem bound to extricate me from the perplexi-
'ties in which your counſel, however innocent in the in-
'tention, has contributed to involve me.

'You told me, as you thought, to my comfort, that
'a writer might eaſily find means of introducing his ge-
'nius to the world, for the preſſes of England were open.
'This I have now fatally experienced; the preſs is in-
'deed open.

——Facilis deſcenſus Averni,
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis. Virg.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way. Dryden.

'THE means of doing hurt to ourſelves are always at
'hand. I immediately ſent to a printer, and contracted
'with him for an impreſſion of ſeveral thouſands of my
'pamphlet. While it was at the preſs, I was ſeldom
'abſent from the printing houſe; and continually urged
'the workmen to haſte, by ſolicitations, promiſes, and
'rewards

'rewards. From the day all other pleaſures were ex-
'cluded, by the delightful employment of correcting the
'ſheets; and from the night ſleep was generally baniſhed
'by anticipations of the happineſs which every hour
'was bringing nearer.

'At laſt, the time of publication approached, and my
'heart beat with the raptures of an author. I was above
'all little precautions: and, in defiance of envy or of cri-
'ticiſm, ſet my name upon the title, without ſuffici-
'ently conſidering, that what has once paſſed the preſs is
'irrevocable; and that, though the printing-houſe may
'properly be compared to the infernal regions for the
'facility of its entrance, and the difficulty with which
'authors return from it; yet there is this difference, that
'a great genius can never return to his former ſtate by
'a happy draught of the waters of oblivion.

'I am now, Mr. Rambler, known to be an author;
'and am condemned, irreverſibly condemned, to all the
'miſeries of high reputation. The firſt morning after
'publication, my friends aſſembled about me; I preſent-
'ed each, as is uſual, with a copy of my book; they
'looked into the firſt pages; but were hindered, by their
'admiration from reading farther. The firſt pages are
'indeed very elaborate. Some paſſages they particularly
'dwelt upon as more eminently beautiful than the reſt;
'and ſome delicate ſtrokes, and ſecret elegancies, I point-
'ed out to them, which had eſcaped their obſervation.
'I then begged of them to forbear their compliments;
'and invited them (I could do no leſs) to dine with me
'at a tavern. After dinner, the book was reſumed;
'but their praiſes very often ſo much overpowered my
'modeſty, that I was forced to put about the glaſs, and
'had often no means of repreſſing the clamours of their
'admiration, but by thundering to the drawer for an-
'other bottle.

'Next morning another ſet of my acquaintance con-
'gratulated me upon my performance with ſuch impor-
'tunity of praiſe, that I was again forced to obviate
'their civilities by a treat. On the third day, I had yet a
'greater number of applauders to put to ſilence in the

'ſame manner; and, on the fourth, thoſe whom I had 'entertained the firſt day came again, having, in the per- 'uſal of the remaining part of the book, diſcovered ſo 'many forcible ſentences and maſterly touches, that it 'was impoſſible for me to bear the repetition of their 'commendations: I therefore perſuaded them once more 'to adjourn to the tavern, and chuſe ſome other ſubject, 'on which I might ſhare in the converſation; but it was 'not in their power to withhold their attention from my 'performance; which had ſo entirely taken poſſeſſion of 'their minds, that no entreaties of mine could change 'their topic; and I was obliged to ſtifle, with claret, 'that praiſe which neither my modeſty could hinder, 'nor my uneaſineſs repreſs.

'The whole week was thus ſpent in a kind of literary 'revel; and I have now found that nothing is ſo expen- 'ſive as great abilities, unleſs there is joined with them 'an inſatiable eagerneſs of praiſe; for, to eſcape from 'the pain of hearing myſelf exalted above the greateſt 'names, dead and living, of the learned world, it has 'already coſt me two hogſheads of port, fifteen gallons 'of arrack, ten dozen of claret, and five-and-forty bot- 'tles of champagne.

'I was reſolved to ſtay at home no longer, and there- 'fore roſe early, and went to the coffee-houſe; but 'found that I had now made myſelf too eminent for hap- 'pineſs, and that I was no longer to enjoy the pleaſure 'of mixing, upon equal terms, with the reſt of the 'world. As ſoon as I enter the room, I ſee part of the 'company raging with envy, which they endeavour to 'conceal, ſometimes with the appearance of laughter, 'and ſometimes with that of contempt; but the diguiſe 'is ſuch that I can diſcover the ſecret rancour of their 'hearts; and, as envy is deſervedly its own puniſhment, 'I frequently indulge myſelf in tormenting them with 'my preſence.

'But, though there may be ſome ſlight ſatisfaction re- 'ceived from the mortification of my enemies, yet my 'benevolence will not ſuffer me to take any pleaſure in 'the terrors of my friends. I have been cautious ſince

'this

'the appearance of my firſt work, not to give myſelf more 'premeditated airs of ſuperiority than the moſt rigid hu-'mility might allow. It is, indeed, not impoſſible that 'I may ſometimes have laid down my opinion in a 'manner that ſhewed a conſciouſneſs of my ability to 'maintain it, or interrupted the converſation, when I 'ſaw its tendency, without ſuffering the ſpeaker to waſte 'his time in explaining his ſentiments; and, indeed, I 'did indulge myſelf for two days in a cuſtom of drum-'ming with my fingers when the company began to loſe 'themſelves in abſurdities, or to encroach upon ſubjects 'which I knew them unqualified to diſcuſs. But I ge-'nerally acted with great appearance of reſpect, even to 'thoſe whoſe ſtupidity I pitied in my heart. Yet, not-'withſtanding this exemplary moderation, ſo univerſal is 'the dread of uncommon powers, and ſuch the unwill-'ingneſs of mankind to be made wiſer, that I have now 'for ſome days found myſelf ſhunned by all my acquaint-'ance. If I knock at a door, nobody is at home; if I 'enter a coffee-houſe, I have the box to myſelf. I live 'in the town like a lion in his deſart, or an eagle on his 'rock, too great for friendſhip or ſociety, and con-'demned to ſolitude by unhappy elevation and dreaded 'aſcendency.

'Nor is my character only formidable to others, but 'burdenſome to myſelf. I naturally love to talk without 'much thinking, to ſcatter my merriment at random, 'and to relax my thoughts with ludicrous remarks and 'fanciful images: but ſuch is now the importance of my 'opinion, that I am afraid to offer it, leſt, by being 'eſtabliſhed too haſtily into a maxim, it ſhould be the 'occaſion of error to half the nation: and ſuch is the ex-'pectation with which I am attended when I am going 'to ſpeak, that I frequently pauſe to reflect whether 'what I am about to utter is worthy of myſelf.

'This, Sir, is ſufficiently miſerable; but there are 'ſtill greater calamities behind. You muſt have read in 'Pope and Swift, how men of parts have had their clo-'ſets rifled, and their cabinets broke open, at the inſti-'gation of piratical bookſellers, for the profit of their

'works;

'works; and it is apparent that there are many prints 'now ſold in the ſhops, of men whom you cannot ſuſ-'pect of ſitting for that purpoſe, and whoſe likeneſſes 'muſt have been certainly ſtolen when their names made 'their faces vendible. Theſe conſiderations at firſt put 'me on my guard; and I have, indeed, found ſufficient 'reaſon for my caution, for I have diſcovered many peo-'ple examining my countenance with a curioſity that 'ſhewed their intention to draw it; I immediately left 'the houſe, but find the ſame behviour in another.

'Others may be perſecuted, but I am haunted; I have 'good reaſon to believe that eleven painters are now dog-'ging me; for they know that he who can get my face 'firſt will make his fortune. I often change my wig, 'and wear my hat over my eyes, by which I hope ſome-'what to confound them; for you know it is not fair to 'ſell my face without admitting me to ſhare the profit.

'I am, however, not ſo much in pain for my face as 'for my papers, which I dare neither carry with me nor 'leave behind. I have, indeed, taken ſome meaſures 'for their preſervation, having put them in an iron cheſt, 'and fixed a padlock upon my cloſet. I change my 'lodgings five times a week, and always remove at the 'dead of night.

'Thus I live, in conſequence of having given too 'great proofs of a predominant genius, in the ſolitude of 'a hermit, with the anxiety of a miſer, and the caution 'of an outlaw: afraid to ſhew my face, leſt it ſhould 'be copied; afraid to ſpeak, leſt I ſhould injure my 'character; and to write, leſt my correſpondents ſhould 'publiſh my letters; always uneaſy leſt my ſervants 'ſhould ſteal my papers for the ſake of money, or my 'friends, for that of the public. This it is to ſoar above 'the reſt of mankind; and this repreſentation I lay be-'fore you, that I may be informed how to diveſt myſelf 'of the laurels which are ſo cumberſome to the wearer, 'and deſcend to the enjoyment of that quiet from which 'I find a writer of the firſt claſs ſo fatally debarred.

'MISELLUS.

No. XVII.

No. XVII. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1750.

——Me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit. LUCAN.

Let thoſe weak minds who live in doubt and fear
To juggling prieſts for oracles repair:
One certain hour of death to each decreed,
My fix'd, my certain ſoul, from doubt has freed.
ROWE.

IT is recorded of ſome eaſtern monarch, that he kept an officer in his houſe, whoſe employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a ſtated hour—'Remember, prince, that thou ſhalt die!' And the contemplation of the frailneſs and uncertainty of our preſent ſtate appeared of ſo much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages—'Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life.'

A frequent and attentive proſpect of that moment which muſt put a period to all our ſchemes, and deprive us of all our acquiſitions, is indeed of the utmoſt efficacy to the juſt and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing abſurd, be undertaken or proſecuted by him who ſhould begin every day with a ſerious reflection, that he is born to die.

The diſturbers of our happineſs in this world are our deſires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all theſe the conſideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. 'Think,' ſays Epictetus, 'frequently on poverty, baniſhment, and death, and thou wilt then never indulge violent deſire, or give up thy heart to mean ſentiments, οὐδὲν ἐδεσῶσι ταπεινὸν ἐνθυμήσῃ, ὅτε ἄλλα ἐπιθυμήσεις τινός.'

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on juſt obſervation, will eaſily be granted, when we reflect how that vehemence of eagerneſs after the common objects of purſuit is kindled in our minds. We repreſent to ourſelves the pleaſures of ſome future poſſeſſion, and ſuffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly

wholly engroſſed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happineſs but its attainment, or any miſery but its loſs; every other ſatisfaction which the bounty of Providence has ſcattered over life is neglected as inconſiderable, in compariſon of the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as ſtanding in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when a ſharp or tedious ſickneſs has ſet death before his eyes. The extenſive influence of greatneſs, the glitter of wealth, the praiſes of admirers, and the attendance of ſupplicants, have appeared vain and empty things when the laſt hour ſeemed to be approaching; and the ſame appearance they would always have, if the ſame thought was always predominant. We ſhould then find the abſurdity of ſtretching out our arms inceſſantly to graſp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition, when the foundation itſelf is ſhaking, and the ground on which it ſtands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to deſire; we are uneaſy at the attainments of another, according as we think our own happineſs would be advanced by the addition of that which he withholds from us; and therefore whatever depreſſes immoderate wiſhes, will, at the ſame time, ſet the heart free from the corroſion of envy, and exempt us from that vice which is, above moſt others, tormenting to ourſelves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices and ſordid projects. He that conſiders how ſoon he muſt cloſe his life, will find nothing of ſo much importance as to cloſe it well, and will therefore look with indifference upon whatever is uſeleſs to that purpoſe. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out that the ſtate of others is not more permanent; and that what can confer nothing on himſelf very deſirable, cannot ſo much improve the condition of a rival as to make him much ſuperior to thoſe from whom he has carried the prize, a prize too mean to deſerve a very obſtinate oppoſition.

Even

Even grief, that paſſion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly ſubject, will be obviated or alleviated by the ſame thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the bleſſings of our condition are enjoyed with a conſtant ſenſe of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we poſſeſs is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little which our moſt lively hopes can promiſe us, may be made leſs by ten thouſand accidents, we ſhall not much repine at a loſs of which we cannot eſtimate the value; but of which, though we are not able to tell the leaſt amount, we know, with ſufficient certainty, the greateſt, and are convinced that the greateſt is not much to be regretted.

But if any paſſion has ſo much uſurped our underſtanding, as not to ſuffer us to enjoy advantages with the moderation preſcribed by reaſon, it is not too late to apply this remedy, when we find ourſelves ſinking under ſorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vaniſhed. We may then uſefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that from which, if it had ſtayed a little longer, we ſhould ourſelves have been taken away.

With regard to the ſharpeſt and moſt melting ſorrow, that which ariſes from the loſs of thoſe whom we have loved with tenderneſs, it may be obſerved, that friendſhip between mortals can be contracted on no other terms than that one muſt ſometime mourn for the other's death: and this grief will always yield to the ſurvivor one conſolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himſelf feels, his friend has eſcaped.

Nor is fear, the moſt overbearing and reſiſtleſs of all our paſſions, leſs to be temperated by this univerſal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it ſhews the vanity of all human good, diſcovers likewiſe the lightneſs of all terreſtrial evil, which certainly can laſt no longer than the ſubject upon which it acts; and, according to the old obſervation, muſt be ſhorter, as it is more violent. The moſt cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, muſt, by the neceſſity of nature

nature, be quickly at an end. The ſoul cannot long be held in priſon, but will fly away, and leave a lifeleſs body to human malice.

——— Ridetque ſui ludibria trunci.

And, ſoaring, mocks the broken frame below.

The utmoſt that we can threaten to one another is, that death, which indeed we may precipitate, but cannot retard; and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wiſe man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue, ſince he knows not how ſmall a portion of time he can purchaſe; but knows that, whether ſhort or long, it will be made leſs valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is ſure that he deſtroys his happineſs, but is not ſure that he lengthens his life.

The known ſhortneſs of life, as it ought to moderate our paſſions, may likewiſe, with equal propriety, contract our deſigns. There is not time for the moſt forcible genius and moſt active induſtry to extend its effects beyond a certain ſphere. To project the conqueſt of the world, is the madneſs of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in every ſcience, has been the folly of literary heroes: and both have found, at laſt, that they have panted for a height of eminence denied to humanity, and have loſt many opportunities of making themſelves uſeful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a ſpecies of honour, which the eternal laws of Providence have placed beyond the reach of man.

The miſcarriages of the great deſigns of princes are recorded in the hiſtories of the world, but are of little use to the bulk of mankind, who ſeem very little intereſted in admonitions againſt errors which they cannot commit. But the fate of learned ambition is a proper ſubject for every ſcholar to conſider; for who has not had occaſion to regret the diſſipation of great abilities in a boundleſs multiplicity of purſuits, to lament the ſudden deſertion of excellent deſigns, upon the offer of ſome other ſub-

je-

ſt made inviting by its novelty, and to obſerve the in-
ccuracy and deficiencies of works left unfiniſhed by too
reat an extenſion of the plan?

It is always pleaſing to obſerve, how much more our
inds can conceive than our bodies can perform; yet it
our duty, while we continue in this complicated ſtate,
regulate one part of our compoſition by ſome regard
the other. We are not to indulge our corporeal ap-
tites with pleaſures that impair our intellectual vigour,
or gratify our minds with ſchemes which we know our
ves muſt fail in attempting to execute. The uncer-
inty of our duration ought at once to ſet bounds to our
ſigns, and add incitements to our induſtry; and when
e find ourſelves inclined either to immenſity in our
hemes or ſluggiſhneſs in our endeavours, we may either
eck or animate ourſelves by recollecting, with the fa-
er of phyſic—*that art is long, and life is ſhort.*

No. XVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 19. 1750.

Illic matre carentibus,
Privignis muliere temperat innocens,
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero:
Dos eſt magna parentum
Virtus, et metuens alterius tori
Certo fœdere caſtitas. HOR.

Not there the guiltleſs ſtep-dame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compoſe;
Nor wife high portion'd rules her ſpouſe,
Or truſts her eſſenc'd lover's faithleſs vows:
The lovers there for dow'ry claim
The father's virtue, and the ſpotleſs fame,
Which dares not break the nuptial tie. FRANCIS.

THERE is no obſervation more frequently made by ſuch as employ themſelves in ſurveying the conduct mankind, than that marriage, though the dictate of ture, and the inſtitution of Providence, is yet very often

the cauſe of miſery; and that thoſe who enter into t
ſtate can ſeldom forbear to expreſs their repentance, a
their envy of thoſe whom either chance or caution h
withheld from it.

This general unhappineſs has given occaſion to ma
ſage maxims among the ſerious, and ſmart rema
among the gay; the moraliſt and the writer of epigra
have equally ſhewn their abilities upon it; ſome have
mented, and ſome have ridiculed it: but as the facu
of writing has been chiefly a maſculine endowment,
reproach of making the world miſerable has been alwa
thrown upon the women; and the grave and the mer
have equally thought themſelves at liberty to conclu
either with declamatory complaints, or ſatyrical cenſur
of female folly or fickleneſs, ambition or cruelty, extr
vagance or luſt.

Led by ſuch number of examples, and incited by m
ſhare in the common intereſt, I ſometimes venture to co
ſider this univerſal grievance, having endeavoured to d
veſt my heart of all partiality, and place myſelf as a ki
of neutral being between the ſexes, whoſe clamours, b
ing equally vented on both ſides with all the vehemen
of diſtreſs, all the apparent confidence of juſtice, and a
the indignation of injured virtue, ſeem entitled to equ
regard. The men have, indeed, by their ſuperiority
writing, been able to collect the evidence of many age
and raiſe prejudices in their favour by the venerable te
timonies of philoſophers, hiſtorians, and poets; but t
pleas of the ladies appeal to paſſions of more forcible op
ration than the reverence of antiquity. If they have n
ſo great names on their ſide, they have ſtronger arg
ments; it is to little purpoſe that Socrates or Euripid
are produced againſt the ſighs of ſoftneſs and the tea
of beauty. The moſt frigid and inexorable judge wou
at leaſt, ſtand ſuſpended between equal powers; as L
can was perplexed in the determination of the ca
where the deities were on one ſide, and Cato on t
other.

But I, who have long ſtudied the ſevereſt and m
abſtracted philoſophy, have now, in the cool maturity

, arrived at ſuch command over my paſſions, that I hear the vociferations of either ſex without catching of the fire from thoſe that utter them. For I have nd, by long experience, that a man will ſometimes ge at his wife, when in reality his miſtreſs has offended n; and a lady complain of the cruelty of her huſband, en ſhe has no other enemy than bad cards. I do not ffer myſelf to be any longer impoſed upon by oaths on e ſide, or fits on the other; nor when the huſband ſtens to the tavern, and the lady retires to her cloſet, I always confident that they are driven by their miſe-s; ſince I have ſometimes reaſon to believe that they rpoſe not ſo much to ſoothe their ſorrows, as to ani-ate their fury. But how little credit ſoever may be ven to particular accuſations, the general accumulation the charge ſhews, with too much evidence, that mar-d perſons are not very often advanced in felicity; and, erefore, it may be proper to examine at what avenues many evils have made their way into the world. With is purpoſe, I have reviewed the lives of my friends, ho have been leaſt ſucceſsful in connubial contracts, d attentively conſidered by what motives they were in-ted to marry, and by what principles they regulated eir choice.

One of the firſt of my acquaintances that reſolved to uit the unſettled thoughtleſs condition of a bachelor, as Prudentius, a man of ſlow parts, but not without nowledge or judgment in things which he had leiſure o conſider gradually before he determined them. When-ver we met at a tavern, it was his province to ſettle the heme of our entertainment, contract with the cook, nd inform us when we had called for wine to the ſum riginally propoſed. This grave conſiderer found, by deep editation, that a man was no loſer by marrying early, ven though he contented himſelf with a leſs fortune; r eſtimating the exact worth of annuities, he found hat, conſidering the conſtant diminution of the value of fe, with the probable fall of the intereſt of money, it as not worſe to have ten thouſand pounds at the age of wo-and-twenty years, than a much larger fortune at thir-

ty: 'For many opportunities,' says he, 'occur of improving money, which if a man misses, he may not afterwards recover.'

Full of these reflections, he threw his eyes about him, not in search of beauty or elegance, dignity or understanding, but of a woman with ten thousand pounds. Such a woman, in a wealthy part of the kingdom, it was not very difficult to find; and by artful management with her father, whose ambition was to make his daughter a gentlewoman, my friend got her, as he boasted to us in confidence two days after his marriage, for a settlement of seventy-three pounds a year less than her fortune might have claimed, and less than he would himself have given, if the fools had been but wise enough to delay the bargain.

Thus, at once delighted with the superiority of his parts and the augmentation of his fortune, he carried Furia to his own house, in which he never afterwards enjoyed one hour of happiness. For Furia was a wretch of mean intellects, violent passions, a strong voice, and low education, without any sense of happiness but that which consisted in eating and counting money. Furia was a scold. They agreed in the desire of wealth; but with this difference, that Prudentius was for growing rich by gain, Furia by parsimony. Prudentius would venture his money with chances very much in his favour; but Furia very wisely observing that what they had was, while they had it, *their own*, thought all trafic too great a hazard; and was for putting it out at low interest, upon good security. Prudentius ventured, however, to insure a ship, at a very reasonable price; but happening to lose his money, was so tormented with the clamours of his wife, that he never durst try a second experiment. He has now grovelled seven-and-forty years under Furia's direction, who never once mentioned him, since his bad luck, by any other name than that of *the insurer*.

The next that married from our society was Florentius. He happened to see Zephyretta in a chariot, at a horse-race, danced with her at night, was confirmed in his first ardour, waited on her next morning, and declared

lared himſelf her lover. Florentius had not knowledge nough of the world to diſtinguiſh between the flutter of oquetry and the ſprightlineſs of wit, or between the mile of allurement and that of cheerfulneſs. He was oon awakened from his rapture by conviction, that his leaſure was but the pleaſure of a day. Zephyretta had four-and-twenty hours ſpent her ſtock of repartee, one round the circle of her airs, and had nothing remaining for him but childiſh inſipidity, or for herſelf but he practice of the ſame artifices upon new men.

Meliſſus was a man of parts, capable of enjoying and improving life. He had paſſed through the various enes of gaiety with that indifference and poſſeſſion of imſelf, natural to men who have ſomething higher and obler in their proſpect. Retiring to ſpend the ſummer a village little frequented, he happened to lodge in the me houſe with Ianthe, and was unavoidably drawn to me acquaintance, which her wit and politeneſs ſoon vited him to improve. Having no opportunity of any her company, they were always together; and, as they wed their pleaſures to each other, they began to forget at any pleaſure was enjoyed before their meeting. Meiſſus, from being delighted with her company, quickly gan to be uneaſy in her abſence; and being ſufficintly convinced of the force of her underſtanding, and nding, as he imagined, ſuch a conformity of temper as eclared them formed for each other, addreſſed her as a ver; after no very long courtſhip obtained her for his ife, and brought her next winter to town in triumph.

Now began their infelicity. Meliſſus had only ſeen er in one ſcene, where there was no variety of objects produce the proper excitements to contrary deſires. hey had both loved ſolitude and reflection, where there as nothing but ſolitude and reflection to be loved; but hen they came into public life, Ianthe diſcovered thoſe affions which accident rather than hypocriſy had hitherto oncealed. She was, indeed, not without the power of inking, but was wholly without the exertion of that ower, when either gaiety or ſplendour played on her agination. She was expenſive in her diverſions, vehe-

ment in her paſſions, inſatiate of pleaſure, however dangerous to her reputation, and eager of applauſe by whomſoever it might be given. This was the wife which Meliſſus the philoſopher found in his retirement, and from whom he expected an aſſociate in his ſtudies, and an aſſiſtant to his virtues.

Proſapius, upon the death of his younger brother, that the family might not be extinct, married his houſekeeper, and has ever ſince been complaining to his friends that mean notions are inſtilled into his children, that he is aſhamed to ſit at his own table, and that his houſe is made eaſy to him for want of ſuitable companions.

Avaro, maſter of a very large eſtate, took a woman of bad reputation, recommended to him by a rich uncle who made that marriage the condition on which he ſhould be his heir. Avaro now wonders to perceive his own fortune, his wife's, and his uncle's, inſufficient to give him that happineſs which is to be found only with a woman of virtue.

I intend to treat in more papers on this important article of life; and ſhall therefore make no reflection upon theſe hiſtories, except that all whom I have mentioned failed to obtain happineſs, for want of conſidering that marriage is the ſtricteſt tie of perpetual friendſhip; that there can be no friendſhip without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and that he muſt expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeneſs that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

No. XIX.

No. XIX. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1750.

Dum te cauſidicum, dum te modo rhetora ſingis,
Et non decernis, Taure, quid eſſe velis,
Peleos et Priami tranſit, vel Neſtoris ætas,
Et ſerum fuerat jam tibi deſinere———
Eja, age, rumpe moras, quo te ſpectabimus uſque!
Dum quid ſis dubitas, jam potes eſſe nihil. MART.

To rhetoric now, and now law inclin'd,
Uncertain where to fix thy changing mind;
Old Priam's age or Neſtor's may be out,
And thou, O Taurus! ſtill go on in doubt,
Come then, how long ſuch wav'ring ſhall we ſee!
Thou may'ſt doubt on; thou now can'ſt nothing be.
F. LEWIS.

It is never without very melancholy reflections that we can obſerve the miſconduct or miſcarriage of thoſe n who ſeem by the force of underſtanding, or extent knowledge, exempted from the general frailties of hu- n nature, and privileged from the common infelicities life. Though the world is crowded with ſcenes of mity, we look upon the general maſs of wretched- s with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the e of particular perſons, whom the eminence of their lities marks out from the multitude; as in reading account of a battle, we ſeldom reflect on the vulgar ps of ſlaughter, but follow the hero, with our whole ntion, through all the varieties of his fortune, with- a thought of the thouſands that are falling round n.

With the ſame kind of anxious veneration, I have for ny years been making obſervations on the life of Po- hilus, a man whom all his acquaintances have, from firſt appearance in the world, feared for the quickneſs is diſcernment, and admired for the multiplicity of attainments; but whoſe progreſs in life, and uſeful- s to mankind, have been hindered by the ſuperfluity is knowledge, and the celerity of his mind.

Polyphilus

Polyphilus was remarkable, at the ſchool, for ſ
paſſing all his companions, without any viſible appli
tion, and at the univerſity was diſtinguiſhed equally
his ſucceſsful progreſs, as well through the thorny ma
of ſcience, as the flowery path of politer literature, wi
out any ſtrict confinement to hours of ſtudy, or remar
able forbearance of the common amuſements of yo
men.

When Polyphilus was at the age in which men uſu
chuſe their profeſſion, and prepare to enter into a pub
character, every academical eye was fixed upon him;
were curious to enquire what this univerſal genius wo
fix upon for the employment of his life; and no do
was made but that he would leave all his contemporar
behind him, and mount to the higheſt honours of th
claſs in which he ſhould inliſt himſelf, without th
delays and pauſes which muſt be endured by meaner ab
lities.

Polyphilus, though by no means inſolent or aſſumi
had been ſufficiently encouraged, by uninterrupted ſu
ceſs, to place great confidence in his own parts; and w
not below his companions in the indulgence of his hop
and expectations of the aſtoniſhment with which t
world would be ſtruck, when firſt his luſtre ſhould bre
out upon it; nor could he forbear (for whom does n
conſtant flattery intoxicate!) to join ſometimes in t
mirth of his friends, at the ſudden diſappearance of th
who, having ſhone a while, and drawn the eyes of t
public upon their feeble radiance, were now doomed
fade away before him.

It is natural for a man to catch advantageous noti
of the condition which thoſe with whom he converſes
ſtriving to attain. Polyphilus, in a ramble to Lond
fell accidentally among the phyſicians, and was ſo m
pleaſed with the proſpect of turning philoſophy to pro
and ſo highly delighted with a new theory of fe
which darted into his imagination, and which, af
having conſidered it a few hours, he found himſelf a
to maintain againſt all the advocates for the anci
ſyſtem, that he reſolved to apply himſelf to anatomy, b
ta

y, and chemiſtry, and to leave no part unconquered
er of the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms.
le therefore read authors, conſtructed ſyſtems, and
l experiments; but unhappily, as he was going to ſee
w plant in flower at Chelſea, he met, in croſſing
ſtminſter to take water, the chancellor's coach; he
the curioſity to follow him into the hall, where a
arkable cauſe happened to be tried, and found him-
able to produce ſo many arguments which the law-
had omitted on both ſides, that he determined to
phyſic for a profeſſion in which he found it would
o eaſy to excel, and which promiſed higher honours
larger profits, without melancholy attendance upon
ry, mean ſubmiſſion to peeviſhneſs, and continual
ruption of reſt and pleaſure.
le immediately took chambers in the Temple, bought
mmon-place book, and confined himſelf ſome months
e peruſal of the ſtatutes, year books, pleadings, and
rts; he was a conſtant hearer of the courts, and be-
to put caſes with reaſonable accuracy. But he ſoon
vered, by conſidering the fortune of lawyers, that
rnment was not to be got by acuteneſs, learning, and
uence. He was perplexed by the abſurdities of at-
es, and miſrepreſentations made by his clients of their
cauſes, by the uſeleſs anxiety of one, and the in-
nt importunity of another; he began to repent of
ng devoted himſelf to a ſtudy which was ſo narrow
s comprehenſion, that it could never carry his name
y other country, and thought it unworthy of a man
rts to ſell his life only for money. The barrenneſs
is fellow-ſtudents forced him generally into other
pany at his hours of entertainment, and among the
ties of converſation through which his curioſity was
wandering, he by chance mingled at a tavern with
intelligent officers of the army. A man of letters
eaſily dazzled with the gaiety of their appearance,
oftened into kindneſs by the politeneſs of their ad-
: he, therefore, cultivated this new acquaintance;
when he ſaw how readily they found in every place
llion and regard, and how familiarly they mingled
with

with every rank and order of men, he began to feel h heart beat for military honours, and wondered how t prejudices of the univerſity ſhould make him ſo long i ſenſible of that ambition which has fired ſo many he in every age, and negligent of that calling, which above all others, univerſally and invariably illuſtrio and which gives, even to the exterior appearance of profeſſors, a dignity and freedom unknown to the reſt mankind.

Theſe favourable impreſſions were made ſtill deep by his converſation with ladies, whoſe regard for ſoldi he could not obſerve without wiſhing himſelf one of t happy fraternity, to which the female world ſeemed have devoted their charms and their kindneſs. The l of knowledge, which was ſtill his predominant incli tion, was gratified by the recital of adventures, and counts of foreign countries; and therefore he conclud that there was no way of life in which all his views co ſo completely concenter as in that of a ſoldier. In the of war he thought it not difficult to excel, having obſer his new friends not very much verſed in the principle tactics or fortification; he therefore ſtudied all the mi tary writers, both ancient and modern, and in a ſhort ti could tell how to have gained every remarkable ba that has been loſt from the beginning of the world. often ſhewed at table how Alexander ſhould have b checked in his conqueſts, what was the fatal error at Pa ſalia, how Charles of Sweden might have eſcaped his r at Pultowa, and Marlborough might have been made repent his temerity at Blenheim. He entrenched ar upon paper, ſo that no ſuperiority of numbers could f them; and modelled in clay many impregnable fortre on which all the preſent arts of attack would be exha without effect.

Polyphilus, in a ſhort time, obtained a commiſſi but before he could rub off the ſolemnity of a ſcho and gain the true air of military vivacity, a war was clared, and forces ſent to the continent. Here Poly lus unhappily found that ſtudy alone would not ma ſoldier; for being much accuſtomed to think, he let

ſe of danger ſink into his mind, and felt, at the ap-
ach of any action, that terror which a ſentence of
th would have brought upon him. He ſaw that, in-
d of conquering their fears, the endeavour of his gay
nds was only to eſcape them; but his philoſophy
ined his mind to its object, and rather loaded him
h ſhackles than furniſhed him with arms. He, how-
r, ſuppreſſed his miſery in ſilence, and paſſed through
campaign with honour; but found himſelf utterly
able to ſupport another.

He then had recourſe again to his books, and conti-
d to range from one ſtudy to another. As I uſually
t him once a month, and am admitted to him without
vious notice, I have found him, within this laſt half
r, decyphering the Chineſe language, making a farce,
lecting a vocabulary of the obſolete terms of the Eng-
law, writing an inquiry concerning the ancient Co-
thian braſs, and forming a new ſcheme of the varia-
ns of the needle.

Thus is this powerful genius, which might have ex-
led the ſphere of any ſcience, or benefited the world
ny profeſſion, diſſipated in a boundleſs variety, with-
profit to others or himſelf. He makes ſudden irrup-
ns into the regions of knowledge, and ſees all obſtacles
e way before him, but he never ſtays long enough to
plete his conqueſt, to eſtabliſh laws, or bring away
ſpoils.

uch is often the folly of men, whom nature has ena-
d to obtain ſkill and knowledge on terms ſo eaſy, that
y have no ſenſe of the value of the acquiſition; they
qualified to make ſuch ſpeedy progreſs in learning,
t they think themſelves at liberty to loiter in the way,
by turning aſide after every new object, loſe the race
Atalanta, to ſlower competitors, who preſs dili-
tly forward, and whoſe force is directed to a ſingle
nt.

have often thought thoſe happy that have been fixed,
n the firſt dawn of thought, in a determination to
e ſtate of life, by the choice of one whoſe authority
preclude caprice, and whoſe influence may prejudice

them in favour of his opinion. The general precept consulting the genius is of little use, unless we are t how the genius can be known. If it is to be discover only by experiment, life will be lost before the resolut can be fixed; if any other indications are to be sou they may, perhaps, be very early discerned. At le if to miscarry in an attempt be a proof of having mista the direction of the genius, men appear not less t quently deceived with regard to themselves than others; and therefore no one has much reason to co plain that his life was planned out by his friends, or be confident that he should have had either more hon or happiness by being abandoned to the chance of own fancy.

It was said of the learned Bishop Sanderson, th when he was preparing his lectures, he hesitated so muc and rejected so often, that, at the time of reading, was often forced to produce, not what was best, but w happened to be at hand. This will be the state of ev man who, in the choice of his employment, balances the arguments on every side: the complication is so i tricate, the motives and objections so numerous, there so much play for the imagination, and so much remai in the power of others, that reason is forced at last to r in neutrality, the decision devolves into the hands chance, and after a great part of life spent in enqui which can never be resolved, the rest must often pass repenting the unnecessary delay, and can be useful few other purposes than to warn others against the s folly, and to shew, that of two states of life equally co sistent with religion and virtue, he who chuses earli chuses best.

No. XX. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1750.

Ad populum phaleras, ego te intus, et in cute novi.
PERSIUS.

Such pageantry be to the people ſhewn;
There boaſt thy horſe's trappings and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow centre to thy utmoſt ſkin. DRYDEN.

AMONG the numerous ſtratagems by which pride endeavours to recommend folly to regard, there is ſcarcely one that meets with leſs ſucceſs than Affectation, or a perpetual diſguiſe of the real character by fictitious appearances; whether it be, that every man hates falſehood, from the natural congruity of truth to his faculties of reaſon, or that every man is jealous of the honour of his underſtanding, and thinks his diſcernment conſequentially called in queſtion whenever any thing is exhibited under a borrowed form.

This averſion from all kinds of diſguiſe, whatever be the cauſe, is univerſally diffuſed, and inceſſantly in action; nor is it neceſſary that, to exaſperate deteſtation or excite contempt, any intereſt ſhould be invaded, or any competition attempted; it is ſufficient that there is an intention to deceive, an intention which every heart rebels to oppoſe, and every tongue is buſy to detect.

This reflection was awakened in my mind by a very common practice among my correſpondents, of writing under characters which they cannot ſupport, which are of no uſe to the explanation or enforcement of that which they deſcribe or recommend; and which, therefore, ſince they aſſume them only for the ſake of diſplaying their abilities, I will adviſe them for the future to forbear, as laborious without advantage.

It is almoſt a general ambition of thoſe who favour me with their advice for the regulation of my conduct, or their contribution for the aſſiſtance of my underſtanding, to affect the ſtyle and the names of ladies. And I cannot

not always withhold ſome expreſſion of anger, like Hugh in the comedy, when I happen to find that a man has a beard. I muſt therefore warn the gen Phyllis, that ſhe ſend me no more letters from the Hor Guards; and require of Belinda, that ſhe be content reſign her pretenſions to female elegance till ſhe h lived three weeks without hearing the politics of Batſ coffee-houſe. I muſt indulge myſelf in the liberty of o ſervation, that there were ſome alluſions in Chloris's p duction, ſufficient to ſhew that Bracton and Plowden her favourite authors, and that Euphelia has not be long enough at home to wear out all the traces of phraſeology which ſhe learned in the expedition to C thagena.

Among all my female friends, there was none w gave me more trouble to decypher her true charac than Pentheſilea, whoſe letter lay upon my deſk th days before I could fix upon the real writer. There wa confuſion of images, and medley of barbarity, which he me long in ſuſpenſe; till by perſeverance I diſentangl the perplexity, and found that Pentheſilea is the ſon of wealthy ſtock-jobber, who ſpends his morning, und his father's eye, in 'Change-Alley, dines at a tavern Covent-Garden, paſſes his evening in the play-houſe, a part of the night at a gaming-table; and, having learn the dialects of theſe various regions, has mingled the all in a ſtudied compoſition.

When Lee was once told by a critic that it was ver eaſy to write like a madman; he anſwered, that it w difficult to write like a madman, but eaſy enough to wri like a fool: and I hope to be excuſed by my kind co tributers; if, in imitation of this great author, I preſum to remind them, that it is much eaſier not to write like man, than to write like a woman.

I have, indeed, ſome ingenious well-wiſhers, who without departing from their ſex, have found very won derful appellations. A very ſmart letter has been ſent m from a puny enſign, ſigned Ajax Telamonius; another in recommendation of a new treatiſe upon cards, from gameſter, who calls himſelf Seſoſtris; and another upo

improvements of the fiſhery, from Dioclefian: but as ſeem only to have picked up their appellations by ce, without endeavouring at any particular impoſ-, their improprieties are rather inſtances of blunder of affectation, and are therefore not equally fitted inflame the hoſtile paſſions; for it is not folly but e, not error but deceit, which the world means to ecute, when it raiſes the full cry of nature to hunt affectation.

The hatred which diſſimulation always draws upon it- is ſo great, that if I did not know how much cun- differs from wiſdom, I ſhould wonder that any men ſo little knowledge of their own intereſt as to aſpire ear a maſk for life; to try to impoſe upon the world aracter, to which they feel themſelves void of any claim; and to hazard their quiet, their fame, and their profit, by expoſing themſelves to the danger at reproach, malevolence, and neglect, which ſuch a overy as they have always to fear will certainly bring them.

t might be imagined that the pleaſure of reputation ld conſiſt in the ſatisfaction of having our opinion of own merit confirmed by the ſuffrage of the public; that to be extolled for a quality which a man knows ſelf to want, ſhould give him no other happineſs than e miſtaken for the owner of an eſtate over which he ces to be travelling. But he who ſubſiſts upon af- tion knows nothing of this delicacy; like a deſpe- adventurer in commerce, he takes up reputation truſt, mortages poſſeſſions which he never had, joys, to the fatal hour of bankruptcy, though with ouſand terrors and anxieties, the unneceſſary ſplendor orrowed riches.

Affectation is to be always diſtinguiſhed from hypo-, as being the art of counterfeiting thoſe qualities h we might, with innocence and ſafety, be known ant. Thus the man who, to carry on any fraud, o conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion exactneſs of life, is guilty of hypocriſy; and his t is greater, as the end for which he puts on the falſe

appearance is more pernicious. But he that, with awkward addreſs and unpleaſing countenance, boaſts the conqueſts made by him among the ladies, and co over the thouſands which he might have poſſeſſed if would have ſubmitted to the yoke of matrimony, chargeable only with affectation. Hypocriſy is the ceſſary burthen of villainy, affectation part of the cha trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the o only finiſhes a fop. Contempt is the proper puniſhm of affectation, and deteſtation the juſt conſequence of pocriſy.

With the hypocrite it is not at preſent my intent to expoſtulate; though even he might be taught the cellency of virtue by the neceſſity of ſeeming to be tuous; but the man of affectation may perhaps be claimed, by finding how little he is likely to gain perpetual conſtraint and inceſſant vigilance, and much more ſecurely he might make his way to eſteem cultivating real, than diſplaying counterfeit qualities.

Every thing future is to be eſtimated by a wiſe in proportion to the probability of attaining it, and value when attained; and neither of theſe conſidera will much contribute to the encouragement of affec tion. For if the pinnacles of fame be, at beſt, ſlipp how unſteady muſt his footing be who ſtands upon pinna without foundation! If praiſe be made by the inconſta and maliciouſneſs of thoſe who muſt confer it, a bleſ which no man can promiſe himſelf from the moſt con cuous merit and vigorous induſtry, how faint muſt be hope of gaining it, when the uncertainty is multiplied the weakneſs of the pretenſions! He that purſues with juſt claims, truſts his happineſs to the winds; he that endeavours after it by falſe merit, has to not only the violence of the ſtorms, but the leaks of veſſel. Though he ſhould happen to keep above for a time, by the help of a ſoft breeze and a calm ſea the firſt guſt he muſt inevitably founder, with this lancholy reflection, that, if he would have been con with his natural ſtation, he might have eſcaped his mity. Affectation may poſſibly ſucceed for a time;

man may, by great attention, perſuade others that he ally has the qualities which he preſumes to boaſt: but e hour will come when he ſhould exert them; and en whatever he enjoyed in praiſe he muſt ſuffer in re-roach.

Applauſe and admiration are by no means to be ounted among the neceſſaries of life; and therefore any direct arts to obtain them have very little claim to par-on or compaſſion. There is ſcarcely any man without me valuable or improveable qualities, by which he ight always ſecure himſelf from contempt: and per-aps exemption from ignominy is the moſt eligible repu-tion; as freedom from pain is, among ſome philoſo-hers, the definition of happineſs.

If we therefore compare the value of the praiſe ob-ained by fictitious excellence, even while the cheat is yet ndiſcovered, with that kindneſs which every man may uit by his virtue, and that eſteem to which moſt men ay riſe by common underſtanding ſteadily and honeſtly pplied, we ſhall find that when from the adſcititious appineſs all the deductions are made by fear and ca-ualty, there will remain nothing equiponderant to the ecurity of truth. The ſtate of the poſſeſſor of humble irtues, to the affecter of great excellencies, is that of a mall cottage of ſtone to the palace raiſed with ice by he Empreſs of Ruſſia; it was for a time ſplendid and lu-inous, but the firſt ſunſhine melted it to nothing.

No. XXI. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1750.

Terra ſalutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes;
Nutrit; et urticæ proxima ſæpe roſa eſt. OVID.

Our bane and phyſic the ſame earth beſtows;
And near the noiſome nettle blooms the roſe.

EVERY man is prompted by the love himſelf, to imagine that he poſſeſſes ſome qualities, ſuperior, either in kind or in degree, to thoſe which he ſees allotted

to the reſt of the world; and, whatever apparant diſad-
vantages he may ſuffer in the compariſon with others,
he has ſome inviſible diſtinctions, ſome latent reſerve of
excellence, which he throws into the balance, and by
which he generally fancies that it is turned in his favour.

The ſtudious and ſpeculative part of mankind always
ſeem to conſider their fraternity as placed in a ſtate of
oppoſition to thoſe who are engaged in the tumult of
public buſineſs; and have pleaſed themſelves, from age
to age, with celebrating the felicity of their own con-
dition, and with recounting the perplexity of politics,
the danger of greatneſs, the anxieties of ambition, and
the miſeries of riches.

Among the numerous topics of declamation that their
induſtry has diſcovered on this ſubject, there is none
which they preſs with greater efforts, or on which they
have more copiouſly laid out their reaſon and their ima-
gination, than the inſtability of high ſtations, and the
uncertainty with which the profits and honours are poſ-
ſeſſed that muſt be acquired with ſo much hazard, vi-
gilance, and labour.

This they appear to conſider as an irrefragable argu-
ment againſt the choice of the ſtateſman and the warrior;
and ſwell with confidence of victory, thus furniſhed by
the muſes with the arms which never can be blunted,
and which no art or ſtrength of their adverſaries can
elude or reſiſt.

It is well known by experience to the nations which
employed elephants in war, that though by the terror of
their bulk, and the violence of their impreſſion, they
often threw the enemy into diſorder, yet there was al-
ways danger in the uſe of them, very nearly equivalent
to the advantage; for if their firſt charge could be ſup-
ported, they were eaſily driven back upon their confe-
derates; they then broke through the troops behind
them, and made no leſs havock in the precipitation of
their retreat than in the fury of their onſet.

I know not whether thoſe who have ſo vehemently
urged the inconveniencies and danger of an active life,
have not made uſe of arguments that may be retorted
with

h equal force upon themſelves; and whether the ppineſs of a candidate for literary fame be not ſubject he ſame uncertainty with that of him who governs vinces, commands armies, preſides in the ſenate, or tates in the cabinet.

That eminence of learning is not to be gained without our, at leaſt equal to that which any other kind of atneſs can require, will be allowed by thoſe who wiſh levate the character of a ſcholar; ſince they cannot know that every human acquiſition is valuable in portion to the difficulty employed in its attainment: that thoſe who have gained the eſteem and venera- of the world, by their knowledge of their genius, by no means exempt from the ſolicitude which any er kind of dignity produces, may be conjectured from innumerable artifices which they make uſe of to de- de a ſuperior, to repreſs a rival, or to obſtruct a fol- er; artifices ſo groſs and mean, as to prove evidently v much a man may excel in learning, without being er more wiſe or more virtuous than thoſe whoſe igno- ce he pities or deſpiſes.

Nothing therefore remains by which the ſtudent can tify his deſire of appearing to have built his happi- on a more firm baſis than his antagoniſt, except the ainty with which his honours are enjoyed. The gar- ds gained by the heroes of literature muſt be gathered n ſummits equally difficult to climb with thoſe that r the civic or triumphal wreaths; they muſt be worn h equal envy, and guarded with equal care from thoſe ds that are always employed in efforts to tear them y; the only remaining hope is, that their verdure is e laſting, and that they are leſs likely to fail by time, eſs obnoxious to the blaſts of accident.

Even this hope will receive very little encouragement n the examination of the hiſtory of learning, or ob- ation of the fate of ſcholars in the preſent age. If ook back into paſt times, we find innumerable names uthors once in high reputation, read perhaps by the utiful, quoted by the witty, and commended by the e; but of whom we now know only that they once exiſted.

exiſted. If we conſider the diſtribution of literary fa in our own time, we ſhall find it a poſſeſſion of very u certain tenure; ſometimes beſtowed by a ſudden capri of the public, and again transferred to a new favourit for no other reaſon than that he is new; ſometimes r fuſed to long labour and eminent deſert, and ſometim granted to very ſlight pretenſions; loſt ſometimes by ſ curity and negligence, and ſometimes by too diligent e deavours to retain it.

A ſucceſsful author is equally in danger of the dim nution of his fame, whether he continues or ceaſes t write. The regard of the public is not to be kept b by tribute, and the remembrance of paſt ſervice w quickly languiſh unleſs ſucceſſive performances frequen ly revive it. Yet in every new attempt there is new h zard; and there are few who do not, at ſome unluck time, injure their own characters by attempting to e large them.

There are many poſſible cauſes of that inequality wh we may ſo frequently obſerve in the performance of t ſame man, from the influence of which no ability or i duſtry is ſufficiently ſecured, and which have ſo oft ſullied the ſplendor of genius, that the wit, as well the conqueror, may be properly cautioned not to indul his pride with too early triumphs, but to defer to t end of life his eſtimate of happineſs.

——————Ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet

But no frail man, however great or high.
Can be concluded bleſt before he die. ADDIS

Among the motives that urge an author to und takings by which his reputation is impaired, one of t moſt frequent muſt be mentioned with tenderneſs, b cauſe it is not to be counted among his follies, but a miſeries. It very often happens that the works of le ing or of wit are performed at the direction of thoſe whom they are to be rewarded; the writer has not

ays the choice of his ſubject, but is compelled to ac-
pt any taſk which is thrown before him, without much
nſideration of his own convenience, and without time
prepare himſelf by previous ſtudies.

Miſcarriages of this kind are likewiſe frequently the
nſequence of that acquaintance with the great, which
generally conſidered as one of the chief privileges of
erature and genius. A man who has once learned to
ink himſelf exalted by familiarity with thoſe whom
thing but their birth or their fortunes, or ſuch ſtations
are ſeldom gained by moral excellence, ſet above him,
ill not be long without ſubmitting his underſtanding to
eir conduct: he will ſuffer them to preſcribe the courſe
his ſtudies, and employ him for their own purpoſes
ther of diverſion or intereſt. His deſire of pleaſing
oſe whoſe favour he has weakly made neceſſary to him-
lf, will not ſuffer him always to conſider how little he is
ualified for the work impoſed. Either his vanity will
mpt him to conceal his deficiencies, or that cowardice,
hich always encroaches faſt upon ſuch as ſpend their
ves in the company of perſons higher than themſelves,
ill not leave him reſolution to aſſert the liberty of
hoice.

But, though we ſuppoſe that a man by his fortune can
void the neceſſity of dependence, and by his ſpirit can
pel the uſurpations of patronage, yet he may eaſily, by
riting long, happen to write ill. There is a general
ucceſſion of events in which contraries are produced by
eriodical viciſſitudes; labour and care are rewarded
ith ſucceſs, ſucceſs produces confidence, confidence re-
xes induſtry, and negligence ruins that reputation
hich accuracy had raiſed.

He that happens not to be lulled by praiſe into ſupine-
eſs, may be animated by it to undertakings above his
rength, or incited to fancy himſelf alike qualified for
very kind of compoſition, and able to comply with the
ublic taſte through all its variations. By ſome opinion
ke this, many men have been engaged, at an advanced
ge, in attempts which they had not time to complete,
nd, after a few weak efforts, ſunk into the grave with
vexation

vexation to ſee the riſing generation gain ground upon them. From theſe failures the higheſt genius is not exempt; that judgment which appears ſo penetrating when it is employed upon the works of others, very often fails where intereſt or paſſion can exert their power. We are blinded in examining our own labours by innumerable prejudices. Our juvenile compoſitions pleaſe us becauſe they bring to our minds the remembrance of youth; our later performances we are ready to eſteem becauſe we are unwilling to think that we have made no improvement: what flows eaſily from the pen charms us, becauſe we read with pleaſure that which flatters our opinion of our own powers; what was compoſed with great ſtruggles of the mind we do not eaſily reject, becauſe we we cannot bear that ſo muh labour ſhould be fruitleſs. But the reader has none of theſe prepoſſeſſions, and wonders that the author is ſo unlike himſelf, without conſidering that the ſame ſoil will, with different culture, afford different products.

No. XXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1750.

——Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite vena,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium, alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, et conjerat amice. Hor.

Without a genius learning ſoars in vain;
And, witnout learning, genius ſinks again:
Their force united crowns the ſprightly reign.

ELPHINSTON.

WIT and Learning were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; Wit was the offspring of Euphroſyne, and reſembled her in cheerfulneſs and vivacity; Learning was born of Sophia, and retained her ſerioufneſs and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual oppoſition; and all means were ſo inceſſantly employed to impreſs upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foreſaw the ill effects

their diſcord, endeavoured to ſoften them by dividing regard equally between them, yet his impartiality kindneſs were without effect; the maternal animoſity deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as freſh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No ſooner were they age to be received into the apartments of the other celials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilet, aping the ſolemnity of Learning, and Learning to dit Minerva at her loom, by expoſing the blunders and orance of Wit.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increaſ, by the encouragement which each received from ſe whom their mothers had perſuaded to patronize ſupport them; and longed to be admitted to the table Jupiter, not ſo much for the hope of gaining honour, of excluding a rival from all pretenſions to regard, and putting an everlaſting ſtop to the progreſs of that inence which either believed the other to have obtained mean arts and falſe appearances.

At laſt the day came when they were both, with the al ſolemnities, received into the claſs of ſuperior dei, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. from that hour Concord loſt her authority at the table Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, incited by the alternate applauſes of the aſſociate vers, harraſſed each other by inceſſant conteſts, with a regular viciſſitude of victory, that neither was reſſed.

t was obſervable, that at the beginning of every de the advantage was on the ſide of Wit; and that, at firſt ſallies, the whole aſſembly ſparkled, according Homer's expreſſion, with inextinguiſhable merriment. Learning would reſerve her ſtrength till the burſt of lauſe was over; and the languor with which the vioe of joy is always ſucceeded, began to promiſe more and patient attention. She then attempted her deand by comparing one part of her antagoniſt's objecs with another, commonly made him confute himſelf; y ſhewing how ſmall a part of the queſtion he had taken

into

into his view, proved that his opinion could have weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside their prepoſſeſſions; and roſe, at laſt, with great veneration Learning, but with greater kindneſs for Wit.

Their conduct was, whenever they deſired to recommend themſelves to diſtinction, entirely oppoſite. was daring and adventurous; Learning cautious and liberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulne Learning was afraid of no imputation but that of er Wit anſwered before he underſtood, leſt his quickneſs apprehenſion ſhould be queſtioned; Learning pau where there was no difficulty, leſt any inſidious ſophi ſhould lie undiſcovered. Wit perplexed every debate rapidity and confuſion; Learning tired the hearers endleſs diſtinctions, and prolonged the diſpute with advantage, by proving that which never was deni Wit, in hopes of ſhining, would venture to produce he had not conſidered, and often ſucceeded beyond his expectation, by following the train of a lucky thoug Learning would reject every new notion, for fear of be entangled in conſequences which ſhe could not fore and was often hindered, by her caution, from pre her advantages and ſubduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in ſome degree hinde their progreſs towards perfection, and left them ope attacks. Novelty was the darling of Wit, and A quity of Learning. To Wit, all that was new was cious; to Learning, whatever was ancient was venera Wit, however, ſeldom failed to divert thoſe whom could not convince, and to convince was not often ambition; Learning always ſupported her opinion ſo many collateral truths, that, when the cauſe was cided againſt her, her arguments were remembered admiration.

Nothing was more common, on either ſide, th quit their proper characters, and to hope for a com conqueſt by the uſe of the weapons which had bee ployed againſt them. Wit would ſometimes labour logiſm, and Learning diſtort her features with a jeſt; they always ſuffered by the experiment, and bet

nſelves to confutation or contempt. The ſeriouſneſs Wit was without dignity, and the merriment of Learn- without vivacity.

Their conteſts, by long continuance, grew at laſt im- tant, and the divinities broke into parties. Wit was en into protection of the laughter-loving Venus, had tinue allowed him of Smiles and Jeſts, and was often mitted to dance among the Graces. Learning ſtill tinued the favourite of Minerva, and ſeldom went out her palace without a train of the ſeverer virtues, Chaſ- , Temperance, Fortitude, and Labour. Wit, co- biting with Malice, had a ſon named Satyr, who fol- ved him, carrying a quiver filled with poiſoned ar- s, which, where they once drew blood; could by no l ever be extracted. Theſe arrows he frequently ſhot Learning, when ſhe was moſt earneſtly or uſefully ployed, engaged in abſtruſe enquiries, or giving in- uctions to her followers. Minerva therefore deputed ticiſm to her aid, who generally broke the point of Sa- 's arrows, turned them aſide, or retorted them on nſelf.

Jupiter was at laſt angry that the peace of the heavenly ions ſhould be in perpetual danger of violation, and re- ved to diſmiſs theſe troubleſome antagoniſts to the er world. Hither therefore they came, and carried on ir ancient quarrel among mortals; nor was either g without zealous votaries. Wit, by his gaiety, cap- ated the young; and Learning, by her authority, in- enced the old. Their power quickly appeared by y eminent effects; theatres were built for the recep- n of Wit, and colleges endowed for the reſidence of arning. Each party endeavoured to outvy the other in ſt and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion, that was neceſſary, from the firſt entrance into life, to enliſt one of the factions; and that none could hope for the gard of either divinity who had once entered the tem- e of the rival power.

There were indeed a claſs of mortals by whom Wit d Learning were equally diſregarded: theſe were the votees of Plutus, the god of riches; among theſe it

ſeldom happened that the gaiety of Wit could raiſe ſmile, or the eloquence of Learning procure attention. revenge of this contempt they agreed to incite their fo lowers againſt them; but the forces that were ſent thoſe expeditions frequently betrayed their truſt: and, contempt of the orders which they had received, fr tered the rich in public, while they ſcorned them in the hearts; and when, by this treachery, they had obtain the favour of Plutus, affected to look with an air of ſu periority on thoſe who ſtill remained in the ſervice of W and Learning.

Diſguſted with theſe deſertions, the two rivals, at th ſame time, petitioned Jupiter for re-admiſſion to the native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right-hand and they prepared to obey the happy ſummons. W readily ſpread his wings, and ſoared aloft; but not bein able to ſee far, was bewildered in the pathleſs immenſi of the ætherial ſpaces. Learning, who knew the wa ſhook her pinions; but, for want of natural vigour, cou only take ſhort flights: ſo, after many efforts, they bo ſunk again to the ground; and learned, from their mu tual diſtreſs, the neceſſity of union. They therefo joined their hands, and renewed their flight: Learnin was borne up by the vigour of Wit, and Wit guided b the perſpicacity of Learning. They ſoon reached th dwellings of Jupiter, and were ſo endeared to each othe that they lived afterwards in perpetual concord. W perſuaded learning to converſe with the Graces, an Learning engaged Wit in the ſervice of the Virtue They were now the favourites of all the powers of hea ven, and gladdened every banquet by their preſenc They ſoon after married, at the command of Jupite and had a numerous progeny of Arts and Sciences.

No. XXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1750.

Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur;
Poſcentur vario multum diverſa palato. HOR.

Three gueſts I have, diſſenting at my feaſt,
Requiring each to gratify his taſte
With different food. FRANCIS.

WHAT every man ſhould regulate his actions by his own conſcience, without any regard to the opinions the reſt of the world, is one of the firſt precepts of oral prudence; juſtified not only by the ſuffrage of ſon, which declares that none of the gifts of Heaven to lie uſeleſs, but by the voice likewiſe of experience, hich will ſoon inform us, that if we make the praiſe or ame of others the rule of our conduct, we ſhall be di-acted by a boundleſs variety of irreconcileable judg-nts, be held in perpetual ſuſpenſe between contrary pulſes, and conſult for ever without determination.

I know not whether, for the ſame reaſon, it is not ne-ſſary for an author to place ſome confidence in his own ill, and to ſatisfy himſelf in the knowledge that he has t deviated from the eſtabliſhed laws of compoſition, ithout ſubmitting his works to frequent examinations fore he gives them to the public, or endeavouring to ure ſucceſs by a ſolicitous conformity to advice and iticiſm.

It is, indeed, quickly diſcoverable, that conſultation d compliance can conduce little to the perfection of any erary performance; for whoever is ſo doubtful of his n abilities as to encourage the remarks of others, will find nſelf every day embarraſſed with new difficulties, and ill harraſs his mind, in vain, with the hopeleſs labour uniting heterogeneous ideas, digeſting independent nts, and collecting into one point the ſeveral rays of rrowed light, emitted often with contrary directions.

Of all authors, thoſe who retail their labours in peri-ical ſheets would be moſt unhappy, if they were much

to regard the cenſures or the admonitions of their re
ers: for, as their works are not ſent into the world
once, but by ſmall parts in gradual ſucceſſion, it is
ways imagined by thoſe who think themſelves qualifi
to give inſtructions, that they may yet redeem their fo
mer failings by hearkening to better judges, and ſupp
the deficiencies of their plan by the help of the criticis
which are ſo liberally afforded.

I have had occaſion to obſerve, ſometimes with wo
a'ion, and ſometimes with merriment, the different tem
per with which the ſame man reads a printed and manu
ſcript performance. When a book is once in the hands
the public, it is conſidered as permanent and unalterable
and the reader, if he be free from perſonal prejudice
takes it up with no other intention than of pleaſing or in
ſtructing himſelf; he accommodates his mind to the au
thor's deſign; and, having no intereſt in refuſing the
amuſement that is offered him, never interrupts his own
tranquillity by ſtudied cavils, or deſtroys his ſatisfactio
in that which is already well, by an anxious enquiry how
it might be better; but is often contented without plea
ſure, and pleaſed without perfection.

But if the ſame man be called to conſider the merit o
a production yet unpubliſhed, he brings an imaginatio
heated with objections to paſſages which he has never re
heard; he invokes all the powers of criticiſm, and ſtore
his memory with Taſte and Grace, Purity and Delicacy
Manners and Unities; ſounds which having been once
uttered by thoſe that underſtood them, have been ſince
re-echoed without meaning, and kept up to the diſturb
ance of the world, by a conſtant repercuſſion from one
coxcomb to another. He conſiders himſelf as obliged to
ſhew, by ſome proof of his abilities, that he is not con
ſulted to no purpoſe, and therefore watches every open
ing for objection, and looks round for every opportunity
to propoſe ſome ſpecious alteration. Such opportunities
a very ſmall degree of ſagacity will enable him to find;
for, in every work of imagination, the diſpoſition of
parts, the inſertion of incidents, and uſe of decoration
may be varied a thouſand ways with equal propriety
and

, as in things nearly equal, that will always ſeem beſt very man which he himſelf produces, the critic, whoſe neſs is only to propoſe, without the care of execution, never want the ſatisfaction of believing that he has geſted very important improvements, nor the power nforcing his advice by arguments, which as they ap- r convincing to himſelf, either his kindneſs or his va- will preſs obſtinately and importunately, without picion that he may poſſibly judge too haſtily in favour his own advice, or enquiry whether the advantage of new ſcheme be proportionate to the labour.

It is obſerved by the younger Pliny, that an orator ght not ſo much to ſelect the ſtrongeſt arguments which cauſe admits, as to employ all which his imagination afford: for, in pleading, thoſe reaſons are of moſt lue which will moſt affect the judges; and the judges, s he, will be always moſt touched with that which they d before conceived. Every man who is called to give opinion of a performance, decides upon the ſame nciple; he firſt ſuffers himſelf to form expectations, d then is angry at his diſappointment. He lets his ginations rove at large, and wonders that another, ually unconfined in the boundleſs ocean of poſſibility, kes a different courſe.

But, though the rule of Pliny be judiciouſly laid down, is not applicable to the writer's cauſe, becauſe there ways lies an appeal from domeſtic criticiſm to a higher dicature; and the public, which is never corrupted, r often deceived, is to paſs the laſt ſentence on literary aims.

Of the great force of preconceived opinions I had many roofs when I firſt entered upon this weekly labour. ly readers having, from the performances of my prede- ſſors, eſtabliſhed an idea of unconnected eſſays, to which ey believed all future authors under a neceſſity of con- rming, were impatient of the leaſt deviation from their ſtem; and numerous remonſtrances were accordingly ade by each, as he found his favourite ſubject omitted delayed. Some were angry that the Rambler did not, ke the Spectator, introduce himſelf to the acquaintance

of the public, by an account of his own birth and ſtud an enumeration of his adventures, and a deſcription his phyſiognomy. Others ſoon began to remark that was a ſolemn, ſerious, dictatorial writer, without ſprig lineſs or gaiety, and called out with vehemence for mi and humour. Another admoniſhed him to have a ſp cial eye upon the various clubs of this great city; a informed him, that much of the Spectator's vivacity w laid out upon ſuch aſſemblies. He has been cenſured f not imitating the politeneſs of his predeceſſors, havi hitherto neglected to take the ladies under his protecti and give them rules for the juſt oppoſition of colours, a the proper dimenſions of ruffles and pinners. He h been required by one to fix a particular cenſure upon th matrons who play at cards with ſpectacles. And an ther is very much offended whenever he meets with ſpeculation in which naked precepts are compriſed wit out the illuſtration of examples and characters.

I make not the leaſt queſtion that all theſe monit intend the promotion of my deſign, and the inſtruction my readers; but they do not know, or do not reflect, th an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himſelf; and ſe lects thoſe ſubjects which he is beſt qualified to treat, b the courſe of his ſtudies, or the accidents of his life; th ſome topics of amuſement have been already treated wi too much ſucceſs to invite a competition; and that h who endeavors to gain many readers muſt try variou arts of invitation, eſſay every avenue of pleaſure, a make frequent changes in his methods of approach.

I cannot but conſider myſelf, amidſt this tumult criticiſm, as a ſhip in a poetical tempeſt, impelled at th ſame time by oppoſite winds, and daſhed by the wav from every quarter, but held upright by the contrarie of the aſſailants, and ſecured, in ſome meaſure, by mul tiplicity of diſtreſs. Had the opinion of my cenſures be unanimous, it might perhaps have overſet my reſolutio but ſince I find them at variance with each other, I ca without ſcruple, neglect them, and endeavour to ga the favour of the public by following the direction of m own reaſon, and indulging the ſallies of my own imagi ation.

No. XXIV

No. XXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1750.

Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere. PERSIUS.

None, none deſcends into himſelf. DRYDEN.

AMONG the precepts, or aphoriſms, admitted by general conſent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous among the maſters ancient wiſdom, than that compendious leſſon, γνῶθι σεαυτὸν—Be acquainted with thyſelf;' aſcribed by ne to an oracle, and by others to Chilo of Lacedemon. This is, indeed, a dictate which in the whole extent its meaning may be ſaid to comprize all the ſpeculation uiſite to a moral agent. For what more can be neceſſy to the regulation of life than the knowledge of our ginal, our end, our duties, and our regulation to other ings?

It is however very improbable that the firſt author, oever he was, intended to be underſtood in this unlited and complicated ſenſe; for of the enquiries which ſo large an acceptation it would ſeem to recommend, ne are too extenſive for the powers of man, and ſome uire light from above, which was not yet indulged to heathen world,

We might have had more ſatisfaction concerning the ginal import of this celebrated ſentence, if hiſtory had formed us whether it was uttered as a general inſtruction to mankind, or as a particular caution to ſome pritte enquirer; whether it was applied to ſome ſingle occion, or laid down as the univerſal rule of life.

There will occur, upon the ſlighteſt conſideration, ny poſſible circumſtances in which this monition might y properly be enforced; for every error in human nduct muſt ariſe from ignorance in ourſelves, either petual or temporary; and happen either becauſe we not know what is beſt and fi teſt, or becauſe our owledge is at the time of action not preſent to the nd.

When

When a man employs himſelf upon remote and un
ceſſary ſubjects, and waſtes his life upon queſtions wh
cannot be reſolved, and of which the ſolution would c
duce very little to the advancement of happineſs; w
he laviſhes his hours in calculating the weight of the
raqueous globe, or in adjuſting ſucceſſive ſyſtems
worlds beyond the reach of the teleſcope; he may
very properly recalled from his excurſions by this p
cept, and reminded that there is a nearer Being w
which it is his duty to be more acquainted; and fr
which his attention has hitherto been withheld by ſtud
to which he has no other motive than vanity or curioſ

The great praiſe of Socrates is, that he drew the w
of Greece, by his inſtruction and example, from t
vain purſuit of natural philoſophy to moral enquir
and turned their thoughts from ſtars and tides, and m
ter and motion, upon the various modes of virtue, a
relations of life. All his lectures were but commen
ries upon this ſaying; if we ſuppoſe the knowledg
ourſelves recommended by Chilo, in oppoſition to o
enquiries leſs ſuitable to the ſtate of man.

The great fault of men of learning is ſtill that t
offend againſt this rule, and appear willing to ſtudy a
thing rather than themſelves; for which reaſon they
often deſpiſed by thoſe with whom they imagine the
ſelves above compariſon; deſpiſed as uſeleſs to comm
purpoſes, as unable to conduct the moſt trivial affa
and unqualified to perform thoſe offices by which t
concatenation of ſociety is preſerved, and mutual ten
neſs excited and maintained.

Gelidus is a man of great penetration and deep
ſearches. Having a mind naturally formed for the a
ſtruſer ſciences, he can comprehend intricate combi
tions without confuſion; and, being of a temper na
rally cool and equal, he is ſeldom interrupted by his p
ſions in the purſuit of the longeſt chain of unexpe
conſequences. He has, therefore, a long time indul
hopes, the ſolution of ſome problems (by which the p
feſſors of ſcience have been hitherto baffled) is rese
for his genius and induſtry. He ſpends his time in
hi

heſt room of his houſe, into which none of his fa-
y are ſuffered to enter; and when he comes down to
dinner, or his reſt, he walks about like a ſtranger
is there only for a day, without any tokens of re-
d or tenderneſs. He has totally diveſted himſelf of
human ſenſations; he has neither eye for beauty nor
for complaint; he neither rejoices at the good for-
e of his neareſt friend, nor mourns for any public or
vate calamity. Having once received a letter, and
en it his ſervant to read, he was informed that it was
tten by his brother, who, being ſhipwrecked, had
m naked to land, and was deſtitute of neceſſaries in a
ign country. 'Naked and deſtitute!' ſays Gelidus;
ach down the laſt volume of meteorological obſerva-
ns, extract an exact account of the wind, and note
carefully in the diary of the weather.'

The family of Gelidus once broke into his ſtudy, to
w him that a town at a ſmall diſtance was on fire;
in a few moments a ſervant came to tell him that
flame had caught ſo many houſes on both ſides, that
inhabitants were confounded, and began to think of
er eſcaping with their lives than ſaving their dwel-
s. 'What you tell me,' ſays Gelidus, 'is very pro-
ble; for fire naturally acts in a circle.'

Thus lives this great philoſopher, inſenſible to every
tacle of diſtreſs, and unmoved by the loudeſt call of
al nature, for want of conſidering that men are de-
ed for the ſuccour and comfort of each other; that
ugh there are hours which may be laudably ſpent
n knowledge not immediately uſeful, yet the firſt at-
ion is due to practical virtue; and that he may be
y driven out from the commerce of mankind who
ſo far abſtracted himſelf from the ſpecies, as to par-
neither of the joys nor griefs of others, but neglects
endearments of his wife, and the careſſes of his chil-
, to count the drops of rain, note the changes of the
d, and calculate the eclipſes of the moons of Jupiter.

ſhall reſerve to ſome future paper the religious and
ortant meaning of this epitome of wiſdom; and only
ark, that it may be applied to the gay and light, as
well

well as to the grave and ſolemn parts of life; and th not only the philoſopher may forfeit his pretences to learning, but the wit and the beauty may miſcarry their ſchemes by the want of this univerſal requiſite, knowledge of themſelves.

It is ſurely for no other reaſon that we ſee ſuch nu bers reſolutely ſtruggling againſt nature, and contend for that which they never can attain, endeavouring unite contradictions, and determined to excel in cha ters inconſiſtent with each other; but ſtock-jobbers aſſ dreſs, gaiety, and elegance, and mathematicians labo to be wits; that the ſoldier teazes his acquaintance w queſtions in theology, and the academic hopes to di the ladies by a recital of his gallantries. That abſurd of pride could proceed only from ignorance of the ſelves, by which Garth attempted criticiſm, and C greve waved his title to dramatic reputation, and deſi to be conſidered only as a gentleman.

Eupheus, with great parts and extenſive knowled has a clouded aſpect and ungracious form; yet it h been his ambition, from his firſt entrance into life, diſtinguiſh himſelf by particularities in his dreſs, to ou beaus in embroidery, to import new trimmings, to be foremoſt in the faſhion. Eupheus has turned his exterior appearance that attention which would ways have produced eſteem, had it been fixed upon mind; and though his virtues and abilities have p ſerved him from the contempt which he has ſo diligen ſolicited, he has, at leaſt, raiſed one impediment to reputation; ſince all can judge of his dreſs, but few his underſtanding; and many who diſcern that he fop, are unwilling to believe that he can be wiſe.

There is one inſtance in which the ladies are partic larly unwilling to obſerve the rule of Chilo. They deſirous to hide from themſelves the advances of and endeavour too frequently to ſupply the ſprightli and bloom of youth by artificial beauty and forced vacity. They hope to inflame the heart by gla which have loſt their fire, or melt it by languor wh is no longer delicate; they play over the airs wi

ſed at a time when they were expected only to pleaſe, forget that airs, in time, ought to give place to virs. They continue to trifle, becauſe they could once e agreeably, till thoſe who ſhared their early pleaes are withdrawn to more ſerious engagements; and ſcarcely awakened from their dream of perpetual th, but by the ſcorn of thoſe whom they endeavour rival.

No. XXV. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1750.

Poſſunt quia poſſe videntur. VIRGIL.

For they can conquer who believe they can. DRYDEN.

HERE are ſome vices and errors which, though often fatal to thoſe in whom they are found, have by the univerſal conſent of mankind, been conred as entitled to ſome degree of reſpect, or have, at t, been exempted from contemptuous infamy, and demned by the ſevereſt moraliſts with pity rather than eſtation.

A conſtant and invariable example of this general parity will be found in the different regard which has ays been ſhewn to raſhneſs and cowardice; two vices, which, though they may be conceived equally diſtant m the middle point, where true fortitude is placed, may equally injure any public or private intereſt, yet one is never mentioned without ſome kind of venera, and the other always conſidered as a topic of unted and licentious cenſure, on which all the virulence reproach may be lawfully exerted.

The ſame diſtinction is made by the common ſuffrage ween profuſion and avarice; and, perhaps, between y other oppoſite vices; and, as I have found reaſon pay great regard to the voice of the people in caſes re knowledge has been forced upon them by expece, without long deductions or deep reſearches, I am ined to believe that this diſtribution of reſpect is not without

without ſome agreement with the nature of things; a
that in the faults which are thus inveſted with extraor
nary privileges, there are generally ſome latent prin
ples of merit, ſome poſſibilities of future virtue, wh
may, by degrees, break from obſtruction, and by t
and opportunity be brought into act.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more e
to take away ſuperfluities than to ſupply defects; a
therefore he that is culpable becauſe he has paſſed t
middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer o
ject of hope than he who fails by falling ſhort. The
has all that perfection requires, and more, but the ex
may be eaſily retrenched; the other wants the qualit
requiſite to excellence; and who can tell how he ſh
obtain them! We are certain that the horſe may
taught to keep pace with his fellows, whoſe fault is t
he leaves them behind. We know that a few ſtroke
the axe will lop a cedar; but what arts of cultivati
can elevate a ſhrub!

To walk with circumſpection and ſteadineſs in t
right path, at an equal diſtance between the extremes
error, ought to be the conſtant endeavour of every reaſ
able being; nor can I think thoſe teachers of moral w
dom much to be honoured as benefactors to mankin
who are always enlarging upon the difficulty of our d
ties, and providing rather excuſes for vice than incentiv
to virtue.

But ſince to moſt it will happen often, and to all ſom
times, that there will be a deviation towards one ſide or
other, we ought always to employ our vigilance with m
attention on that enemy from which there is the grea
danger; and to ſtray, if we muſt ſtray, towards th
parts from whence we may quickly and eaſily return.

Among other oppoſite qualities of the mind, wh
may become dangerous, though in different degrees,
have often had occaſion to conſider the contrary effe
of preſumption and deſpondency; of heady confiden
which promiſes victory without conteſt, and heart
puſillanimity, which ſhrinks back from the thought
great undertakings, confounds difficulty with impo
bil

ty, and conſiders all advancement towards any new at-
nment as irreverſibly prohibited.

Preſumption will be eaſily corrected. Every experi-
nt will teach caution; and miſcarriages will hourly
w, that attempts are not always rewarded with ſuc-
s. The moſt precipitate ardour will, in time, be
ght the neceſſity of methodical gradation and prepa-
ory meaſures; and the moſt daring confidence be con-
ced that neither merit nor abilities can command
ents.

It is the advantage of vehemence and activity, that
y are always haſtening to their own reformation; be-
ſe they incite us to try whether our expectations are
ll grounded, and therefore detect the deceits which
y are apt to occaſion. But timidity is a diſeaſe of the
nd more obſtinate and fatal; for a man once perſuaded
t any impediment is inſuperable, has given it, with
pect to himſelf, that ſtrength and weight which it had
before. He can ſcarcely ſtrive with vigour and per-
erance when he has no hope of gaining the victory;
d ſince he never will try his ſtrength, can never diſ-
er the unreaſonableneſs of his fears.

There is often to be found in men devoted to literature,
kind of intellectual cowardice, which whoever con-
ſes much among them, may obſerve frequently to de-
ſs the alacrity of enterpriſe; and, by conſequence, to
ard the improvement of ſcience. They have annexed
every ſpecies of knowledge ſome chimerical character
terror and inhibition, which they tranſmit, without
ch reflection, from one to another; they firſt fright
mſelves, and then propagate the panic to their ſcho-
s and acquaintance. One ſtudy is inconſiſtent with a
ely imagination, another with a ſolid judgment; one is
proper in the early parts of life; another requires
much time, that it is not to be attempted at an advanced
e; one is dry, and contracts the ſentiments; another is
ffuſe, and overburdens the memory; one is inſufferable
taſte and delicacy, and another wears out life in the
dy of words, and is uſeleſs to a wiſe man, who deſires
y the knowledge of things.

But of all the bugbears by which the *Infantes barbati* boys both young and old, have been hitherto frigh from digreſſing into new tracts of learning, none h been more miſchievouſly efficacious than an opinion t every kind of knowledge requires a peculiar genius, mental conſtitution, framed for the reception of ſo ideas, and the excluſion of others; and that to him wh genius is not adapted to the ſtudy which he proſecut all labour ſhall be vain and fruitleſs; vain. as an end vour to mingle oil and water, or, in the language of ch miſtry, to amalgamate bodies of heterogeneous prin ples.

This opinion we may reaſonably ſuſpect to have be propagated, by vanity, beyond the truth. It is natur for thoſe who have raiſed a reputation by any ſcience, exalt themſelves as endowed by Heaven with pecul powers, or marked out by an extraordinary deſignati for their profeſſion; and to fright competitors away b repreſenting the difficulties with which they muſt co tend, and the neceſſity of qualities which are ſuppoſed be not generally conferred, and which no man can know but by experience, whether he enjoys.

To this diſcouragement it may be poſſibly anſwere that ſince a genius, whatever it be, is like fire in t flint, only to be produced by colliſion with a proper ſu ject; it is the buſineſs of every man to try whether h faculties may not happily co-operate with his deſire and ſince they whoſe proficiency he admires, knew the own force only by the event, he needs but engage in t ſame undertaking with equal ſpirit, and may reaſonab hope for equal ſucceſs.

There is another ſpecies of falſe intelligence, given b thoſe who profeſs to ſhew the way to the ſummit knowledge, of equal tendency to depreſs the mind wi falſe diſtruſt of itſelf, and weaken it by needleſs ſolicitu and dejection. When a ſcholar whom they deſire to an mate, conſults them at his entrance on ſome new ſtud it is common to make flattering repreſentations of t pleaſantneſs and facility. Thus they generally attain o of two ends almoſt equally deſirable; they either inc

induſtry by elevating his hopes, or produce a high opinion of their own abilities, ſince they are ſuppoſed to relate only what they have found, and to have proceeded with no leſs eaſe than they promiſe to their followers.

The ſtudent, inflamed by this encouragement, ſets forward in the new path, and proceeds a few ſteps with great alacrity; but he ſoon finds aſperities and intricacies for which he has not been forewarned; and, imagining that none ever was ſo entangled or fatigued before him, looks ſuddenly into deſpair, and deſiſts as from an expedition in which fate oppoſes him. Thus his terrors are multiplied by his hopes; and he is defeated without reſiſtance, becauſe he had no expectation of an enemy.

Of theſe treacherous inſtructors, the one deſtroys induſtry, by declaring that induſtry is vain, the other by preſenting it as needleſs; the one cuts away the root of hope, the other raiſes it only to be blaſted. The one confines his pupil to the ſhore, by telling him that his wreck is certain; the other ſends him to ſea, without preparing him for tempeſts.

Falſe hopes and falſe terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who propoſes to grow eminent by learning, ſhould carry in his mind, at once, the difficulty of excellence, and the force of induſtry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompenſe of labour, and that labour, vigorouſly continued, has not often failed of reward.

No XXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1750.

Ingentes dominos, et claræ nomina famæ,
Illustrique graves nobilitate domos
Devita, et longe cautus fuge; contrahe vela,
Et te littoribus cymba propinqua vehat.

SENECA.

Each mighty lord, big with a pompous name,
And each high house of fortune and of fame,
With caution fly; contract thy ample sails,
And near the shore improve the gentle gales.

ELPHINSTONE.

Mr. Rambler,

IT is usual for men, engaged in the same pursuits, to be inquisitive after the conduct and fortune of each other; and, therefore, I suppose it will not be unpleasing to you to read an account of the various changes which have happened in part of a life devoted to literature. My narrative will not exhibit any great variety of events, or extraordinary revolutions; but may, perhaps, be not less useful, because I shall relate nothing which is not likely to happen to a thousand others.

I was born heir to a very small fortune; and left by my father, whom I cannot remember, to the care of my uncle. He, having no children, always treated me as his son; and finding in me those qualities which old men easily discover in sprightly children, when they happen to love them, declared that a genius like mine should never be lost for want of cultivation. He therefore placed me, for the usual time, at a great school, and then sent me to the university, with a larger allowance than my own patrimony would have afforded, that I might not keep mean company, but learn to become my dignity when I should be made lord-chancellor, which he often lamented, that the increase of his infirmities was too likely to preclude him from seeing.

This exuberance of money displayed itself in gaiety of appearance and wantonness of expence, and introduced

to the acquaintance of thoſe whom the ſame ſuper-
ity of fortune betrayed to the ſame licence and oſtenta-
n: young heirs, who pleaſed themſelves with a remark
y frequent in their mouths—that though they were
t by their fathers to the univerſity, they were not un-
the neceſſity of living by their learning.

Among men of this claſs I eaſily obtained the reputa-
n of a great genius; and was perſuaded that, with ſuch
elineſs of imagination and delicacy of ſentiment, I
uld never be able to ſubmit to the drudgery of the
. I therefore gave myſelf wholly to the more airy
elegant parts of learning; and was often ſo much
ed with my ſuperiority to the youths with whom I
verſed, that I began to liſten with great attention to
ſe that recommended to me a wider and more conſpi-
us theatre; and was particularly touched with an ob-
vation made by one of my friends—that it was not by
gering in the univerſity that Prior became ambaſſador,
Addiſon ſecretary of ſtate.

This deſire was hourly increaſed by the ſolicitation of
companions, who removing one by one to London,
the caprice of their relations allowed them, or the legal
miſſion from the hands of their guardians put it in
ir power, never failed to ſend an account of the beauty
felicity of the new world, and to remonſtrate how
ch was loſt by every hour's continuance in a place of
rement and conſtraint.

My uncle in the mean time frequently harraſſed me
h monitory letters, which I ſometimes neglected
pen for a week after I received them, and generally
d in a tavern, with ſuch comments as might ſhew
w much I was ſuperior to inſtruction or advice. I
ld not but wonder how a man confined to the coun-
, and unacquainted with the preſent ſyſtem of things
uld imagine himſelf qualified to inſtruct a riſing ge-
s, born to give laws to the age, refine its taſte, and
ltiply its pleaſures.

The poſtman, however, ſtill continued to bring me
remonſtrances; for my uncle was very little depreſſed
the ridicule and reproach which he never heard. But

men of parts have quick reſentments; it was impoſſi
to bear his uſurpations for ever; and I reſolved, o
for all, to make him an example to thoſe who imag
themſelves wiſe becauſe they are old, and to teach yo
men, who are too tame under repreſentation, in wh
manner grey-bearded inſolence ought to be treated.
therefore one evening took my pen in hand; and af
having animated myſelf with a catch, wrote a gene
anſwer to all his precepts, with ſuch vivacity of tu
ſuch elegance of irony, and ſuch aſperity of ſarcaſ
that I convulſed a large company with univerſal laug
ter, diſturbed the neighbourhood with vociferations
applauſe, and five days afterwards was anſwered, tha
muſt be content to live on my own eſtate.

This contraction of my income gave me no diſtur
ance, for a genius like me was out of the reach of wa
I had friends that would be proud to open their pur
at my call, and proſpects of ſuch advancement as wou
ſoon reconcile my uncle, whom, upon mature delibe
tion, I reſolved to receive into favour, without inſiſti
on any acknowledgement of his offence, when the ſple
dour of my condition ſhould induce him to wiſh for m
countenance. I therefore went up to London before
had ſhewn the alteration of my condition by any abat
ment of my way of living, and was received by all m
academical acquaintance with triumph and congratula
tion. I was immediately introduced among the wits a
men of ſpirit; and in a ſhort time had diveſted myſelf
all my ſcholar's gravity, and obtained the reputation
a pretty fellow.

You will eaſily believe that I had no great knowled
of the world; yet I had been hindered, by the gener
diſinclination every man feels to confeſs poverty, fro
telling to any one the reſolution of my uncle; and f
ſome time ſubſiſted on the ſtock of money which I h
brought with me, and contributed my ſhare as before t
all our entertainments. But my pocket was ſoon emp
tied, and I was obliged to aſk my friends for a ſmal
ſum. This was a favour which we had often recipro
cally received from one another; they ſuppoſed m
wa

nts only accidental, and therefore willingly ſupplied m. In a ſhort time I found a neceſſity of aſking in, and was again treated with the ſame civility; but third time they began to wonder what that old rogue uncle could mean by ſending a gentleman to town thout money; and when they gave me what I aſked , adviſed me to ſtipulate for more regular remittances. This ſomewhat diſturbed my dream of conſtant afflu-ce: but I was three days after completely awaked; entering the tavern, where we met every evening, I nd the waiters remitted their complaiſance, and, in-ad of contending to light me up ſtairs, ſuffered me to it ſome minutes by the bar. When I came to my mpany, I found them unuſually grave and formal; d one of them took a hint to turn the converſation upon miſconduct of young men, and enlarged upon the ly of frequenting the company of men of fortune, with-t being able to ſupport the expence; an obſervation ich the reſt contributed either to enforce by repetition, to illuſtrate by examples. Only one of them tried to ert the diſcourſe, and endeavoured to direct my at-tion to remote queſtions, and common topics.

A man guilty of poverty eaſily believes himſelf ſuſ-cted. I went, however, next morning to breakfaſt th him who appeared ignorant of the drift of the con-rſation, and by a ſeries of enquiries, drawing ſtill nearer the point, prevailed on him, not perhaps much againſt s will, to inform me, that Mr. Daſh, whoſe father was wealthy attorney near my native place, had, the morn-g before, received an account of my uncle's reſent-nt, and communicated his intelligence with the utmoſt duſtry of grovelling inſolence.

It was now no longer practicable to conſort with my rmer friends, unleſs I would be content to be uſed as inferior gueſt, who was to pay for his wine by mirth d flattery; a character which, if I could not eſcape it, reſolved to endure only among thoſe who had never own me in the pride of plenty. I changed my lodg-gs, and frequented the coffee-houſes in a different re-on of the town; where I was very quickly diſtinguiſhed by

by ſeveral young gentlemen of high birth and large eſtates, and began again to amuſe my imagination with hopes of preferment, though not quite ſo confidently as when I had leſs experience.

The firſt great conqueſt which this new ſcene enabled me to gain over myſelf was, when I ſubmitted to confeſs to a party, who invited me to an expenſive diverſion, that my revenues were not equal to ſuch golden pleaſures: they would not ſuffer me however to ſtay behind, and with great reluctance I yielded to be treated. I took that opportunity of recommending myſelf to ſome office or employment, which they unanimouſly promiſed to procure me by their joint intereſt.

I had now entered into a ſtate of dependence, and had hopes or fears from almoſt every man I ſaw. If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his miſery who has many! I was obliged to comply with a thouſand caprices, to concur in a thouſand follies, and to countenance a thouſand errors. I endured innumerable mortifications, if not from cruelty, at leaſt from negligence, which will creep in upon the kindeſt and moſt delicate minds, when they converſe without the mutual awe of equal condition. I found the ſpirit and vigour of liberty every moment ſinking in me, and a ſervile fear of diſpleaſing, ſtealing by degrees upon all my behaviour, till no word, or look, or action, was my own. As the ſolicitude to pleaſe increaſed, the power of pleaſing grew leſs, and I was always clouded with diffidence where it was moſt my intereſt and wiſh to ſhine.

My patrons conſidering me as belonging to the community, and therefore not the charge of any particular perſon, made no ſcruple of neglecting any opportunity of promoting me, which every one thought more properly the buſineſs of another. An account of my expectations and diſappointments, and the ſucceeding viciſſitudes of my life, I ſhall give you in my following letters; which will be, I hope, of uſe to ſhew how ill he forms his ſchemes who expects happineſs without freedom.

I am, &c.

No. XXVII.

No. XXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1750.

———Pauperiem metuens potiere metallis
Libertate caret.— HOR.

So he, who poverty with horror views,
Who ſells his freedom in exchange for gold
(Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply ſold)
Shall make eternal ſervitude his fate,
And feel a haughty maſter's galling weight.

FRANCIS.

Mr. Rambler,

S it is natural for every man to think himſelf of im-portance, your knowledge of the world will incline u to forgive me, if I imagine your curioſity ſo much ited by the former part of my narration as to make u deſire that I ſhould proceed without any unneceſſary s of connection. I ſhall therefore not keep you longer ſuch ſuſpenſe, as perhaps my performance may not mpenſate.

In the gay company with which I was now united, I nd thoſe allurements and delights which the friend-p of young men always affords; there was that open-s which naturally produced confidence, that affability ich, in ſome meaſure, ſoftened dependence, and that lour of profeſſion which incited hope. When our arts were dilated with merriment, promiſes were poured t with unlimited profuſion, and life and fortune were t a ſcanty ſacrifice to friendſhip; but when the hour me at which any effort was to be made, I had gene-ly the vexation to find that my intereſt weighed no-ng againſt the ſlighteſt amuſement, and that every tty avocation was found a ſufficient plea for continuing in uncertainty and want. Their kindneſs was indeed cere, when they promiſed they had no intention to de-ve; but the ſame juvenile warmth which kindled their nevolence, gave force in the ſame proportion to every her paſſion, and I was forgotten as ſoon as any new aſure ſeized on their attention.

Vagario

Vagario told me one evening, that all my perplexi
ſhould be ſoon at an end, and deſired me from that
ſtant to throw upon him all care of my fortune, fo
poſt of conſiderable value was that day become vac
and he knew his intereſt ſufficient to procure it in
morning. He deſired me to call on him early, that
might be dreſſed ſoon enough to wait on the miniſter
fore any other application ſhould be made. I came a
appointed, with all the flame of gratitude; and was
by his ſervant, that having found at his lodgings, w
he came home, an acquaintance who was going to
vel, he had been perſuaded to accompany him to Do
and that they had taken poſt-horſes two hours be
day.

I was once very near to preferment by the kindne
Charinus, who at my requeſt went to beg a place, wh
he thought me likely to fill with great reputation, a
in which I ſhould have many opportunities of promo
his intereſt in return; and he pleaſed himſelf with i
gining the mutual benefits that we ſhould confer, a
the advances that we ſhould make by our united ſtreng
Away therefore he went, equally warm with friendſ
and ambition, and left me to prepare acknowledgme
againſt his return. At length he came back, and t
me that he had met in his way a party going to brea
faſt in the country; that the ladies importuned him
much to be refuſed; and that, having paſſed the mo
ing with them, he was come back to dreſs himſelf fo
ball, to which he was invited for the evening.

I have ſuffered ſeveral diſappointments from tavl
and periwig-makers, who by neglecting to perform th
work withheld my patrons from court; and once fai
of an eſtabliſhment for life by the delay of a ſervant, ſe
to a neighbouring ſhop to repleniſh a ſnuff-box.

At laſt I thought my ſolicitude at an end; for an o
fice fell into the gift of Hippodamus's father, who be
then in the country, could not very ſpeedily fill it, a
whoſe fondneſs would not have ſuffered him to refuſe h
ſon a leſs reaſonable requeſt. Hippodamus therefore
forward with great expedition, and I expected every ho

account of his ſucceſs. A long time I waited without intelligence; but at laſt received a letter from Newket, by which I was informed that the races were un, and I knew the vehemence of his paſſions too to imagine that he could refuſe himſelf his favourite ſement.

You will not wonder that I was at laſt weary of the onage of young men, eſpecially as I found them not erally to promiſe much greater fidelity as they adce in life; for I obſerved that what they gained in dineſs they loſt in benevolence, and grew colder to intereſt as they became more diligent to promote r own. I was convinced that their liberality was profuſeneſs; that as chance directed they were ally generous to vice and virtue; that they were nn but becauſe they were thoughtleſs, and counted ſupport of a friend only among other gratifications of ion.

My reſolution was now to ingratiate myſelf with whoſe reputation was eſtabliſhed, whoſe high ſtas enabled them to prefer me, and whoſe age exempted m from ſudden changes of inclination. I was conred as a man of parts, and therefore eaſily found adion to the table of Hilarius, the celebrated orator, owned equally for the extent of his knowledge, the gance of his diction, and the acuteneſs of his wit. arius received me with an appearance of great ſatiſtion, produced to me all his friends, and directed to that part of his diſcourſe in which he moſt endeavoured iſplay his imagination. I had now learned my own reſt enough to ſupply him opportunities for ſmart reks and gay ſallies; which I never failed to echo and laud. Thus I was gaining every hour on his affecs, till unfortunately, when the aſſembly was more ndid than uſual, his deſire of admiration prompted to turn his raillery upon me. I bore it for ſome e with great ſubmiſſion; and ſucceſs encouraged him edouble his attacks: at laſt my vanity prevailed over prudence; I retorted his irony with ſuch ſpirit, that arius, unaccuſtomed to reſiſtance, was diſconcerted,

and

and ſoon found means of convincing me that his p
poſe was not to encourage a rival, but to foſter a
raſite.

I was then taken into the familiarity of Argutio
nobleman eminent for judgment and criticiſm. He
contributed to my reputation by the praiſes which he
often beſtowed upon my writings, in which he ow
that there were proofs of a genius that might riſe to
degrees of excellence, when time or information had
duced its exuberance. He therefore required me to c
ſult him before the publication of any new performa
and commonly propoſed innumerable alterations, w
out ſufficient attention to the general deſign, or reg
to my form of ſtyle and mode of imagination.
theſe corrections he never failed to preſs as indiſpenſa
neceſſary, and thought the leaſt delay of compliance
act of rebellion. The pride of an author made this tre
ment inſufferable; and I thought any tyranny eaſier
be borne than that which took from me the uſe of
underſtanding.

My next patron was Eutyches the ſtateſman, who
wholly engaged in public affairs, and ſeemed to have
ambition but to be powerful and rich. I found his
vour more permanent than that of the others, for th
was a certain price at which it might be bought; he
lowed nothing to humour, or to affection, but was
ways ready to pay liberally for the ſervice that he
quired. His demands were, indeed, very often ſuch
virtue could not eaſily conſent to gratify; but virtu
not to be conſulted when men are to raiſe their fortu
by the favour of the great. His meaſures were cenſu
I wrote in his defence, and was recompenſed wi
place, of which the profits were never received by
without the pangs of remembering that they were
reward of wickedneſs; a reward which nothing but
neceſſity which the conſumption of my little eſta
theſe wild purſuits had brought upon me, hinder
from throwing back in the face of my corrupter.

At this time my uncle died without a will, and I
came heir to a ſmall fortune. I had reſolution to th

the ſplendor which reproached me to myſelf, and re- to an humbler ſtate; in which I am now endeavour- to recover the dignity of virtue, and hope to make me reparation for my crime and follies, by informing hers, who may be led after the ſame pageants, that y are about to engage in a courſe of life, in which y are to purchaſe, by a thouſand miſeries, the privi- e of repentance. I am, &c.

EUBULUS.

No. XXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1750.

Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur ſibi. SENECA.

To him, alas! to him I fear,
The face of death will terrible appear,
Who in his life, flattering his ſenſeleſs pride,
By being known to all the world beſide,
Does not himſelf, when he is dying, know,
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go. COWLEY.

Have ſhewn, in a late eſſay, to what errors men are hourly betrayed by a miſtaken opinion of their own vers, and a negligent inſpection of their own character. t as I then confined my obſervations to common oc- rences, and familiar ſcenes, I think it proper to en- re, how far a nearer acquaintance with ourſelves is eſſary to our preſervation from crimes as well as fol- , and how much the attentive ſtudy of our own minds y contribute to ſecure to us the approbation of that ng to whom we are accountable for our thoughts and ons, and whoſe favour muſt finally conſtitute our to- happineſs.

If it be reaſonable to eſtimate the difficulty of any en- priſe by frequent miſcarriages, it may juſtly be con- ded that it is not eaſy for a man to know himſelf; for erſoever we turn our view, we ſhall find almoſt all

with whom we converſe ſo nearly as to judge of th
ſentiments, indulging more favourable conception
their own virtue than they have been able to impreſs up
others, and congratulating themſelves upon degrees
excellence which their fondeſt admirers cannot allow th
to have attained.

Thoſe repreſentations of imaginary virtue are ge
rally conſidered as arts of hypocriſy, and as ſnares l
for confidence and praiſe. But I believe the ſuſpici
often unjuſt; thoſe who thus propagate their own rep
tation, only extend the fraud by which they have be
themſelves deceived; for this failing is incident to num
bers, who ſeem to live without deſigns, competitions,
purſuits; it appears on occaſions which promiſe no a
ceſſion of honour or of profit, and to perſons from wh
very little is to be hoped or feared. It is, indeed, n
eaſy to tell how far we may be blinded by the love
ourſelves, when we reflect how much a ſecondary paſſi
can cloud our judgment, and how few faults a man,
the firſt raptures of love, can diſcover in the perſon
conduct of his miſtreſs.

To lay open all the ſources from which error flo
in upon him who contemplates his own character, wo
require more exact knowledge of the human heart th
perhaps the moſt acute and laborious obſervers have a
quired. And ſince falſehood may be diverſified with
end, it is not unlikely that every man admits an imp
ture in ſome reſpect peculiar to himſelf, as his views ha
been accidentally directed, or his ideas particularly co
bined.

Some fallacies, however, there are, more frequen
inſidious, which it may, perhaps, not be uſeleſs to d
tect; becauſe though they are groſs, they may be fa
and becauſe nothing but attention is neceſſary to def
them.

One ſophiſm by which men perſuade themſelves th
they have thoſe virtues which they really want, is form
by the ſubſtitution of ſingle acts for habits. A ma
who once relieved a friend from the danger of a pri
ſuffers his imagination to dwell for ever upon his o
he

roic generoſity; he yields his heart up to indignation thoſe who are blind to merit or inſenſible to miſery, d who can pleaſe themſelves with the enjoyment of t wealth which they never permit others to partake. om any cenſures of the world, or reproaches of his nſcience, he has an appeal to action and to knowledge; d though his whole life is a courſe of rapacity and ava-e, he concludes himſelf to be tender and liberal, be-uſe he has once performed an act of liberality and ten-rneſs.

As a glaſs which magnifies objects by the approach of e end to the eye, leſſens them by the application of the her, ſo vices are extenuated by the inverſion of that llacy by which virtues are augmented. Thoſe faults hich we cannot conceal from our own notice, are con-ered, however frequent, not as habitual corruptions, ſettled practices, but as caſual failures, and ſingle ſes. A man who has, from year to year, ſet his untry to ſale, either for the gratification of his ambi-n or reſentment, confeſſes that the heat of party now d then betrays the ſevereſt virtue to meaſures that can-t be ſeriouſly defended. He that ſpends his days and hts in riot and debauchery, owns that his paſſions often-es overpower his reſolution. But each comforts him-f that his faults are not without precedent; for the t and the wiſeſt men have given way to the violence of den temptations.

There are men who always confound the praiſe of odneſs with the practice, and who believe themſelves ld and moderate, charitable and faithful, becauſe they ve exerted their eloquence in commendation of mild-s, fidelity, and other virtues. This is an error al-ſt univerſal among thoſe that converſe much with de-dents, with ſuch whoſe fear or intereſt diſpoſes them a ſeeming reverence for any declamation, however en-ſiaſtic, and ſubmiſſion to any boaſt, however arrogant. ving none to recall their attention to their lives, they e themſelves by the goodneſs of their opinions, and get how much more eaſily men may ſhew their virtue their talk than in their actions.

The tribe is likewiſe very numerous of thoſe who r
gulate their lives, not by the ſtandard of religion, b
the meaſure of other mens virtue; who lull their co
remorſe with the remembrance of crimes more atrocio
than their own, and ſeem to believe that they are not b
while another can be found worſe.

For eſcaping theſe and a thouſand other deceits, ma
expedients have been propoſed. Some have recommend
the frequent conſultation of a wiſe friend admitted to i
timacy, and encouraged to ſincerity. But this appea
a remedy by no means adapted to general uſe: for i
order to ſecure the virtue of one, it pre-ſuppoſes mo
virtue in two than will generally be found. In the fir
ſuch a deſire of rectitude and amendment as may in
cline him to hear his own accuſation from the mouth
him whom he eſteems, and by whom, therefore, he w
always hope that his faults are not diſcovered: and
the ſecond, ſuch zeal and honeſty as will make him co
tent for his friend's advantage to loſe his kindneſs.

A long life may be paſſed without finding a friend
whoſe underſtanding and virtue we can equally confi
and whoſe opinion we can value at once for its juſtne
and ſincerity. A weak man, however honeſt, is n
qualified to judge. A man of the world, however pen
trating, is not fit to counſel. Friends are often choſe
for ſimilitude of manners; and therefore each pallia
the other's failings, becauſe they are his own. Friend
are tender, and unwilling to give pain; or they are i
tereſted, and fearful to offend.

Theſe objections have inclined others to adviſe, th
he who would know himſelf ſhould conſult his enemie
remember the reproaches that are vented to his face, a
liſten for the cenſures that are uttered in private: for h
great buſineſs is to know his faults; and thoſe malign
will diſcover, and reſentment will reveal. But this pr
cept may be often fruſtrated; for it ſeldom happens th
rivals or opponents are ſuffered to come near enough
know our conduct with ſo much exactneſs as that co
ſcience ſhould allow and reflect the accuſation. Th
charge of an enemy is often totally falſe, and common

ningled with falſehood, that the mind takes advantage
n the failure of one part to diſcredit the reſt, and
er ſuffers any diſturbance afterward from ſuch partial
orts.

Yet it ſeems that enemies have been always found by
erience the moſt faithful monitors; for adverſity has
r been conſidered as the ſtate in which a man moſt
ly becomes acquainted with himſelf; and this effect it
ſt produce by withdrawing flatterers, whoſe buſineſs
o hide our weakneſſes from us, or by giving looſe to
lice and licence to reproach; or at leaſt by cutting off
ſe pleaſures which called us away from meditation on
r own conduct, and repreſſing that pride which too
ly perſuades us that we merit whatever we enjoy.

Part of theſe benefits it is in every man's power to
cure to himſelf, by aſſigning proper portions of his
e to the examination of the reſt, and by putting him-
f frequently in ſuch a ſituation, by retirement and ab-
ction, as may weaken the influence of external ob-
s. By this practice he may obtain the ſolitude of ad-
ity without its melancholy, its inſtructions without
cenſures, and its ſenſibility without its perturbations.

The neceſſity of ſetting the world at a diſtance from us,
en we are to take a ſurvey of ourſelves, has ſent many
m high ſtations to the ſeverities of a monaſtic life; and,
ced, every man deeply engaged in buſineſs, if all re-
d to another ſtate be not extinguiſhed, muſt have the
viction, though perhaps not the reſolution, of Val-
o, who, when he ſolicited Charles the Fifth to diſ-
s him, being aſked whether he retired upon diſguſt?
ſwered that he laid down his commiſſion for no other
ſon but becauſe *there ought to be ſome time for ſober
flection between the life of a ſoldier and his death.*

There are few conditions which do not entangle us
h ſublunary hopes and fears, from which it is neceſ-
y to be at intervals diſencumbered, that we may place
ſelves in his preſence who views effects in their cauſes,
d actions in their motives; that we may, as Chilling-
rth expreſſes it, conſider things as if there were no
er beings in the world but God and ourſelves; or, to

uſe language yet more awful, *may commune with our hearts, and be ſtill.*

Death, ſays Seneca, falls heavy upon him who is much known to others, and too little to himſelf: Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early reſtorers literature, thought the ſtudy of our own hearts of much importance, that he has recommended it from tomb. '*Sum Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, quem amarunt bonæ muſae, ſuſpexerunt viri probi, honeſtaverunt reges domini; jam ſcis qui ſim, vel qui potius fuerim ego vero te, hoſpes, noſcere in tenebris nequeo, ſed te ſum ut noſcas rogo.*—I am Pontanus, beloved by powers of literature, admired by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou knoweſt now who I am, or more properly who I was. For thee, ſtranger, I who am in darkneſs cannot know thee; but I entreat thee to know thyſelf.'

I hope every reader of this paper will conſider himſelf as engaged to the obſervation of a precept, which the wiſdom and virtue of all ages have concurred to enforce, a precept dictated by philoſophers, inculcated by poets and ratified by ſaints.

No. XXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1750.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet—— HOR.

But God has wiſely hid from human ſight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing recommended with greater frequency among the gayer poets of antiquity, than the ſecu

re poſſeſſion of the preſent hour, and the diſmiſſion
ll the cares which intrude upon our quiet, or hinder,
importunate perturbations, the enjoyment of thoſe
ghts which our condition happens to ſet before us.

The ancient poets are, indeed, by no means unexcep-
able teachers of morality; their precepts are to be
ays conſidered as the ſallies of a genius intent rather
n giving pleaſure than inſtruction, eager to take every
antage of inſinuation; and, provided the paſſions can
engaged on its ſide, very little ſolicitous about the
ſrage of reaſon.

The darkneſs and uncertainty through which the hea-
ns were compelled to wander in the purſuit of happi-
s, may indeed be alledged as an excuſe for many of
ir ſeducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which
moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have
to plead. It is no wonder that ſuch as had no pro-
ſe of another ſtate ſhould eagerly turn their thoughts
on the improvement of that which was before them;
ſurely thoſe who are acquainted with the hopes and
rs of eternity might think it neceſſary to put ſome re-
aint upon their imagination, and reflect, that by echo-
g the ſongs of the ancient bacchanals, and tranſmitting
maxims of paſt debauchery, they not only prove that
y want invention, but virtue; and ſubmit to the ſer-
ity of imitation only to copy that of which the writer,
he was to live now, would often be aſhamed.

Yet, as the errors and follies of a great genius are ſel-
m without ſome radiations of underſtanding, by which
aner minds may be enlightened, the incitements to
aſure are, in thoſe authors, generally mingled with
h reflections upon life, as well deſerve to be conſidered
ſtinctly from the purpoſes for which they are produced,
d to be treaſured up as the ſettled concluſions of exten-
e obſervation, acute ſagacity, and mature experience.

It is not without true judgment that on theſe occaſions
ey often warn their readers againſt enquiries into fu-
rity, and ſolicitude about events which lie hid in cauſes
t unactive, and which time has not brought forward
o the view of reaſon. An idle and thoughtleſs reſign-
ation

ation to chance, without any ſtruggle againſt calamity or endeavour after advantage, is indeed below the dignity of a reaſonable being, in whoſe power Providence has put a great part even of his preſent happineſs; but it ſhews an equal ignorance of our proper ſphere to harraſs our thoughts with conjectures about things not yet in being. How can we regulate events of which we yet know not whether they will ever happen? And why ſhould we think, with painful anxiety, about that on which our thoughts can have no influence?

It is a maxim commonly received, that a wiſe man is never ſurpriſed; and, perhaps, this exemption from aſtoniſhment may be imagined to proceed from ſuch a proſpect into futurity, as give previous intimation of thoſe evils which often fall unexpected upon others that have leſs foreſight. But the truth is, that things to come, except when they approach very nearly, are equally hidden from men of all degrees of underſtanding; and if a wiſe man is not amazed at ſudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but leſs upon futurity. He never conſidered things not yet exiſting as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, nor ever realized non-entities to his mind. He is not ſurpriſed becauſe he is not diſappointed; and he eſcapes diſappointment becauſe he never forms any expectations.

The concern about things to come, that is ſo juſtly cenſured, is not the reſult of thoſe general reflections on the variableneſs of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the univerſal inſecurity of all human acquiſitions, which muſt always be ſuggeſted by the view of the world; but ſuch a deſponding anticipation of misfortune as fixes the mind upon ſcenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominant in every imagination.

Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the ſame nature with jealouſy in love, and ſuſpicion in the general commerce of life; a temper which keeps the man always in alarms, diſpoſes him to judge of every thing in a manner that leaſt favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual ſtratagems of counteraction, wears him out in ſchemes to obviate

riate evils which never threatened him, and at length haps contributes to the production of thoſe miſchiefs, which it had raiſed ſuch dreadful apprehenſions.

It had been uſual in all ages for moraliſts to repreſs ſwellings of vain hope by repreſentations of the innurable caſualties to which life is ſubject, and by inces of the unexpected defeat of the wiſeſt ſchemes of icy, and ſudden ſubverſions of the higheſt eminences greatneſs. It has, perhaps, not been equally obſervthat all theſe examples afford the proper antidote to r as well as to hope, and may be applied with no leſs cacy as conſolations to the timorous, than as reſtraints the proud.

Evil is uncertain in the ſame degree as good; and for reaſon that we ought not to hope too ſecurely, we ght not to fear with too much dejection. The ſtate the world is continually changing, and none can tell reſult of the next viciſſitude. Whatever is afloat in ſtream of time, may, when it is very near us, be ren away by an accidental blaſt, which ſhall happen croſs the general courſe of the current. The ſudden cidents by which the powerful are depreſſed, may fall on thoſe whoſe malice we fear; and the greatneſs by hich we expect to be overborne may become another oof of the falſe flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may come weak, or we grow ſtrong, before our encounter; we may advance againſt each other without ever meetg. There are, indeed, natural evils which we can tter ourſelves with no hopes of eſcaping, and with litle of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended m human malignity, or the oppoſition of rival inteſts, we may always alleviate the terror by conſidering at our perſecutors are weak and ignorant, and mortal e ourſelves.

The misfortunes which ariſe from the concurrence of happy incidents ſhould never be ſuffered to diſturb us fore they happen; becauſe, if the breaſt be once laid en to the dread of mere poſſibilities of miſery, life uſt be given a prey to diſmal ſolicitude, and quiet muſt loſt for ever.

It

It is remarked by old Cornaro, that it is abſurd to
afraid of the natural diſſolution of the body; becau
muſt certainly happen, and can by no caution or art
be avoided. Whether this ſentiment be entirely juſt
ſhall not examine; but certainly, if it be improper to
events which muſt happen, it is yet more evidently c
trary to right reaſon to fear thoſe which may never h
pen, and which, if they ſhould come upon us, we can
reſiſt.

As we ought not to give way to fear, any more th
indulgence to hope, becauſe the objects both of fear a
hope are yet uncertain, ſo we ought not to truſt the
preſentations of one more than of the other, becauſe th
are both equally fallacious; as hope enlarges happine
fear aggravates calamity. It is generally allowed, th
no man ever found the happineſs of poſſeſſion propo
tionate to that expectation which incited his deſire, a
invigorated his purſuit; nor has any man found the ev
of life ſo formidable in reality as they were deſcribed
him by his own imagination: every ſpecies of diſtre
brings with it ſome peculiar ſupports, ſome unforeſe
means of reſiſting, or power of enduring. Taylor juſt
blames ſome pious perſons who indulge their fancies t
much, ſet themſelves, by the force of imagination, in th
place of the ancient martyrs and confeſſors, and queſtio
the validity of their own faith, becauſe they ſhrink at th
thoughts of flames and tortures. 'It is,' ſays he, 'ſuffi
'cient that you are able to encounter the temptation
'which now aſſault you; when God ſends trials, he ma
'ſend ſtrength.'

All fear is in itſelf painful; and, when it conduces no
to ſafety, is painful without uſe. Every conſideration
therefore, by which groundleſs terrors may be remove
adds ſomething to human happineſs. It is likewiſe no
unworthy of remark, that in proportion as our cares a
employed upon the future, they are abſtracted from th
preſent, from the only time which we can call our own
and of which, if we neglect the duties to make proviſio
againſt viſionary attacks, we ſhall certainly counteract
our own purpoſe; for he, doubtleſs, miſtakes his true in

tereſt

, who thinks that he can increaſe his ſafety when he irs his virtue.

No. XXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1750.

——————Vultus ubi tuus
Affulſit populo, gratior it dies,
Et ſoles melius nitent. HOR.

Whene'er thy countenance divine
Th' attendant people cheers,
The genial ſuns more radiant ſhine,
The day more glad appears. ELPHINSTON.

Mr. Rambler,

HERE are few taſks more ungrateful than for perſons of modeſty to ſpeak their own praiſes. In ſome es, however, this muſt be done for the general good; d a generous ſpirit will on ſuch occaſions aſſert its rit, and vindicate itſelf with becoming warmth.

My circumſtances, Sir, are very hard and peculiar. uld the world be brought to treat me as I deſerve, it uld be a public benefit. This makes me apply to u, that my caſe being fairly ſtated in a paper ſo gene- y eſteemed, I may ſuffer no longer from ignorant and ldiſh prejudices.

My elder brother was a Jew. A very reſpectable ſon, but ſomewhat auſtere in his manner: highly and ervedly valued by his near relations and intimates, but erly unfit for mixing in a larger ſociety, or gaining a neral acquaintance among mankind. In a venerable age he retired from the world, and I in the bloom of uth came into it, ſucceeding him in all his dignities; d formed, as I might reaſonably flatter myſelf, to be object of univerſal love and eſteem. Joy and glad- s were born with me; cheerfulneſs, good humour, d benevolence, always attended and endeared my in- ncy. That time is long paſt. So long, that idle aginations are apt to fancy me wrinkled, old, and diſ-

agreeable;

agreeable; but, unleſs my looking-glaſs deceives me, have not yet loſt one charm, one beauty of my early years. However, thus far is too certain, I am to every body juſt what they chuſe to think me, ſo that to very few I appear in my right ſhape; and, though naturally I am the friend of human kind, to few, very few comparatively, am I uſeful or agreeable.

This is the more grievous, as it is utterly impoſſible for me to avoid being in all ſorts of places and companies; and I am therefore liable to meet with perpetual affronts and injuries. Though I have as natural an antipathy to cards and dice as ſome people have to a cat, many and many an aſſembly am I forced to endure; and though reſt and compoſure are my peculiar joy, am worn out and harraſſed to death with journies by men and women of quality, who never take one but when I can be the party. Some, on a contrary extreme, will never receive me but in bed, where they ſpend at leaſt half of the time I have to ſtay with them; and others are ſo monſtrously ill-bred as to take phyſic on purpoſe when they have reaſon to expect me. Thoſe who keep upon terms of more politeneſs with me, are generally ſo cold and conſtrained in their behaviour, that I cannot but perceive myſelf an unwelcome gueſt; and even among perſons deſerving of eſteem, and who certainly have a value for me, it is too evident that, generally, whenever I come I throw a dulneſs over the whole company, that I am entertained with a formal ſtiff civility, and that they are glad when I am fairly gone.

How bitter muſt this kind of reception be to one formed to inſpire delight, admiration, and love! To one capable of anſwering and rewarding the greateſt warmth and delicacy of ſentiments!

I was bred up among a ſet of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmoſt honour and reſpect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and ſtrange viciſſitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in England there was a time when I lived according to my heart's deſire. Whenever I appeared, public aſſemblies appointed

r my former reception were crowded with perſons of uality and faſhion, early dreſt as for a court, to pay me eir devoirs. Cheerful hoſpitality everywhere crowned y board, and I was looked upon in every country pariſh a kind of ſocial bond between the 'ſquire, the parſon, nd the tenants. The laborious poor everywhere bleſt y appearance: they do ſo ſtill, and keep their beſt orſes to do me honour; though as much as I delight the honeſt country-folks, they do now and then throw pot of ale at my head; and ſometimes an unlucky boy ill drive his cricket-ball full in my face.

Even in theſe my beſt days, there were perſons who ought me too demure and grave. I muſt, forſooth, by l means be inſtructed by foreign maſters, and taught to ance and play. This method of education was ſo con- ary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertain- ents, that it did not ſucceed at all.

I fell next into the hands of a very different ſet. hey were ſo exceſſively ſcandalized at the gaiety of my ppearance, as not only to deſpoil me of the foreign fop- eries, the paint and the patches, that I had been tricked ut with by my laſt misjudging tutors, but they robbed e of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy een uſed to gather in the fields and gardens; nay, they acked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of ourning, and that too very coarſe and awkward. I as now obliged to ſpend my whole life in hearing ler- ons; nor permitted ſo much as to ſmile upon any oc- aſion.

In this melancholy diſguiſe I became a perfect bugbear o all children and young folks. Wherever I came there as a general huſh and immediate ſtop to all pleaſant- ſs of look or diſcourſe; and not being permitted to lk with them in my own language at that time, they ook ſuch a diſguſt to me in thoſe tedious hours of yawn- g, that having tranſmitted it to their children, I can- ot now be heard, though it is long ſince I have reco- ered my natural form and pleaſing tone of voice. Would they but receive my viſits kindly, and liſten to hat I could tell them—let me ſay it without vanity—

how charming a companion ſhould I be! to every one could I talk on the ſubjects moſt intereſting and moſt pleaſing. With the great and ambitious I would diſcourſe of honours and advancements, of diſtinctions which the whole world ſhould be witneſs, of unenvied dignities and durable preferments. To the rich I would tell of inexhauſtible treaſures, and the ſure method to ob-tain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the beſt intereſt; and inſtruct the lovers of pleaſure how to ſecure and improve it to the higheſt degree. The beauty ſhould learn of me how to preſerve an everlaſting bloom. To the afflicted I would adminiſter comfort and relaxation to the buſy.

As I dare promiſe myſelf you will atteſt the truth of all I have advanced, there is no doubt but many will be deſirous of improving their acquaintance with me; and that I may not be thought too difficult, I will tell you, in ſhort, how I wiſh to be received.

You muſt know, I equally hate lazy idleneſs and hurry. I would everywhere be welcomed, at a tolera-bly early hour, with decent good-humour and gratitude. I muſt be attended in the great halls, peculiarly appro-priated to me with reſpect: but I do not inſiſt upon finery; propriety of appearance, and perfect neatneſs at all. I muſt at dinner be treated with a temperate, but cheerful ſocial meal; both the neighbours and the poor ſhould be the better for me. Some time I muſt have tête-à-tête with my kind entertainers; and the reſt of my viſit ſhould be ſpent in pleaſant walks and airings among ſets of agreeable people, in ſuch diſcourſe as I ſhall na-turally dictate; or in reading ſome few ſelected out of thoſe numberleſs books that are dedicated to me, and ſigned by my name. A name that, alas! as the world ſtands at preſent, makes them oftener thrown aſide than taken up. As thoſe converſations and books ſhould be both well choſen, to give ſome advice on that head may poſ-ſibly furniſh you with a future paper: and any thing you ſhall offer on my behalf will be of great ſervice to good Mr. Rambler, your faithful friend and ſervant.

SUNDAY.

No. XXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1750.

Non ego mendoſos auſim defendere mores,
Falſaque pro vitiis arma tenere meis. OVID.

Corrupted manners I ſhall ne'er defend;
Nor, falſely witty, for my faults contend.

ELPHINSTONE.

THOUGH the fallibility of man's reaſon, and the narrowneſs of his knowledge, are very liberally confeſſed, yet the conduct of thoſe who ſo willingly admit the weakneſs of human nature, ſeems to diſcern that this acknowledgment is not altogether ſincere; at leaſt, that they moſt make it with a tacit reſerve in favour of themſelves, and that with whatever eaſe they give up the claim of their neighbours, they are deſirous of being thought exempt from faults in their own conduct, and from error in their own opinions.

The certain and obſtinate oppoſition which we may obſerve made to confutation, however clear, and to reproof, however tender, is an undoubted argument, that ſome dormant privilege is thought to be attacked, for as no man can loſe what he neither poſſeſſes nor imagines himſelf to poſſeſs, or be defrauded of that to which he has no right, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that thoſe who break out into fury at the ſofteſt contradiction, or the lighteſt cenſure, ſince they apparently conclude themſelves injured, muſt fancy ſome ancient immunity violated, or ſome natural prerogative invaded. To be miſtaken, if they thought themſelves liable to miſtake, would not be conſidered as either ſhameful or wonderful; and they would not receive with ſo much emotion intelligence which only informed them of what they knew before, nor ſtruggle with ſuch earneſtneſs againſt an attack that deprived them of nothing to which they held themſelves entitled.

It is related of one of the philoſophers, that when an account was brought him of his ſon's death, he received

it only with this reflection—'I knew that my ſon was
'mortal.' He that is convinced of an error, if he has
the ſame knowledge of his own weakneſs, would inſtead
of ſtraining for artifices, and brooding malignity, only
regard ſuch overſights as the appendages of humanity,
and pacify himſelf with conſidering that he had always
known man to be a fallible being.

If it be true that moſt of our paſſions are excited by
the novelty of objects, there is little reaſon for doubting
that to be conſidered as ſubject to fallacies of ratiocina-
tion, or imperfection of knowledge, is to a great part
of mankind entirely new; for it is impoſſible to fall into
any company where there is not ſome regular and eſta-
bliſhed ſubordination, without finding rage and vehe-
mence produced only by difference of ſentiments about
things in which neither of the diſputants have any other
intereſt than what proceeds from their mutual unwilling-
neſs to give way to any opinion that may bring upon them
the diſgrace of being wrong.

I have heard of one, that having advanced ſome erro-
neous doctrines in philoſophy, refuſed to ſee the experi-
ments by which they were confuted: and the obſervation
of every day will give new proofs with how much in-
duſtry ſubterfuges and evaſions are ſought to decline the
preſſure of reſiſtleſs arguments, how often the ſtate of the
queſtion is altered, how often the antagoniſt is wilfully
miſrepreſented, and in how much perplexity the cleareſt
poſitions are involved by thoſe whom they happen to op-
poſe.

Of all mortals, none ſeem to have been more infected
with this ſpecies of vanity than the race of writers, whoſe
reputation ariſing ſolely from their underſtanding, gives
them a very delicate ſenſibility of any violence attempted
on their literary honour. It is not unpleaſing to remark
with what ſolicitude men of acknowledged abilities will
endeavour to palliate abſurdities and reconcile contra-
dictions, only to obviate criticiſms to which all human
performances muſt ever be expoſed, and from which they
can never ſuffer, but when they teach the world by a
vain

ain and ridiculous impatience, to think them of im-ortance.

Dryden, whoſe warmth of fancy and haſte of compo-ition very frequently hurried him into inaccurac es, eard himſelf ſometimes expoſed to ridicule for having id in one of his tragedies—

I follow fate, which does too faſt purſue.

That no man could at once follow and be followed, was, may be thought, too plain to be long diſputed; and the ruth is, that Dryden was apparently betrayed into the lunder by the double meaning of the word Fate, to hich in the former part of the verſe he had annexed the ea of Fortune, and in the latter that of Death; ſo that he ſenſe only was, *though purſued by Death, I will not efign myſelf to deſpair, but will follow Fortune, and do nd ſuffer what is appointed.* This, however, was not ompletely expreſſed; and Dryden being determined not o give way to his critics, never confeſſed that he had een ſurpriſed by an ambiguity; but finding luckily in Virgil an account of a man moving in a circle, with this xpreſſion—'*Et ſe ſequiturque fugitque*'—'Here,' ſays he, is the paſſage in imitation of which I wrote the line that my critics were pleaſed to condemn as nonſenſe; not but I may ſometimes write nonſenſe, though they have not the fortune to find it.'

Every one ſees the folly of ſuch mean doublings to ſcape the purſuit of criticiſm; nor is there a ſingle reader of this poet who would not have paid him greater vene-ation, had he ſhewn conſciouſneſs enough of his own uperiority to ſet ſuch cavils at defiance, and owned that e ſometimes ſlipped into errors by the tumult of his magination, and the multitude of his ideas.

It is happy when this temper diſcovers itſelf only in ittle things, which may be right or wrong without any nfluence on the virtue or happineſs of mankind. We may, with very little inquietude, ſee a man perſiſt in a roject which he has found to be impracticable, live in an nconvenient houſe becauſe it was contrived by himſelf,

or wear a coat of a particular cut, in hopes by perſeverance to bring it into faſhion. Theſe are indeed follies, but they are only follies; and, however wild or ridiculous, can very little affect others.

But ſuch pride, once indulged, too frequently operates upon more important objects, and inclines men not only to vindicate their errors, but their vices; to perſiſt in practices which their own hearts condemn, only leſt they ſhould ſeem to feel reproaches, or be made wiſer by the advice of others; or to ſearch for ſophiſms tending to the confuſion of all principles, and the evacuation of all duties, that they may not appear to act what they are not able to defend.

Let every man who finds vanity ſo far predominant as to betray him to the danger of this laſt degree of corruption, pauſe a moment to conſider what will be the conſequences of the plea which he is about to offer for a practice to which he knows himſelf not led at firſt by reaſon, but impelled by the violence of deſire, ſurprized by the ſuddenneſs of paſſion, or ſeduced by the ſoft approaches of temptation, and by imperceptible gradations of guilt. Let him conſider what he is going to commit, by forcing his underſtanding to patroniſe thoſe appetites which it is its chief buſineſs to hinder and reform.

The cauſe of virtue requires ſo little art to defend it, and good and evil, when they have been once ſhewn, are ſo eaſily diſtinguiſhed, that ſuch apologiſts ſeldom gain proſelytes to their party, nor have their fallacies power to deceive any but thoſe whoſe deſires have clouded their diſcernment. All that the beſt faculties thus employed can perform is, to perſuade the hearers that the man is hopeleſs whom they only thought vicious, that corruption has paſſed from his manners to his principles, that all endeavours for his recovery are without proſpect of ſucceſs, and that nothing remains but to avoid him as infectious, or hunt him down as deſtructive.

But if it be ſuppoſed that he may impoſe on his audience by partial repreſentations of conſequences, intricate deductions of remote cauſes, or perplexed combinations of ideas, which, having various relations, appear different

viewed on different ſides; that he may ſometimes zzle the weak and well-meaning, and now and then duce, by the admiration of his abilities, a young mind ll fluctuating in unſettled notions, and neither fortified inſtruction nor enlightened by experience; yet what uſt be the event of ſuch a triumph? A man cannot nd all his life in frolic: age, or diſeaſe, or ſolitude, ll bring ſome hours of ſerious conſideration; and it ll then afford no comfort to think that he has extended e dominion of vice, that he has loaded himſelf with the mes of others, and can never know the extent of his n wickedneſs, or make reparation for the miſchief that has cauſed. There is not, perhaps in all the ſtores ideal anguiſh, a thought more painful than the conouſneſs of having propagated corruption by vitiating inciples, of having not only drawn others from the paths virtue, but blocked up the way by which they ſhould turn, of having blinded them to every beauty but e paint of pleaſure, and deafened them to every call t the alluring voice of the ſyrens of deſtruction.

There is yet another danger in this practice: men ho cannot deceive others are very often ſucceſsful in ceiving themſelves; they weave their ſophiſtry till their n reaſon is entangled, and repeat their poſitions till ey are credited by themſelves; by often contending ey grow ſincere in the cauſe, and by long wiſhing for monſtrative arguments, they at laſt bring themſelves to ncy that they have found them. They are then at the rmoſt verge of wickedneſs, and may die without hav- that light rekindled in their minds which their own ide and contumacy have extinguiſhed.

The men who can be charged with feweſt failings, ei- er with reſpect to abilities or virtue, are generally moſt dy to allow them: for, not to dwell on things of ſo- nn and awful conſideration, the humility of confeſſors, e tears of ſaints, and the dying terrors of perſons emi- nt for piety and innocence, it is well known that Cæſar rote an account of the errors committed by him in his ars of Gaul; and that Hippocrates, whoſe name is per- ps in rational eſtimation greater than Cæſar's, warned oſterity againſt a miſtake into which he had fallen.

So

'So much,' ſays Celſus, 'does the open and artleſs con-
'feſſion of an error become a man, conſcious that he has
'enough remaining to ſupport his character.'

As all error is meanneſs, it is incumbent on every man who conſults his own dignity, to retract it as ſoon as he diſcovers it, without fearing any cenſure ſo much as that of his own mind. As juſtice requires that all injuries ſhould be repaired, it is the duty of him who has ſeduced others by bad practices, or falſe notions, to endeavour that ſuch as have adopted his errors ſhould know his retraction, and that thoſe who have learned vice by his example, ſhould by his example be taught amendment.

No. XXXII. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1750.

Ὅσσά τε δαιμονίῃσι τύχαις βροτοὶ ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν,
ἕων ἂν μοῖραν ἐχῃο, πράως φέρε, μηδ' ἀγανάκτει·
Ἰᾶσθαι δὲ πρέπει κάθοσον δυνίῃ. PYTHAG.

Of all the woes that load the mortal ſtate,
Whate'er thy portion, mildly meet thy fate;
But eaſe it as thou can'ſt———

ELPHINSTON.

SO large a part of human life paſſes in a ſtate contrary to our natural deſires, that one of the principal topics of moral inſtruction is the art of bearing calamities. And ſuch is the certainty of evil, that it is the duty of every man to furniſh his mind with thoſe principles that may enable him to act under it with decency and propriety.

The ſect of ancient philoſophers that boaſted to have carried this neceſſary ſcience to the higheſt perfection, were the Stoics, or ſcholars of Zeno, whoſe wild enthuſiaſtic virtue pretended to an exemption from the ſenſibilities of unenlightened mortals, and who proclaimed themſelves exalted, by the doctrines of their ſect, above the reach of thoſe miſeries which embitter life to the reſt of the world. They therefore removed pain, poverty, loſs of friends, exile, and violent death, from the catalogue of evils; and paſſed, in their haughty ſtyle, a kind

irreverſible decree, by which they forbade them to be unted any longer among the objects of terror or anxiety, to give any diſturbance to the tranquillity of a wiſe an.

This edict was, I think, not univerſally obſerved; for ough one of the more reſolute, when he was tortured a violent diſeaſe, cried out, that let pain harraſs him to utmoſt power, it ſhould never force him to conſider it other than indifferent and neutral: yet all had not bbornneſs to hold out againſt their ſenſes; for a aker pupil of Zeno is recorded to have confeſſed, in anguiſh of the gout, that *he now found pain to be an il.*

It may however be queſtioned, whether theſe philo-hers can be very properly numbered among the achers of patience; for if pain be not an evil, there ems no inſtruction requiſite how it may be borne; and erefore, when they endeavour to arm their followers ith arguments againſt it, they may be thought to have ven up their firſt poſition. But ſuch inconſiſtencies are be expected from the greateſt underſtandings, when ey endeavour to grow eminent by ſingularity, and em-oy their ſtrength in eſtabliſhing opinions oppoſite to ture.

The controverſy about the reality of external evils is w at an end. That life has many miſeries, and that oſe miſeries are, ſometimes at leaſt, equal to all the wers of fortitude, is now univerſally confeſſed; and erefore it is uſeful to conſider not only how we may cape them, but by what means thoſe which either the cidents of affairs or the infirmities of nature muſt ing upon us, may be mitigated and lightened, and how may make thoſe hours leſs wretched, which the con-tion of our preſent exiſtence will not allow to be very ppy.

The cure for the greateſt part of human miſeries is t radical, but palliative. Infelicity is involved in cor-real nature, and interwoven with our being; all at-mpts therefore to decline it wholly are uſeleſs and vain: e armies of pain ſend their arrows againſt us on every ſide,

ſide, the choice is only between thoſe which are more
leſs ſharp, or tinged with poiſon of greater or leſs mal
nity; and the ſtrongeſt armour which reaſon can ſupp
will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them.

The great remedy which Heaven has put in our han
is patience; by which, though we cannot leſſen the m
ments of the body, we can in a great meaſure preſer
the peace of the mind, and ſhall ſuffer only the natur
and genuine force of an evil, without heightening it
acrimony, or prolonging its effects.

There is indeed nothing more unſuitable to the natur
of man in any calamity than rage and turbulence, whi
without examining whether they are not ſometimes im
pious, are at leaſt always offenſive, and incline other
rather to hate and deſpiſe than to pity and aſſiſt us.
what we ſuffer has been brought upon us by ourſelves,
is obſerved by an ancient poet, that patience is eminent
our duty, ſince no one ſhould be angry at feeling tha
which he has deſerved.

Leniter ex merito quicquid patiare ferendum eſt.

Let pain deſerv'd without complaint be borne.

And ſurely, if we are conſcious that we have not contri
buted to our own ſufferings, if puniſhment falls upon in
nocence, or diſappointment happens to induſtry and pru
dence, patience, whether more neceſſary or not, is much
eaſier, ſince our pain is then without aggravation, and we
have not the bitterneſs of remorſe to add to the aſperi
of misfortune.

In thoſe evils which are allotted us by Providence,
ſuch as deformity, privation of any of the ſenſes, or old
age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can
have no preſent effect but to deprive us of the conſola
tions which our condition admits, by driving away from
us thoſe by whoſe converſation or advice we might be
amuſed or helped; and that, with regard to futurity, it is
yet leſs to be juſtified, ſince, without leſſening the pain,
it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he by whom
it is inflicted will confer upon them that bear it well.

L

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be ...ided, becauſe it waſtes that time and attention in com...ints, that, if properly applied, might remove the cauſe. ...renne, among the acknowledgments which he uſed to ... in converſation to the memory of thoſe by whom he ...d been inſtructed in the art of war, mentioned one ...h honour, who taught him not to ſpend his time in ...gretting any miſtake which he had made, but to ſet ...mſelf immediately and vigorouſly to repair it.

Patience and ſubmiſſion are very carefully to be diſtin...iſhed from cowardice and indolence. We are not to ...ine, but we may lawfully ſtruggle; for the calamities ...life, like the neceſſities of nature, are calls to labour ...d exerciſes of diligence. When we feel any preſſures ...diſtreſs, we are not to conclude that we can only obey ...e will of Heaven by languiſhing under it, any more ...an when we perceive the pain of thirſt we are to ima...ne that water is prohibited. Of misfortune it never ...n be certainly known whether, as proceeding from the ...nd of God, it is an act of favour or of puniſhment: ...t ſince all the ordinary diſpenſations of Providence are ... be interpreted according to the general analogy of ...ings, we may conclude that we have a right to remove ...e inconvenience as well as another; that we are only ... take care leſt we purchaſe eaſe with guilt; and that ...r Maker's purpoſe, whether of reward or ſeverity, will ... anſwered by the labours which he lays us under the ...ceſſity of performing.

This duty is not more difficult in any ſtate than in ...ſeaſes intenſely painful, which may indeed ſuffer ſuch ...acerbations as ſeem to ſtrain the powers of life to their ...moſt ſtretch, and leave very little of the attention va...nt to precept or reproof. In this ſtate the nature of ...an requires ſome indulgence; and every extravagance ...t impiety may be eaſily forgiven him. Yet, leſt we ...ould think ourſelves too ſoon entitled to the mourn...l privileges of irreſiſtible miſery, it is proper to re...ct, that the utmoſt anguiſh which human wit can ...ntrive, or human malice can inflict, has been ...ne with conſtancy; and that if the pains of diſ...e be, as I believe they are, ſometimes greater than

thoſe

thoſe of artificial torture, they are therefore in their ow
nature ſhorter, the vital frame is quickly broken, or t
union between ſoul and body is for a time ſuſpended b
inſenſibility, and we ſoon ceaſe to feel our maladies wh
they once become too violent to be borne. I think
there is ſome reaſon for queſtioning whether the bod
and mind are not ſo proportioned, that the one can be
all that can be inflicted on the other, whether virtue can
not ſtand its ground as long as life, and whether a ſou
well principled will not be ſeparated ſooner than ſub
dued.

In calamities which operate chiefly on our paſſions
ſuch as diminution of fortune, loſs of friends, or declen
ſion of character, the chief danger of impatience is upo
the firſt attack, and many expedients have been contrived
by which the blow may be broken. Of theſe the mo
general precept is, not to take pleaſure in any thing o
which it is not in our power to ſecure the poſſeſſion t
ourſelves. This counſel, when we conſider the enjoy
ment of any terreſtrial advantage as oppoſite to a con
ſtant and habitual ſolicitude for future felicity, is un
doubtedly juſt, and delivered by that authority which
cannot be diſputed; but in any other ſenſe, is it not like
advice not to walk leſt we ſhould ſtumble, or not to ſee
leſt our eyes ſhould light upon deformity? It ſeems to m
reaſonable to enjoy bleſſings with confidence, as well a
to reſign them with ſubmiſſion, and to hope for the conti
nuance of good which we poſſeſs without inſolence o
voluptuouſneſs, as for the reſtitution of that which w
loſe without deſpondency or murmurs.

The chief ſecurity againſt the fruitleſs anguiſh of im
patience muſt ariſe from frequent reflection on the wi
dom and goodneſs of the God of nature, in whoſe hand
are riches and poverty, honour and diſgrace, pleaſure an
pain, and life and death. A ſettled conviction of th
tendency of every thing to our good, and of the poſſibi
lity of turning miſeries into happineſs, by receiving them
rightly, will incline us to *bleſs the name of the Lord, whe
ther he gives or takes away.*

No. XXXIII

No. XXXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1750.

Quod caret alterna requie durabile non eſt. OVID.

Alternate reſt and labour long endure.

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to thoſe who are verſed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and ſimplicity unadulterated, mankind were happy in the enjoyment of continual pleaſure, and conſtant plenty, under the protection of Reſt; a gentle divinity, who required of her worſhippers neither altars nor ſacrifices, and whoſe rites were only performed by proſtrations upon turfs of flowers in ſhades of jaſmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this eaſy government the firſt generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual ſpring, eat the fruits which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and ſlept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds ſinging over their heads, and the beaſts ſporting about them. But by degrees they began to loſe their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was deſirous of appropriating part to himſelf. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after, Pride and Envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new ſtandard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themſelves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to conſider themſelvs as poor, when they beheld their own poſſeſſions exceeded by thoſe of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, becauſe only one could have moſt, and that one was always in danger, leſt the ſame arts by which he had ſupplanted others ſhould be practiſed upon himſelf.

Amidſt the prevalence of this corruption, the ſtate of the earth was changed; the year was divided into ſeaſons; part of the ground became barren, and the reſt yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The ſummer

and autumn indeed furniſhed a coarſe and inelegant ſu
ficiency, but winter was without any relief; Famin
with a thouſand diſeaſes, which the inclemency of t
air invited into the upper regions, made havoc amo
men; and there appeared to be danger leſt they ſhou
be deſtroyed before they were reformed.

To oppoſe the devaſtations of Famine, who ſcatter
the ground everywhere with carcaſes, Labour came do
upon earth. Labour was the ſon of Neceſſity, the nur
ling of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the ſtreng
of his mother, the ſpirit of his nurſe, and the dexter
of his governeſs. His face was wrinkled with the wi
and ſwarthy with the ſun: he had the implements
huſbandry in one hand, with which he turned up th
earth, in the other he had the tools of architecture, an
raiſed walls and towers at his pleaſure. He called o
with a rough voice—'Mortals! ſee here the power
'whom you are conſigned, and from whom you are
'hope for all your pleaſures and all your ſafety. Yo
'have long languiſhed under the dominion of Reſt, a
'impotent and deceitful goddeſs, who can neither protec
'nor relieve you, but reſigns you to the firſt attacks o
'either Famine or Diſeaſe, and ſuffers her ſhades to b
'invaded by every enemy, and deſtroyed by every acci
'dent.

'Awake therefore to the call of Labour. I will teach
'you to remedy the ſterility of the earth, and the ſeveri
'of the ſky; I will compel ſummer to find proviſions fo
'the winter; I will force the waters to give you the
'fiſh, the air its fowls, and the foreſt its beaſts; I will
'teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth, and bring
'out from the caverns of the mountains metals which
'ſhall give ſtrength to your hands, and ſecurity to your
'bodies, by which you may be covered from the aſſaults
'of the fierceſt beaſts and with which you ſhall fell the
'oak, and divide rocks, and ſubject all nature to your
'uſe and pleaſure.'

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inha-
bitants of the globe conſidered Labour as their only
friend, and haſted to his command. He led them o
to

the fields and mountains, and ſhewed them how to
en mines, to level hills, to drain marſhes, and change
e courſe of rivers. The face of things was immedi-
ly transformed; the land was covered with towns and
llages, encompaſſed with fields of corn, and plantations
fruit-trees; and nothing was ſeen but heaps of grain
d baſkets of fruit, full tables, and crowded ſtore-
uſes.

Thus Labour and his followers added every hour new
quiſitions to their conqueſts, and ſaw Famine gradually
poſſeſſed of his dominions; till at laſt, amidſt their
lity and triumphs, they were depreſſed and amazed
the approach of Laſſitude, who was known by her
k eyes and dejected countenance. She came forward
mbling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all
oſe that beheld her loſt their courage, their nerves
ckened, their hands ſhook, and the inſtruments of La-
ur fell from their graſp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom, they reflected with
ret on their eaſy compliance with the ſolicitations of
bour, and began to wiſh again for the golden hours
ich they remembered to have paſſed under the reign
Reſt, whom they reſolved again to viſit, and to whom
y intended to dedicate the remaining part of their
es. Reſt had not left the world; they quickly found
; and, to atone for their former deſertion, invited
to the enjoyment of thoſe acquiſitions which Labour
d procured them.

Reſt therefore took leave of the groves and vallies,
ich ſhe had hitherto inhabited, and entered into pa-
es, repoſed herſelf in alcoves, and ſlumbered away
winter upon beds of down, and the ſummer in arti-
al grottos, with caſcades playing before her. There
s indeed always ſomething wanting to complete her
city; and ſhe could never lull her returning fugitives
that ſerenity which they knew before their engage-
nts with Labour: nor was her dominion entirely
thout controul, for ſhe was obliged to ſhare it with
xury, though ſhe always looked upon her as a falſe

friend, by whom her influence was in reality destroy
while it ſeemed to be promoted.

The two ſoft aſſociates, however, reigned for ſom
time without viſible diſagreement, till at laſt Luxury b
trayed her charge, and let in Diſeaſe to ſeize upon h
worſhippers. Reſt then flew away, and left the pla
to the uſurpers; who employed all their arts to fort
themſelves in their poſſeſſion, and to ſtrengthen the i
tereſt of each other.

Reſt had not always the ſame enemy: in ſome pla
ſhe eſcaped the incurſions of Diſeaſe; but had her re
ſidence invaded by a more ſlow and ſubtle intruder; h
very frequently, when every thing was compoſed an
quiet; when there was neither pain within, nor dang
without; when every flower was in bloom, and ever
gale freighted with perfumes, Satiety would enter wi
a languiſhing and repining look, and throw herſelf upo
the couch, placed and adorned for the accommodation o
Reſt. No ſooner was ſhe ſeated than a general gloo
ſpread itſelf on every ſide; the groves immediately lo
their verdure, and their inhabitants deſiſted from the
melody, the breeze ſunk in ſighs, and the flowers co
tracted their leaves, and ſhut up their odours. Nothi
was ſeen on every ſide but multitudes wandering abou
they knew not whither, in queſt they knew not of wha
no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned a
pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

Reſt had now loſt her authority. Her followers agai
began to treat her with contempt; ſome of them unit
themſelves more cloſely to Luxury, who promiſed by h
arts to drive Satiety away; and others, that were mo
wiſe, or had more fortitude, went back again to Labou
by whom they were indeed protected from Satiety, bu
delivered up in time to Laſſitude, and forced by her t
the bowers of Reſt.

Thus Reſt and Labour equally perceived their rei
of ſhort duration and uncertain tenure, and their empi
liable to inroads from thoſe who were alike enemies t
both. They each found their ſubjects unfaithful, an
ready to deſert them upon every opportunity. Labo
fa

RAMBLER, VOL. 1. N°. 34.
"female cowardice displayed."

Thurston del. White Sculp.
Engraved for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, May 30. 1793.

saw the riches which he had given, always carried away as an offering to Reſt; and Reſt found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of Labour. They, therefore, at laſt determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately; allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promiſed to guard the frontiers of each other; ſo that, whenever hoſtilities were attempted, Satiety ſhould be intercepted by Labour, and Laſſitude expelled by Reſt. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeaſed; and as hatred is often ſucceeded by its contrary, Reſt afterwards became pregnant by Labour, and was delivered of Health; a benevolent goddeſs, who conſolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular viciſſitudes of their reign, by diſpenſing her gifts to thoſe only who ſhared their lives in juſt proportions between Reſt and Labour.

No XXXIV. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1750.

——Non ſine vano
Aurarum et ſilvæ metu.—— HOR.

Alarm'd with every riſing gale,
In ev'ry wood, in ev'ry vale. ELPHINSTON.

I Have been cenſured for having hitherto dedicated ſo few of my ſpeculations to the ladies; and indeed the moraliſt whoſe inſtructions are accommodated only to one half of the human ſpecies, muſt be confeſſed not ſufficiently to have extended his views. Yet, it is to be conſidered, that maſculine duties afford more room for counſels and obſervations, as they are leſs uniform, and connected with things more ſubject to viciſſitude and accident; we therefore find that, in philoſophical diſcourſes which teach by precept, or hiſtorical narratives that inſtruct by example, the peculiar virtues or faults of women fill but a ſmall part; perhaps generally too ſmall;

for ſo much of our domeſtic happineſs is in their hands, and their influence is ſo great upon our earlieſt years, that the univerſal intereſt of the world requires them to be well inſtructed in their province; nor can it be thought proper that the qualities by which ſo much pain or pleaſure may be given, ſhould be left to the direction of chance.

I have, therefore, willingly given a place in my paper to a letter, which perhaps may not be wholly uſeleſs to them whoſe chief ambition is to pleaſe, as it ſhews how certainly the end is miſſed by abſurd and injudicious endeavours at diſtinction.

To the Rambler.

Sir,

I AM a young gentleman at my own diſpoſal, with a conſiderable eſtate; and having paſſed through the common forms of education, ſpent ſome time in foreign countries, and made myſelf diſtinguiſhed ſince my return in the politeſt company, I am now arrived at that part of life in which every man is expected to ſettle, and provide for the continuation of his lineage. I withſtood for ſome time the ſolicitations and remonſtrances of my aunts and uncles, but at laſt was perſuaded to viſit Anthea, an heireſs, whoſe land lies contiguous to mine, and whoſe birth and beauty are without objection. Our friends declared that we were born for each other; all thoſe on both ſides who had no intereſt in hindering our union contributed to promote it, and were conſpiring to hurry us into matrimony before we had an opportunity of knowing one another. I was, however, too old to be given away without my own conſent; and having happened to pick up an opinion, which to many of my relations ſeemed extremely odd, that a man might be unhappy with a large eſtate, determined to obtain a nearer knowledge of the perſon with whom I was to paſs the remainder of my time. To protract the courtſhip was by no means difficult, for Anthea had a wonderful facility of evading queſtions which I ſeldom repeated, and

of barring approaches which I had no great eagerneſs to preſs.

Thus the time paſſed away in viſits and civilities, without any ardent profeſſions of love, or formal offers of ſettlements. I often attended her to public places; in which, as is well known, all behaviour is ſo much regulated by cuſtom, that very little inſight can be gained into the private character, and therefore I was not yet able to inform myſelf of her humour and inclinations.

At laſt I ventured to propoſe to her to make one of a ſmall party, and ſpend a day in viewing a ſeat and gardens a few miles diſtant; and having, upon her compliance, collected the reſt of the company, I brought at the hour a coach which I had borrowed from an acquaintance, having delayed to buy one myſelf, till I ſhould have an opportunity of taking the lady's opinion for whoſe uſe it was intended. Anthea came down; but as ſhe was going to ſtep into the coach, ſtarted back with great appearance of terrror, and told us that ſhe durſt not enter, for the ſhocking colour of the lining had ſo much the air of the mourning-coach in which ſhe followed her aunt's funeral three years before, that ſhe ſhould never have her poor dear aunt out of her head.

I knew that it was not for lovers to argue with their miſtreſſes; I therefore ſent back the coach, and got another more gay. Into this we all entered, the coachman began to drive, and we were amuſing ourſelves with the expectation of what we ſhould ſee, when, upon a ſmall inclination of the carriage, Anthea ſcreamed out, that we were overthrown. We were obliged to fix all our attention upon her, which ſhe took care to keep up by renewing her outcries at every corner where we had occaſion to turn: at intervals ſhe entertained us with fretful complaints of the uneaſineſs of the coach, and obliged me to call ſeveral times on the coachman to take care and drive without jolting. The poor fellow endeavoured to pleaſe us, and therefore moved very ſlowly, till Anthea found out that this pace would only keep us longer on the ſtones, and deſired that I would order him to make more ſpeed. He whipped his horſes, the coach jolted

jolted again, and Anthea very complaiſantly told us how much ſhe repented that ſhe made one of our company.

At laſt we got into the ſmooth road, and began to think our difficulties at an end, when, on a ſudden, Anthea ſaw a brook before us, which ſhe could not venture to paſs. We were, therefore, obliged to alight, that we might walk over the bridge; but when we came to it, we found it ſo narrow, that Anthea durſt not ſet her foot upon it, and was content, after long conſultation, to call the coach back; and with innumerable precautions, terrors, and lamentations, croſſed the brook.

It was neceſſary after this delay to amend our pace; and directions were accordingly given to the coachman, when Anthea informed us, that it was common for the axle to catch fire with a quick motion, and begged of me to look out every minute leſt we ſhould all be conſumed. I was forced to obey, and gave her from time to time the moſt ſolemn declarations that all was ſafe, and that I hoped we ſhould reach the place without loſing our lives either by fire or water.

Thus we paſſed on over ways ſoft and hard, with more or with leſs ſpeed, but always with new viciſſitudes of anxiety. If the ground was hard, we were jolted; if ſoft, we were ſinking; if we went faſt, we ſhould be overturned; if ſlowly, we ſhould never reach the place. At length ſhe ſaw ſomething which ſhe called a cloud, and began to conſider that at that time of the year it frequently thundered. This ſeemed to be the capital terror, for after that, the coach was ſuffered to move on; and no danger was thought too dreadful to be encountered, provided ſhe could get into a houſe before the thunder.

Thus our whole converſation paſſed in dangers, and cares, and fears, and conſolations, and ſtories of ladies dragged in the mire, forced to ſpend all the night on a heath, drowned in rivers, or burnt with lightning; and no ſooner had a hair-breadth eſcape ſet us free from one calamity, but we were threatened with another.

At length we reached the houſe where we intended to regale ourſelves; and I propoſed to Anthea the choice of a great number of diſhes, which the place, being well provided

ovided for entertainment, happened to afford. She ade ſome objection to every thing that was offered; e thing ſhe hated at that time of the year; another ſhe uld not bear ſince ſhe had ſeen it ſpoiled at Lady Feed-ll's table; another ſhe was ſure they could not dreſs this houſe; and another ſhe could not touch without rench ſauce. At laſt ſhe fixed her mind upon ſalmon; t there was no ſalmon in the houſe. It was however ocured with great expedition; and when it came to the ble, ſhe found that her fright had taken away her ſto-ach, which indeed ſhe thought no great loſs, for ſhe uld not believe that any thing at an inn could be cleanly t.

Dinner was now over, and the company propoſed (for was now paſt the condition of making overtures) that e ſhould purſue our original deſign of viſiting the gar-ns. Anthea declared that ſhe could not imagine what leaſure we expected from the ſight of a few green trees d a little gravel, and two or three pits of clear water: at for her part ſhe hated walking till the cool of the vening; and thought it very likely to rain; and again iſhed that ſhe had ſtaid at home. We then reconciled urſelves to our diſappointment, and began to talk on ommon ſubjects, when Anthea told us that, ſince we ame to ſee gardens, ſhe would not hinder our ſatisfac-on. We all roſe, and walked through the incloſures or ſome time, with no other trouble than the neceſſity f watching, leſt a frog ſhould hop acroſs the way, which Anthea told us would certainly kill her, if ſhe ſhould appen to ſee him.

Frogs, as it fell out, there were none; but when we ere within a furlong of the gardens, Anthea ſaw ſome heep, and heard the wether clink his bell, which ſhe as certain was not hung upon him for nothing, and herefore no aſſurances nor entreaties could prevail upon er to go a ſtep farther; ſhe was ſorry to diſappoint the ompany, but her life was dearer to her than ceremony.

We came back to the inn; and Anthea now diſcovered hat there was no time to be loſt in returning, for the ight would come upon us, and a thouſand misfortunes might

might happen in the dark. The horſes were immediately harneſſed; and Anthea, having wondered what could have ſeduced her to ſtay ſo long, was eager to get out. But we had now a new ſcene of terror; every man we ſaw was a robber; and we were ordered ſometimes to drive hard, leſt a traveller whom we ſaw behind ſhould overtake us; and ſometimes to ſtop, leſt we ſhould come up to him who was paſſing before us. She alarmed many an honeſt man, by begging him to ſpare her life as he paſſed by the coach; and drew me into fifteen quarrels with perſons who increaſed her fright, by kindly ſtopping to enquire whether they could aſſiſt us. At laſt we came home; and ſhe told her company next day what a pleaſant ride ſhe had been taking.

I ſuppoſe, ſir, I need not enquire of you what deductions may be made from this narrative, nor what happineſs can ariſe from the ſociety of that woman who miſtakes cowardice for elegance, and imagines all delicacy to conſiſt in refuſing to be pleaſed.

I am, &c.

No. XXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1750.

——————Non pronuba Juno,
Non Hymenæus adeſt, non illi Gratia lecto. Ovid.

Without connubial Juno's aid they wed;
Nor Hymen nor the Graces bleſs the bed.

ELPHINSTON.

To the Rambler.

Sir,

AS you have hitherto delayed the performance of the promiſe, by which you gave us reaſon to hope for another paper upon Matrimony, I imagine you deſirous of collecting more materials than your own experience or obſervation can ſupply; and I ſhall therefore lay candidly

illy before you an account of my own entrance into the
njugal ſtate.

I was about eight-and-twenty years old when having
ed the diverſions of the town till I began to be weary,
d being awakened into attention to more ſerious bu-
eſs by the failure of an attorney to whom I had impli-
ly truſted the conduct of my fortune, I reſolved to
e my eſtate into my own care, and methodiſe my
hole life according to the ſtricteſt rules of economical
udence.

In purſuance of this ſcheme, I took leave of my ac-
intance, who diſmiſſed me with numberleſs jeſts upon
y new ſyſtem; having firſt endeavoured to divert me
m a deſign ſo little worthy of a man of wit, by ridi-
lous accounts of the ignorance and ruſticity into which
ny had ſunk in their retirement, after having diſtin-
iſhed themſelves in taverns and play-houſes, and given
pes of riſing to uncommon eminence among the gay
t of mankind.

When I came firſt into the country, which, by a ne-
ect not uncommon among young heirs, I had never ſeen
ce the death of my father, I found every thing in
h confuſion, that being utterly without practice in
ineſs, I had great difficulties to encounter in diſen-
gling the perplexities of my circumſtances; they how-
r gave way to diligent application, and I perceived
t the advantage of keeping my own accounts would
y much overbalance the time which they could re-
re.

I had now viſited my tenants, ſurveyed my land, and
aired the old houſe, which for ſome years had been
ning to decay. Theſe proofs of pecuniary wiſdom
gan to recommend me as a ſober, judicious, thriving
tleman, to all my graver neighbours of the country;
o never failed to celebrate my management in oppoſi-
n to Thriftleſs and Latterwit, two ſmart fellows, who
eſtates in the ſame part of the kingdom, which they
ed now and then in a frolic, to take up their rents
rehand, debauch a milk-maid, make a feaſt for the
age, and tell ſtories of their own intrigues, and then
poſt back to town to ſpend their money.

It

It was doubtful however for ſome time, whether ſhould be able to hold my reſolution; but a ſhort perſe verance removed all ſuſpicions. I roſe every day in r putation, by the decency of my converſation and the r gularity of my conduct; and was mentioned with gre regard at the aſſizes, as a man very fit to be put in com miſſion for the peace.

During the confuſion of my affairs, and the daily n ceſſity of viſiting farms, adjuſting contracts, letting le ſes, and ſuperintending repairs, I found very little t cuity in my life, and therefore had not many thoughts marriage; but in a little while the tumult of buſineſs ſu ſided, and the exact method which I had eſtabliſhed en bled me to diſpatch my accounts with great facility. had therefore now upon my hands the taſk of findi means to ſpend my time, without falling back into t poor amuſements which I had hitherto indulged, changing them for the ſports of the field, which I f purſued with ſo much eagerneſs by the gentlemen of t country, that they were indeed the only pleaſures which I could promiſe myſelf any partaker.

The inconvenience of this ſituation naturally diſpo me to wiſh for a companion; and the known value my eſtate, with my reputation for frugality and prudenc eaſily gained me admiſſion into every family; for I fo found that no enquiry was made after any other virt nor any teſtimonial neceſſary, but of my freedom fr incumbrances, and my care of what they termed the m *chance*. I ſaw, not without indignation, the eager with which the daughters, wherever I came, were out to ſhow; nor could I conſider them in a ſtate mu different from proſtitution, when I found them ordered play their airs before me, and to exhibit, by ſome ſeem chance, ſpecimens of their muſic, their work, or t houſewifery. No ſooner was I placed at table, than young lady was called upon to pay me ſome civilit other; nor could I find means of eſcaping, from e father or mother, ſome account of their daughters ex lencies, with a declaration that they were now lea the world, and had no buſineſs on this ſide the gr

but to ſee their children happily diſpoſed of; that ſhe whom I had been pleaſed to compliment at table was indeed the chief pleaſure of their age, ſo good, ſo dutiful, ſo great a relief to her mamma in the care of the houſe, and ſo much her papa's favourite for her cheerfulneſs and wit, that it would be with the laſt reluctance that they ſhould part; but to a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom they might often viſit, they would not ſo far conſult their own gratification as to refuſe her; and their tenderneſs ſhould be ſhewn in her fortune whenever a ſuitable ſettlement was propoſed.

As I knew theſe overtures not to proceed from any preference of me before another equally rich, I could not but look with pity on young perſons condemned to be ſet to auction, and made cheap by injudicious commendations; for how could they know themſelves offered and rejected a hundred times, without ſome loſs of that ſoft elevation and maiden dignity, ſo neceſſary to the completion of female excellence?

I ſhall not trouble you with a hiſtory of the ſtratagems practiſed upon my judgment, or the allurements tried upon my heart; which, if you have, in any part of your life, been acquainted with rural politics, you will eaſily conceive. Their arts have no great variety, they think nothing worth their care but money; and, ſuppoſing its influence the ſame upon all the world, ſeldom endeavour to deceive by any other means than falſe computations.

I will not deny that, by hearing myſelf loudly commended for my diſcretion, I began to ſet ſome value upon my character, and was unwilling to loſe my credit by marrying for love. I therefore reſolved to know the fortune of the lady whom I ſhould addreſs, before I enquired after her wit, delicacy, or beauty.

This determination led me to Mitiſſa, the daughter of Chryſophilus, whoſe perſon was at leaſt without deformity, and whoſe manners were free from reproach, as ſhe had been bred up at a diſtance from all common temptations. To Mitiſſa, therefore, I obtained leave from her parents to pay my court; and was referred by her again to her father, whoſe direction ſhe was reſolved

to follow. The queſtion then was only, what ſhould be ſettled? The old gentleman made an enormous demand, with which I refuſed to comply. Mitiſſa was ordered to exert her power; ſhe told me, that if I could refuſe her papa, I had no love for her, that ſhe was an unhappy creature, and that I was a perfidious man; then ſhe burſt into tears and fell into fits. All this, as I was no paſſionate lover, had little effect. She next refuſed to ſee me; and becauſe I thought myſelf obliged to write in terms of diſtreſs, they had once hopes of ſtarving me into meaſures; but finding me inflexible, the father complied with my propoſal, and told me he liked me the more for being ſo good at a bargain.

I was now married to Mitiſſa, and was to experience the happineſs of a match made without paſſion. Mitiſſa ſoon diſcovered that ſhe was equally prudent with myſelf, and had taken a huſband only to be at her own command, and to have a chariot at her own call. She brought with her an old maid recommended by her mother, who taught her all the arts of domeſtic management; and was, on every occaſion, her chief agent and directreſs. They ſoon invented one reaſon or other to quarrel with all my ſervants, and either prevailed on me to turn them away, or treated them ſo ill, that they left me of themſelves, and always ſupplied their places with ſome brought from my wife's relations. Thus they eſtabliſhed a family, over which I had no authority, and which was in a perpetual conſpiracy againſt me; for Mitiſſa conſidered herſelf as having a ſeparate intereſt, and thought nothing her own but what ſhe laid up without my knowledge. For this reaſon ſhe brought me falſe accounts of the expences of the houſe, joined with my tenants in complaints of hard times, and, by means of a ſteward of her own, took rewards for ſoliciting abatements of the rent. Her great hope is to outlive me, that ſhe may enjoy what ſhe has thus accumulated, and therefore ſhe is always contriving ſome improvements of my jointure-land; and once tried to procure an injunction to hinder me from felling timber upon it for repairs. Her father and mother aſſiſt her in her projects; and

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frequently hinting that ſhe is ill uſed, and reproaching me with the preſents that other ladies receive from their huſbands.

Such, Sir, was my ſituation for ſeven years, till at laſt my patience was exhauſted; and having one day invited her father to my houſe, I laid the ſtate of my affairs before him, detected my wife in ſeveral of her frauds, turned out her ſteward, charged a conſtable with her maid, took my buſineſs in my own hands, reduced her to a ſettled allowance, and now write this account to warn others againſt marrying thoſe whom they have no reaſon to eſteem.

I am, &c.

No. XXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1750.

Ἀμ' ἕποντο νομῆες
Τερπόμενοι σύριγξι· δόλον δ' ὅτι προνόησαν.

HOMER.

——Piping on their reeds, the ſhepherds go;
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe. POPE.

THERE is ſcarcely any ſpecies of poetry that has allured more readers, or excited more writers, than the Paſtoral. It is generally pleaſing, becauſe it entertains the mind with repreſentations of ſcenes familiar to almoſt every imagination, and of which all can equally judge whether they are well deſcribed. It exhibits a life to which we have been always accuſtomed to aſſociate peace, and leiſure, and innocence; and therefore we readily ſet open the heart for the admiſſion of its images, which contribute to drive away cares and perturbations, and ſuffer ourſelves, without reſiſtance, to be tranſported to elyſian regions, where we are to meet with nothing but joy, and plenty, and contentment; where every gale whiſpers pleaſure, and every ſhade promiſes repoſe.

It has been maintained by ſome, who love to talk of

what they do not know, that paſtoral is the moſt ancient poetry; and, indeed, ſince it is probable that poetry is nearly of the ſame antiquity with rational nature, and ſince the life of the firſt man was certainly rural, we may reaſonably conjecture, that, as their ideas would neceſſarily be borrowed from thoſe objects with which they were acquainted, their compoſures, being filled chiefly with ſuch thoughts on the viſible creation as muſt occur to the firſt obſervers, were paſtoral hymns, like thoſe which Milton introduces the original pair ſinging, in the day of innocence, to the praiſe of their Maker.

For the ſame reaſon that paſtoral poetry was the firſt employment of the human imagination, it is generally the firſt literary amuſement of our minds. We have ſeen fields, and meadows, and groves, from the time that our eyes opened upon life; and are pleaſed with birds, and brooks, and breezes, much earlier than we engage among the actions and paſſions of mankind. We are therefore delighted with rural pictures, becauſe we know the original at an age when our curioſity can be very little awakened by deſcriptions of courts which we never beheld, or repreſentations of paſſion which we never felt.

The ſatisfaction received from this kind of writing not only begins early, but laſts long; we do not, as we advance into the intellectual world, throw it away among other childiſh amuſements and paſtimes, but willingly return to it in any hour of indolence and relaxation. The images of true paſtoral have always the power of exciting delight, becauſe the works of nature, from which they are drawn, have always the ſame order and beauty, and continue to force themſelves upon our thoughts, being at once obvious to the moſt careleſs regard, and more than adequate to the ſtrongeſt reaſon and ſevereſt contemplation. Our inclination to ſtillneſs and tranquillity is ſeldom much leſſened by long knowledge of the buſy and tumultuary part of the world. In childhood we turn our thoughts to the country, as to the region of pleaſure; we recur to it in old age as a port of reſt, and perhaps with that ſecondary and adventitious gladneſs which every man feels on reviewing thoſe places, or recollecting

thoſe

ſe occurrences, that contributed to his youthful enjoy-
ents, and bring him back to the prime of life when
e world was gay with the bloom of novelty, when mirth
antoned at his ſide, and hope ſparkled before him.

The ſenſe of this univerſal pleaſure has invited *num-
rs without number* to try their ſkill in paſtoral perform-
ces, in which they have generally ſucceeded after the
anner of other imitators, tranſmitting the ſame images
the ſame combination from one to another, till he that
ads the title of a poem may gueſs at the whole ſeries
the compoſition; nor will a man, after the peruſal of
ouſands of theſe performances, find his knowledge en-
rged with a ſingle view of nature not produced before,
his imagination amuſed with any new application of
oſe views to moral purpoſes.

The range of paſtoral is indeed narrow; for though
ature itſelf, philoſophically conſidered, be inexhauſti-
e, yet its general effects on the eye and on the ear are
niform, and incapable of much variety of deſcription.
oetry cannot dwell upon the minuter diſtinctions, by
hich one ſpecies differs from another, without depart-
g from that ſimplicity of grandeur which fills the ima-
nation, nor diſſect the latent qualities of things, with-
ut loſing its general power of gratifying every mind by
calling its conceptions. However, as each age makes
me diſcoveries, and thoſe diſcoveries are by degrees ge-
erally known, as new plants or modes of culture are
troduced, and by little and little become common, paſ-
oral might receive, from time to time, ſmall augmenta-
ons, and exhibit once in a century a ſcene ſomewhat
aried.

But paſtoral ſubjects have been often, like others,
ken into the hands of thoſe that were not qualified to
orn them; men to whom the face of nature was ſo lit-
e known, that they have drawn it only after their own
agination, and changed or diſtorted her features, that
eir portraits might appear ſomething more than ſervile
opies from their predeceſſors.

Not only the images of rural life, but the occaſions on
hich they can be properly produced, are few and general.

The ſtate of a man confined to the employments and pleaſures of the country, is ſo little diverſified, and expoſed to ſo few of thoſe accidents which produce perplexities, terrors, and ſurpriſes in more complicated tranſactions, that he can be ſhewn but ſeldom in ſuch circumſtances as attract curioſity. His ambition is without policy, and his love without intrigue. He has no complaints to make of his rival, but that he is richer than himſelf; nor any diſaſters to lament, but a cruel miſtreſs, or a bad harveſt.

The conviction of the neceſſity of ſome new ſource of pleaſure induced Sannazarius to remove the ſcene from the fields to the ſea, to ſubſtitute fiſhermen for ſhepherds, and derive his ſentiments from the piſcatory life; for which he has been cenſured by ſucceeding critics, becauſe the ſea is an object of terror, and by no means proper to amuſe the mind and lay the paſſions aſleep. Againſt this objection he might be defended by the eſtabliſhed maxim, that the poet has a right to ſelect his images, and is no more obliged to ſhew the ſea in a ſtorm, than the land under an inundation; but may diſplay all the pleaſures, and conceal the dangers of the water, as he may lay his ſhepherd under a ſhady beech, without giving him an ague, or letting a wild beaſt looſe upon him.

There are, however, two defects in the piſcatory eclogue, which perhaps cannot be ſupplied. The ſea, though in hot countries it is conſidered by thoſe who live like Sannazarius, upon the coaſt, as a place of pleaſure and diverſion, has, notwithſtanding, much leſs variety than the land, and therefore will be ſooner exhauſted by a deſcriptive writer. When he has once ſhewn the ſun riſing or ſetting upon it, curled its waters with the vernal breeze, rolled the waves in gentle ſucceſſion to the ſhore, and enumerated the fiſh ſporting in the ſhallows, he has nothing remaining but what is common to all other poetry, the complaint of a nymph for a drowned lover, or the indignation of a fiſher that his oyſters are refuſed, and Mycon's accepted.

Another obſtacle to the general reception of this kind of poetry, is the ignorance of maritime pleaſures, in which the greater part of mankind muſt always live. To

ll the inland inhabitants of every region, the ſea is only nown as an immenſe diffuſion of waters, over which en paſs from one country to another, and in which life frequently loſt. They have, therefore, no opportunity tracing, in their own thoughts, the deſcriptions of inding ſhores and calm bays, nor can look on the poem which they are mentioned, with other ſenſations than n a ſea-chart, or the metrical geography of Dionyſius.

This defect Sannazarius was hindered from perceiv-g, by writing in a learned language to readers gene-lly acquainted with the works of nature; but if he had ade his attempt in any vulgar tongue, he would ſoon ave diſcovered how vainly he had endeavoured to make at loved which was not underſtood.

I am afraid it will not be found eaſy to improve the aſtorals of antiquity, by any great additions or diverſifi-ations. Our deſcriptions may indeed differ from thoſe f Virgil, as an Engliſh from an Italian ſummer, and, ſome reſpects, as modern from ancient life; but as na-re is in both countries nearly the ſame, and as poetry as to do rather with the paſſions of men which are uni-rm, than their cuſtoms which are changeable, the va-eties which time or place can furniſh will be inconſider-ble; and I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, in the next paper, ow little the latter ages have contributed to the improve-ent of the ruſtic muſe.

No. XXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1750.

Canto quæ ſolitus, ſi quando armenta vocabat,
Amphion dircæus. VIRGIL.

Such ſtrains I ſing as once Amphion plav'
When liſt'ning flocks the powerful call . . .

ELPHINSTON.

N writing or judging of Paſtoral Poetry, neither the authors nor critics of latter times ſeem to have paid fficient regard to the originals left us by antiquity, but have

have entangled themſelves with unneceſſary difficulties, by advancing principles which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are wholly to be rejected from a ſpecies of compoſition in which, above all others, mere nature is to be regarded.

It is therefore neceſſary to enquire after ſome more diſtinct and exact idea of this kind of writing. This may, I think, be eaſily found in the Paſtorals of Virgil, from whoſe opinion it will not appear very ſafe to depart, if we conſider that every advantage of nature and of fortune concurred to complete his productions; that he was born with great accuracy and ſeverity of judgment, enlightened with all the learning of one of the brighteſt ages, and embelliſhed with the elegance of the Roman court; that he employed his powers rather in improving than inventing, and therefore muſt have endeavoured to recompenſe the want of novelty by exactneſs; that taking Theocritus for his original, he found paſtoral far advanced towards perfection, and that having ſo great a rival, he muſt have proceeded with uncommon caution.

If we ſearch the writings of Virgil for the true definition of a paſtoral, it will be found *a poem in which any action or paſſion is repreſented by its effects upon a country life.* Whatſoever therefore may, according to the common courſe of things, happen in the country, may afford a ſubject for a paſtoral poet.

In this definition, it will immediately occur to thoſe who are verſed in the writings of the modern critics, that there is no mention of the golden age. I cannot indeed eaſily diſcover why it is thought neceſſary to refer deſcriptions of a rural ſtate to remote times, nor can I perceive that any writer has conſiſtently preſerved the Arcadian manners and ſentiments. The only reaſon that I have read, on which this rule has been founded, is, that, according to the cuſtoms of modern life, it is improbable that ſhepherds ſhould be capable of harmonious numbers, or delicate ſentiments; and therefore the reader muſt exalt his ideas of the paſtoral character, by carrying his thoughts back to the age in which the care of herds and flocks was the employment of the wiſeſt and greateſt men.

Theſe

These reasoners seem to have been led into their hy-
thesis, by considering pastoral, not in general as a re-
presentation of rural nature, and consequently as exhibit-
ing the ideas and sentiments of those, whoever they are,
to whom the country affords pleasure or employment,
but simply as a dialogue, or narrative of men actually
tending sheep, and busied in the lowest and most labo-
rious offices; from whence they very readily concluded,
since characters must necessarily be preserved, that either
the sentiments must sink to the level of the speakers, or
the speakers must be raised to the height of the senti-
ments.

In consequence of these original errors, a thousand
precepts have been given, which have only contributed
to perplex and confound. Some have thought it neces-
sary that the imaginary manners of the golden age should
be universally preserved, and have therefore believed,
that nothing more could be admitted in pastoral than
lilies and roses, and rocks and streams, among which are
heard the gentle whispers of chaste fondness, or the soft
complaints of amorous impatience. In pastoral, as in
other writings, chastity of sentiment ought doubtless to
be observed, and purity of manners to be represented;
not because the poet is confined to the images of the
golden age, but because, having the subject in his own
choice, he ought always to consult the interest of virtue.

These advocates for the golden age lay down other
principles, not very consistent with their general plan;
for they tell us, that, to support the character of the
shepherd, it is proper that all refinement should be avoid-
ed, and that some slight instances of ignorance should be
interspersed. Thus the shepherd in Virgil is supposed to
have forgot the name of Anaximander; and, in Pope,
the term Zodiac is too hard for a rustic apprehension.
But if we place our shepherds in their primitive condi-
tion, we may give them learning among their other qua-
lications; and if we suffer them to allude at all to things
of later existence, which perhaps cannot with any great
propriety be allowed, there can be no danger of making
them speak with too much accuracy, since they converted

with

with divinities, and tranſmitted to ſucceeding ages the arts of life.

Other writers having the mean and deſpicable condition of a ſhepherd always before them, conceive it neceſſary to degrade the language of paſtoral by obſolete terms and ruſtic words, which they very learnedly call Doric, without reflecting that they thus become authors of a mangled dialect, which no human being ever could have ſpoken; that they may as well refine the ſpeech as the ſentiments of their perſonage, and that none of the inconſiſtencies which they endeavour to avoid, is greater than that of joining elegance of thought with coarſeneſs of diction. Spenſer begins one of his paſtorals with ſtudied barbarity—

> Diggon Davie, I bid her good-day:
> Or, Diggon her is, or I miſſay.
> Dig. Her was her while it was day-light,
> But now her is a moſt wretched wight.

What will the reader imagine to be the ſubject on which ſpeakers like theſe exerciſe their eloquence? Will he not be ſomewhat diſappointed, when he finds them met together to condemn the corruptions of the Church of Rome? Surely, at the ſame time that a ſhepherd learns theology, he may gain ſome acquaintance with his native language.

Paſtoral admits of all ranks of perſons, becauſe perſons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not, therefore, on account of the characters neceſſary to be introduced, any elevation or delicacy of ſentiment; thoſe ideas only are improper which, not owing their original to rural objects, are not paſtoral. Such is the exclamation in Virgil—

> *Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor, duris in cautibus illum*
> *Iſmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,*
> *Nec generis noſtri puérum, nec ſanguinis, edunt.*
>
> I know thee, Love; in deſarts thou wert bred,
> And at the dugs of ſavage tygers fed;
> Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains. DRYDEN

ich Pope endeavouring to copy, was carried to ſtill ater impropriety:

> I know thee, Love; wild as the raging main,
> More fierce than tygers on the Lybian plain;
> Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn;
> Begot in tempeſts, and in thunders born!

ntiments like theſe, as they have no ground in nature, indeed of little value in any poem; but in paſtoral y are particularly liable to cenſure, becauſe it wants t exaltation above common life, which in tragic or oic writings often reconciles us to bold flights and ing figures.

Paſtoral being the *repreſentation of an action or paſſion, its effects upon a country life*, has nothing peculiar but confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceaſes be paſtoral. This is its true characteriſtic, and this cannot loſe by any dignity of ſentiment, or beauty of tion. The Pollio of Virgil, with all its elevation, is ompoſition truly bucolic, though rejected by the cri- s; for all the images are either taken from the coun- , or from the religion of the age common to all parts the empire.

The Silenus is indeed of a more diſputable kind, be- uſe though the ſcene lies in the country, the ſong be- religious and hiſtorical, had been no leſs adapted to other audience or place. Neither can it well be de- ded as a fiction; for the introduction of a god ſeems imply the golden age, and yet he alludes to many bſequent tranſactions, and mentions Gallus the poet's ntemporary.

It ſeems neceſſary to the perfection of this poem, that e occaſion which is ſuppoſed to produce it, be at leaſt inconſiſtent with a country life, or leſs likely to in- reſt thoſe who have retired into places of ſolitude and iet, than the more buſy part of mankind. It is there- re improper to give the title of a paſtoral to verſes in ich the ſpeakers, after the ſlight mention of their ks, fall to complaints of errors in the church, and corrup-

corruptions in the government, or to lamentations of the death of ſome illuſtrious perſon, whom, when once the poet has called a ſhepherd, he has no longer any labour upon his hands, but can make the clouds weep, and flowers wither, and the ſheep hang their heads, without any aid of learning, genius or ſtudy.

It is part of Claudian's character of his ruſtic, that he computes his time, not by the ſucceſſion of conſuls but of harveſts. Thoſe who paſs their days in retreats diſtant from the theatres of buſineſs are always leaſt likely to hurry their imagination with public affairs.

The facility of treating actions or events in the paſtoral ſtyle has incited many writers, from whom more judgment might have been expected, to put the ſorrow or the joy which the occaſion required into the mouth of Daphnis or of Thyrſis; and as one abſurdity muſt naturally be expected to make way for another, they have written with an utter diſregard both of life and nature, and filled their productions with mythological alluſions, with incredible fictions, and with ſentiments which neither paſſion nor reaſon could have dictated, ſince the change which religion has made in the whole ſyſtem of the world.

No. XXXVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1750.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula. HOR.

The man within the golden mean,
Who can his boldeſt wiſh contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where ſordid want and ſorrow dwell;
And in himſelf ſerenely great,
Declines an envy'd room of ſtate.

FRANCIS.

AMONG many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral ſtate of the world, it has been obſerved that happineſs, as well as virtue, conſiſts in Mediocrity; that to avoid every extreme is neceſſary, even to him who has no other care than to paſs through the preſent ſtate with eaſe and ſafety; and that the middle path is the road of ſecurity.—On either ſide of which are not only the pitfals of vice, but the precipices of ruin.

Thus the maxim of Cleobulus the Lindian, 'μέτρον ἄριστον—Mediocrity is beſt,' has been long conſidered as an univerſal principle, extended through the whole compaſs of life and nature. The experience of every age ſeems to have given it new confirmation, and to ſhew that nothing, however ſpecious or alluring, is purſued with propriety, or enjoyed with ſafety, beyond certain limits.

Even the gifts of nature, which may truly be conſidered as the moſt ſolid and durable of all terreſtrial advantages, are found, when they exceed the middle point, to draw the poſſeſſor into many calamities, eaſily avoided by others that have been leſs bountifully enriched or adorned. We ſee every day women periſh with infamy, for having been too willing to ſet their beauty to ſhew; and others, though not with equal guilt or miſery, yet

with very ſharp remorſe, languiſhing in decay, neglect and obſcurity, for having rated their youthful charms at too high a price. And, indeed, if the opinion of Bacon be thought to deſerve much regard, very few ſighs would be vented for eminent and ſuperlative elegance of form. 'For beautiful women,' ſays he, 'are ſeldom of any 'great accompliſhments, becauſe they, for the moſt part, 'ſtudy behaviour rather than virtue.'

Health and vigour, and a happy conſtitution of the corporeal frame, are of abſolute neceſſity to the enjoyment of the comforts, and to the performance of the duties of life, and requiſite in yet a greater meaſure to the accompliſhment of any thing illuſtrious or diſtinguiſhed; yet even theſe, if we can judge by their apparent conſequences, are ſometimes not very beneficial to thoſe on whom they are moſt liberally beſtowed. They that frequent the chambers of the ſick, will generally find the ſharpeſt pains and moſt ſtubborn maladies among them whom confidence of the force of nature formerly betrayed to negligence and irregularity; and that ſuperfluity of ſtrength, which was at once their boaſt and their ſnare, has often, in the latter part of life, no other effect than that it continues them long in impotence and anguiſh.

Theſe gifts of nature are, however, always bleſſings in themſelves, and to be acknowledged with gratitude to him that gives them; ſince they are, in their regular and legitimate effects, productive of happineſs, and perpernicious only by voluntary corruption, or idle negligence. And as there is little danger of purſuing them with too much ardour or anxiety, becauſe no ſkill or diligence can hope to procure them, the uncertainty of their influence upon our lives is mentioned, not to depreciate their real value, but to repreſs the diſcontent or envy to which the want of them often gives occaſion in thoſe who do not enough ſuſpect their own frailty, or conſider how much leſs is the calamity of not poſſeſſing great powers, than of not uſing them aright.

Of all thoſe things that make us ſuperior to others, there is none ſo much within the reach of our endeavours as riches, nor any thing more eagerly or conſtantly

ired. Poverty is an evil always in our view; an evil omplicated with ſo many circumſtances of uneaſineſs nd vexation, that every man is ſtudious to avoid it. ome degree of riches is therefore required, that we may e exempt from the gripe of neceſſity: when this purpoſe is once attained, we naturally wiſh for more, that he evil which is regarded with ſo much horror, may be et at a greater diſtance from us; as he that has once elt or dreaded the paw of a ſavage, will not be at reſt ill they are parted by ſome barrier, which may take way all poſſibility of a ſecond attack.

To this point, if fear be not unreaſonably indulged, leobulus would perhaps not refuſe to extend his mehocrity. But it almoſt always happens, that the man ho grows rich changes his notions of poverty, ſtates his ants by ſome new meaſure; and, from flying the enemy hat purſued him, bends his endeavours to overtake thoſe hom he ſees before him. The power of gratifying his ppetites encreaſes their demands; a thouſand wiſhes owd in upon him, importunate to be ſatisfied; and anity and ambition open proſpects to deſire, which ſtill row wider as they are more contemplated.

Thus in time want is enlarged without bounds; an agerneſs for increaſe of poſſeſſions deluges the ſoul, and e ſink into the gulphs of inſatiability, only becauſe we o not ſufficiently conſider that all real need is very ſoon upplied, and all real danger of its invaſion eaſily preluded; that the claims of vanity, being without limits, uſt be denied at laſt, and that the pain of repreſſing hem is leſs pungent before they have been long accuſomed to compliance.

Whoſoever ſhall look heedfully upon thoſe who are minent for their riches, will not think their condition uch as that he ſhould hazard his quiet, and much leſs his irtue, to obtain it. For all that great wealth generally ives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the reaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and ice, a quicker ſucceſſion of flatteries, and a larger circle f voluptuouſneſs.

There is one reaſon ſeldom remarked which makes

riches leſs deſireable. Too much wealth is very frequently the occaſion of poverty. He whom the wantonneſs of abundance has once ſoftened, eaſily ſinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will ſoon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render unſurmountable; he will fly for help to thoſe whoſe intereſt it is that he ſhould be more diſtreſſed, and will be at laſt torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over fortunes in decay.

When the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raſchid, two neighbouring ſhepherds, faint with thirſt, ſtood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of diſtreſs prayed for water. On a ſudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceaſed to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and ſaw a being of mighty ſtature advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon his nearer approach to be the Genius of Diſtribution. In one hand he held the ſheaves of plenty, and in the other the ſabre of deſtruction. The ſhepherds ſtood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the ſpices of Sabæa—'Fly not from 'your benefactor, children of the duſt! I am come to 'offer you gifts, which only your own folly can make 'vain. You here pray for water, and water I will be'ſtow; let me know with how much you will be ſatisfied: ſpeak not raſhly; conſider, that of whatever can 'be enjoyed by the body, exceſs is no leſs dangerous 'than ſcarcity. When you remember the pain of thirſt, 'do not forget the danger of ſuffocation.—Now, Hamet, 'tell me your requeſt.'

"O Being, kind and beneficent," ſays Hamet, "let "thine eye pardon my confuſion. I entreat a little "brook, which in ſummer ſhall never be dry, and in "winter never overflow."—'It is granted,' replies the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his ſabre, and a fountain bubbling up under their feet, ſcattered

ſcattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees ſpread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirſt.

Then turning to Raſchid, the Genius invited him likewiſe to offer his petition. 'I requeſt,' ſays Raſchid, 'that thou wilt turn the Ganges through my grounds, 'with all his waters, and all their inhabitants.' Hamet was ſtruck with the greatneſs of his neighbour's ſentiments, and ſecretly repined in his heart that he had not made the ſame petition before him; when the Genius ſpoke—"Raſh man, be not inſatiable! remember, "to thee that is nothing which thou canſt not uſe: and "how are thy wants greater than the wants of Hamet?" Raſchid repeated his deſire, and pleaſed himſelf with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the preſence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two ſhepherds ſtood waiting the event. As Raſchid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a ſudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty ſtream that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raſchid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was ſwept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

No. XXXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1750.

Infelix——nulli bene nupta marito.

AUSONIUS.

Unbleſt, ſtill doom'd to wed with miſery.

THE condition of the female ſex has been frequently the ſubject of compaſſion to medical writers, becauſe their conſtitution of body is ſuch, that every ſtate of life brings its peculiar diſeaſes: they are placed, according to the proverb, between Scylla and Charybdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable; and whether they embrace marriage, or determine upon a

ſingle life, are expoſed, in conſequence of their choice, to ſickneſs, miſery, and death.

It were to be wiſhed that ſo great a degree of natural infelicity might not be increaſed by adventitious and artificial miſeries; and that beings whoſe beauty we cannot behold without admiration, and whoſe delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderneſs, might be ſuffered to enjoy every alleviation of their ſorrows. But, however it has happened, the cuſtom of the world ſeems to have been formed in a kind of conſpiracy againſt them, though it does not appear but they had themſelves an equal ſhare in its eſtabliſhment; and preſcriptions which, by whomſoever they were begun, are now of long continuance, and, by conſequence of great authority, ſeem to have almoſt excluded them from content, in whatever condition they ſhall paſs their lives.

If they refuſe the ſociety of men, and continue in that ſtate which is reaſonably ſuppoſed to place happineſs moſt in their own power, they ſeldom give thoſe that frequent their converſation any exalted notions of the bleſſing of liberty; for whether it be that they are angry to ſee with what inconſiderate eagerneſs other heedleſs females ruſh into ſlavery, or with what abſurd vanity the married ladies boaſt the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour to aſſert the natural dignity of their ſex; whether they are conſcious that like barren countries they are free only becauſe they were never thought to deſerve the trouble of a conqueſt, or imagine that their ſincerity is not always unſuſpected when they declare their contempt of men; it is certain, that they generally appear to have ſome great and inceſſant cauſe of uneaſineſs, and that many of them have at laſt been perſuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had ſo long contemned, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time when they leaſt became them.

What are the real cauſes of the impatience which the ladies diſcover in a virgin ſtate, I ſhall perhaps take ſome other occaſion to examine. That it is not to be envied for its happineſs, appears from the ſolicitude with which

it

it is avoided; from the opinion univerſally prevalent among the ſex, that no woman continues long in it but becauſe ſhe is not invited to forſake it; from the diſpoſition always ſhewn to treat old maids as the refuſe of the world; and from the willingneſs with which it is often quitted at laſt, by thoſe whoſe experience has enabled them to judge at leiſure, and decide with authority.

Yet ſuch is life, that whatever is propoſed, it is much eaſier to find reaſons for rejecting than embracing. Marriage, though a certain ſecurity from the reproach and ſolitude of antiquated virginity, has yet, as it is uſually conducted, many diſadvantages, that take away much from the pleaſure which ſociety promiſes, and might afford, if pleaſures and pains were honeſtly ſhared, and mutual confidence inviolably preſerved.

The miſeries, indeed, which many ladies ſuffer under conjugal vexations, are to be conſidered with great pity, becauſe their huſbands are often not taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by perſuaſion and importunity, equally reſiſtleſs when urged by thoſe whom they have been always accuſtomed to reverence and obey; and it very ſeldom appears, that thoſe who are thus deſpotic in the diſpoſal of their children, pay any regard to their domeſtic and perſonal felicity, or think it ſo much to be enquired whether they will be happy, as whether they will be rich.

It may be urged, in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other reſpect to be numbered with robbers and aſſaſſins, frequently commit, that, in their eſtimation, riches and happineſs are equivalent terms. They have paſſed their lives with no other wiſh than that of adding acre to acre, and filling one bag after another, and imagine the advantage of a daughter ſufficiently conſidered when they have ſecured her a large jointure, and given her reaſonable expectations of living in the midſt of thoſe pleaſures with which ſhe had ſeen her father and mother ſolacing their age.

There is an œconomical oracle received among the prudential

prudential part of the world, which adviſes fathers to *marry their daughters leſt they ſhould marry themſelves*; by which I ſuppoſe it is implied, that women left to their own conduct, generally unite themſelves with ſuch partners as can contribute very little to their felicity. Who was the author of this maxim, or with what intention it was originally uttered, I have not yet diſcovered; but imagine that, however ſolemnly it may be tranſmitted, or however implicitly received, it can confer no authority which nature has denied; it cannot licence Titius to be unjuſt, leſt Caia ſhould be imprudent; nor give right to impriſon for life, leſt liberty ſhould be ill employed.

That the ladies have ſometimes incurred imputations which might naturally produce edicts not much in their favour, muſt be confeſſed by their warmeſt advocates; and I have indeed ſeldom obſerved, that when the tenderneſs or virtue of their parents has preſerved them from forced marriage, and left them at large to chuſe their own path in the labyrinth of life, they have made any great advantage of their liberty: they commonly take the opportunity of independence to trifle away youth, and loſe their bloom in a hurry of diverſions, recurring in a ſucceſſion too quick to leave room for any ſettled reflection; they ſee the world without gaining experience, and at laſt regulate their choice by motives trifling as thoſe of a girl, or mercenary as thoſe of a miſer.

Melanthia came to town upon the death of her father, with a very large fortune, and with the reputation of a much larger; ſhe was therefore followed and careſſed by many men of rank, and by ſome of underſtanding; but having an inſatiable deſire of pleaſure, ſhe was not at leiſure, from the park, the gardens, the theatres, viſits, aſſemblies, and maſquerades, to attend ſeriouſly to any propoſal, but was ſtill impatient for a new flatterer, and neglected marriage as always in her power; till in time her admirers fell away, wearied with expence, diſguſted at her folly, or offended by her inconſtancy; ſhe heard of concerts to which ſhe was not invited, and was more than once forced to ſit ſtill at an aſſembly for want of a partner. In this diſtreſs, chance threw in her way Philotryphus,

otryphus, a man vain, glittering, and thoughtleſs as erſelf, who had ſpent a ſmall fortune in equipage and aeſs, and was ſhining in the laſt ſuit for which his tailor ould give him credit. He had been long endeavouring o retrieve his extravagance by marriage, and therefore oon paid his court to Melanthia, who, after ſome weeks f inſenſibility, ſaw him at a ball, and was wholly over-ome by his performance in a minuet. They married; ut a man cannot always dance, and Philotryphus had o other method of pleaſing: however, as neither was n any great degree vicious, they live together with no ther unhappineſs than vacuity of mind, and that taſte-eſſneſs of life which proceeds from a ſatiety of juvenile leaſures, and an utter inability to fill their place by obler employments. As they have known the faſhion-ble world at the ſame time, they agree in their notions f all thoſe ſubjects on which they ever ſpeak; and be-ng able to add nothing to the ideas of each other, are ot much inclined to converſation, but very often join in ne wiſh—'That they could ſleep more, and think eſs.'

Argyris, after having refuſed a thouſand offers, at laſt conſented to marry Cotylus, the younger brother of a uke, a man without elegance of mien, beauty of perſon, r force of underſtanding; who, while he courted her, ould not always forbear alluſions to her birth, and hints ow cheaply ſhe would purchaſe an alliance to ſo illuſ-rious a family. His conduct from the hour of his mar-iage has been inſufferably tyrannical; nor has he any ther regard to her than what ariſes from his deſire that er appearance may not diſgrace him. Upon this prin-iple, however, he always orders that ſhe ſhould be gaily reſſed, and ſplendidly atten.led; and ſhe has, among all er mortifications, the happineſs to take place of her ldeſt ſiſter.

No. XL. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1750.

——Nec dicet, cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum ſemel. HOR.

Nor ſay, for trifles why ſhould I diſpleaſe
The man I love? for trifles ſuch as theſe
To ſerious miſchiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove.

FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, that authors are *genus irritabile*—*a generation very eaſily put out of temper*; and that they ſeldom fail of giving proofs of their iraſcibility upon the ſlighteſt attack of criticiſm, or the moſt gentle or modeſt offer of advice and information.

Writers being beſt acquainted with one another, have repreſented this character as prevailing among men of literature, which a more extenſive view of the world would have ſhewn them to be diffuſed through all human nature, to mingle itſelf with every ſpecies of ambition and deſire of praiſe, and to diſcover its effects with greater or leſs reſtraint, and under diſguiſes more or leſs artful, in all places and all conditions.

The quarrels of writers, indeed, are more obſerved becauſe they neceſſarily appeal to the deciſion of the public. Their enmities are incited by applauſes from their parties, and prolonged by treacherous encouragement for general diverſion; and when the conteſt happens to riſe high between men of genius and learning, its memory is continued for the ſame reaſon as its vehemence was at firſt promoted, becauſe it gratifies the malevolence or curioſity of readers, and relieves the vacancy of life with amuſement and laughter. The perſonal diſputes, therefore, of rivals in wit are ſometimes tranſmitted to poſterity, when the grudges and heart-burnings of men leſs conſpicuous, though carried on with equal bitterneſs, and productive of greater evils, are expoſed

e knowledge of thoſe only whom they nearly affect, nd ſuffered to paſs off and be forgotten among common nd caſual tranſactions.

The reſentment which the diſcovery of a fault or folly roduces, muſt bear a certain proportion to our pride, nd will regularly be more acrimonious, as pride is more mmediately the principle of action. In whatever, therefore, we wiſh or imagine ourſelves to excel, we ſhall always be diſpleaſed to have our claims to reputation diſputed, and more diſpleaſed if the accompliſhment be ſuch can expect reputation only for its reward. For this eaſon, it is common to find men break out into rage at ny inſinuations to the diſadvantage of their wit, who ave borne with great patience reflections on their moals: and of women it has been always known, that no enſure wounds ſo deeply, or rankles ſo long, as that hich charges them with want of beauty.

As men frequently fill their imaginations with trifling urſuits, and pleaſe themſelves moſt with things of ſmall mportance, I have often known very ſevere and laſting alevolence excited by unlucky cenſures, which would ave fallen without any effect, had they not happened to ound a part remarkably tender. Guſtulus, who valued imſelf upon the nicety of his palate, diſinherited his deſt ſon for telling him that the wine, which he was ien commending, was the ſame which he had ſent away he day before, not fit to be drunk. Proculus withdrew is kindneſs from a nephew, whom he had always conidered as the moſt promiſing genius of the age, for happening to praiſe in his preſence the graceful horſemanhip of Marius. And Fortunio, when he was privyounſellor, procured a clerk to be diſmiſſed from one of he public offices, in which he was eminent for his ſkill nd aſſiduity, becauſe he had been heard to ſay, that there as another man in the kingdom on whoſe ſkill at bilards he would lay his money againſt Fortunio's.

Felicia and Floretta had been bred up in one houſe, nd ſhared all the pleaſures and endearments of infancy ogether. They entered upon life at the ſame time, and ontinued their confidence and friendſhip; conſulted each other

other in every change of their dreſs, and every admiſſion of a new lover; thought every diverſion more entertaining whenever it happened that both were preſent; and when ſeparated, juſtified the conduct and celebrated the excellencies of one another. Such was their intimacy, and ſuch their fidelity; till a birth-night approached, when Floretta took one morning an opportunity, as they were conſulting upon new clothes, to adviſe her friend not to dance at the ball, and informed her that her performance the year before had not anſwered the expectation which her other accompliſhments had raiſed. Felicia commended her ſincerity, and thanked her for the caution; but told her that ſhe danced to pleaſe herſelf, and was in very little concern what the men might take the liberty of ſaying; but that if her appearance gave her dear Floretta any uneaſineſs, ſhe would ſtay away. Floretta had now nothing left but to make new proteſtations of ſincerity and affection, with which Felicia was ſo well ſatisfied, that they parted with more than uſual fondneſs. They ſtill continued to viſit, with this only difference, that Felicia was more punctual than before, and often declared how high a value ſhe put upon ſincerity, how much ſhe thought that goodneſs to be eſteemed which would venture to admoniſh a friend of an error, and with what gratitude advice was to be received, even when it might happen to proceed from miſtake.

In a few months Felicia, with great ſerioufneſs, told Floretta, that though her beauty was ſuch as gave charms to whatever ſhe did, and her qualifications ſo extenſive that ſhe could not fail of excellence in any attempt, yet ſhe thought herſelf obliged by the duties of friendſhip to inform her, that if ever ſhe betrayed want of judgment, it was by too frequent compliance with ſolicitations to ſing, for that her manner was ſomewhat ungraceful, and her voice had no great compaſs. 'It is true,' ſaid Floretta, 'when I ſung three nights ago at Lady 'Sprightly's, I was hoarſe with a cold: but I ſung 'for my own ſatisfaction, and am not in the leaſt pain 'whether I am liked. However, my dear Felicia's 'kindneſs is not the leſs; and I ſhall always think myſelf happy in ſo true a friend.'

From

From this time they never ſaw each other without mutual profeſſions of eſteem and declarations of confidence, but went ſoon after into the country to viſit their relations. When they came back, they were prevailed on, by the importunity of new acquaintance, to take lodgings in different parts of the town; and had frequent occaſion, when they met, to bewail the diſtance at which they were placed, and the uncertainty which each experienced of finding the other at home.

Thus are the fondeſt and firmeſt friendſhips diſſolved, by ſuch openneſs and ſincerity as interrupt our enjoyment of our own approbation, or recal us to the remembrance of thoſe failings which we are more willing to indulge than to correct.

It is by no means neceſſary to imagine, that he who is offended at advice, was ignorant of the fault, and reſents the admonition as a falſe charge; for perhaps it is moſt natural to be enraged when there is the ſtrongeſt conviction of our own guilt. While we can eaſily defend our character, we are no more diſturbed at an accuſation than we are alarmed by an enemy whom we are ſure to conquer; and whoſe attack, therefore, will bring us honour without danger. But when a man feels the reprehenſion of a friend ſeconded by his own heart, he is eaſily heated into reſentment and revenge, either becauſe he hoped that the fault of which he was conſcious had eſcaped the notice of others, or that his friend had looked upon it with tenderneſs and extenuation, and excuſed it for the ſake of his other virtues; or had conſidered him as too wiſe to need advice, or too delicate to be ſhocked with reproach: or, becauſe we cannot feel, without pain, thoſe reflections rouſed which we have been endeavouring to lay aſleep; and when pain has produced anger, who would not willingly believe that it ought to be diſcharged on others, rather than on himſelf?

The reſentment produced by ſincerity, whatever be its immediate cauſe, is ſo certain, and generally ſo keen, that very few have magnanimity ſufficient for the practice of virtue which, above moſt others, expoſes its votaries to hardſhips and perſecutions; yet friendſhip without it is

of very little value, ſince the great uſe of ſo cloſe an intimacy is that our virtues may be guarded and encouraged, and our vices repreſſed in their firſt appearance by timely detection and ſalutary remonſtrances.

It is decreed by Providence, that nothing truly valuable ſhall be obtained in our preſent ſtate, but with difficulty and danger. He that hopes for that advantage which is to be gained from unreſtrained communication muſt ſometimes hazard, by unpleaſing truths, that friendſhip which he aſpires to merit. The chief rule to be obſerved in the exerciſe of this dangerous office, is to preſerve it pure from all mixture of intereſt or vanity; to forbear admonition or reproof, when our conſciences tell us that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the deſire of ſhewing our diſcernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain that the moſt refined caution will find a proper time for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the moſt zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgment by which they are detected; but he who endeavours only the happineſs of him whom he reproves, will always have either the ſatisfaction of obtaining or defraying kindneſs; if he ſucceeds, he benefits his friend; and, if he fails, he has at leaſt the conſciouſneſs that he ſuffers for only doing well.

No. XLI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1750.

Nulla recordanti lux eſt ingrata graviſque,
Nulla fuit cujus non meminiſſe velit.
Ampliat ætatis ſpatiam ſibi vir bonus, hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui. MART.

No day's remembrance ſhall the good regret,
Nor wiſh one bitter moment to forget:
They ſtretch the limits of this narrow ſpan;
And, by enjoying, live paſt life again.

F. LEWIS.

SO few of the hours of life are filled up with objects adequate to the mind of man, and ſo frequently are we in want of preſent pleaſure or employment, that we are forced to have recourſe every moment to the paſt and future for ſupplimental ſatisfactions, and relieve the vacuities of being by collection of former paſſages, or anticipation of events to come.

I cannot but conſider this neceſſity of ſearching on every ſide for matter on which the attention may be employed, as a ſtrong proof of the ſuperior and celeſtial nature of the ſoul of man. We have no reaſon to believe that other creatures have higher faculties, or more extenſive capacities, than the preſervation of themſelves or their ſpecies requires; they ſeem always to be fully employed, or to be completely at eaſe without employment, to feel few intellectual miſeries or pleaſures, and to have no exuberance of underſtanding to lay out upon curioſity or caprice, but to have their minds exactly adapted to their bodies, with few other ideas than ſuch as corporal pain or pleaſure impreſs upon them.

Of memory, which makes ſo large a part of the excellence of the human ſoul, and which has ſo much influence upon all its other powers, but a ſmall portion has been allotted to the animal world. We do not find the grief with which the dams lament the loſs of their young, proportionate to the tenderneſs with which they careſs,

the aſſiduity with which they feed, or the vehemence with which they defend them. Their regard for their offspring, when it is before their eyes, is not, in appearance, leſs than that of a human parent; but when it is taken away, it is very ſoon forgotten, and after a ſhort abſence, if brought again, wholly diſregarded.

That they have very little remembrance of any thing once out of the reach of their ſenſes, and ſcarce any power of comparing the preſent with the paſt, and regulating their concluſions from experience, may be gathered from this, that their intellects are produced in their full perfection. The ſparrow that was hatched laſt ſpring makes her firſt neſt, the enſuing ſeaſon, of the ſame materials, and with the ſame art, as in any following year; and the hen conducts and ſhelters her firſt brood of chickens with all the prudence that ſhe ever attains.

It has been aſked by men who love to perplex anything that is plain to common underſtandings, how reaſon differs from inſtinct; and Prior has with no great propriety made Solomon himſelf declare, that, to diſtinguiſh them is *fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.* To give an accurate anſwer to a queſtion of which the terms are not completely underſtood, is impoſſible; we do not know in what either reaſon or inſtinct conſiſt, and therefore cannot tell with exactneſs how they differ: but ſurely he that contemplates a ſhip and a bird's neſt will not be long without finding out that the idea of the one was impreſſed at once, and continued through all the progreſſive deſcents of the ſpecies, without variation or improvement; and that the other is the reſult of experiments compared with experiments, has grown, by accumulated obſervation, from leſs to greater excellence, and exhibits the collective knowledge of different ages and various profeſſions.

Memory is the purveyor of reaſon, the power which places thoſe images before the mind upon which the judgment is to be exerciſed, and which treaſures up the determinations that are once paſſed, as the rules of future action, or grounds of ſubſequent concluſions.

It is, indeed, the faculty of remembrance, which may be ſaid to place us in the claſs of moral agents. If we were to act only in conſequence of ſome immediate impulſe, and receive no direction from internal motives of choice, we ſhould be puſhed forward by an invincible fatality, without power or reaſon for the moſt part to prefer one thing to another; becauſe we could make no compariſon but of objects which might both happen to be preſent.

We owe to memory not only the increaſe of our knowledge, and our progreſs in rational enquiries, but many other intellectual pleaſures. Indeed, almoſt all that we can be ſaid to enjoy is paſt or future; the preſent is in perpetual motion, leaves us as ſoon as it arrives, ceaſes to be preſent before its preſence is well perceived, and is only known to have exiſted by the effects which it leaves behind. The greateſt part of our ideas ariſes, therefore, from the view before or behind us; and we are happy or miſerable, according as we are affected by the ſurvey of our life, or our proſpect of future exiſtence.

With regard to futurity, when events are at ſuch a diſtance from us, that we cannot take the whole concatenation into our view, we have generally power enough over our imagination to turn it upon pleaſing ſcenes, and can promiſe ourſelves riches, honours, and delights, without intermingling thoſe vexations and anxieties with which all human enjoyments are polluted. If fear breaks in on one ſide, and alarms us with dangers and diſappointments, we can call in hope on the other, to ſolace us with rewards, and eſcapes, and victories; ſo that we are ſeldom without means of palliating remote evils, and can generally ſooth ourſelves to tranquillity whenever any troubleſome preſage happens to attack us.

It is, therefore, I believe, much more common for the ſolitary and thoughtful to amuſe themſelves with ſchemes of the future than reviews of the paſt: For the future is pliant and ductile, and will be eaſily moulded by a ſtrong fancy into any form. But the images which memory preſents are of a ſtubborn and untractable nature; the objects of remembrance have already exiſted, and left

their ſignature behind them impreſſed upon the mind, ſo as to defy all attempts of raſure or of change.

As the ſatisfactions, therefore, ariſing from memory are leſs arbitrary, they are more ſolid; and are, indeed, the only joys which we can call our own. Whatever we have once repoſited, as Dryden expreſſes it, *in the ſacred treaſure of the paſt*, is out of reach of accident or violence, nor can be loſt either by our own weakneſs or another's malice.

——Non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro eſt efficiet, neque
Diſſinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens ſemel hora vexit.

Be fair or foul, or rain or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd in ſpite of fate are mine.
Not heav'n itſelf upon the paſt has pow'r,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.
DRYDEN.

There is certainly no greater happineſs than to be able to look back on a life uſefully and virtuouſly employed, to trace our own progreſs in exiſtence by ſuch tokens as excite neither ſhame nor ſorrow. Life, in which nothing has been done or ſuffered to diſtinguiſh one day from another, is to him that has paſſed it as if it had never been, except that he is conſcious how ill he has huſbanded the great depoſit of his Creator. Life made memorable by crimes, and diverſified through its ſeveral periods by wickedneſs, is indeed eaſily reviewed, but reviewed only with horror and remorſe.

The great conſideration which ought to influence us in the uſe of the preſent moment, is to ariſe from the effect, which, as well or ill applied, it muſt have upon the time to come; for though its actual exiſtence be inconceiveably ſhort, yet its effects are unlimited; and there is not the ſmalleſt point of time but may extend its conſequences, either to our hurt or our advantage, through all eternity, and give us reaſon to remember it for ever, with anguiſh or exultation.

The time of life in which memory ſeems particularly to claim predominance over the other faculties of the mind, is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall eaſily into recitals of paſt tranſactions, and accounts of perſons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave, it is more eminently true—

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Life's ſpan forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And ſtretch thy hopes beyond thy years.

CREECH.

We have no longer any poſſibility of great viciſſitudes in our favour; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation; and thoſe who have no hope before them, and to whom their preſent ſtate is painful and irkſome, muſt of neceſſity turn their thoughts back to try what retroſpect will afford. It ought, therefore, to be the care of thoſe who wiſh to paſs the laſt hours with comfort, to lay up ſuch a treaſure of pleaſing ideas as ſhall ſupport the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

———*Petite hinc, juveneſque ſeneſque*
Finem animo certum, miſerique viatica canis.

Seek here, ye young, the anchor of your mind;
Here ſuff'ring age a bleſs'd proviſion find.

ELPHINSTON.

In youth, however unhappy, we ſolace ourſelves with the hope of better fortune; and however vicious, appeaſe our conſciences with intentions of repentance; but the time comes at laſt, in which life has no more to promiſe, in which happineſs can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleaſure.

No. XLII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1750.

Mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora. Hor.

How heavily my time revolves along.

ELPHINSTON.

To the Rambler.

Mr. Rambler,

I AM no great admirer of grave writings, and therefore very frequently lay your papers aſide before I have read them through; yet I cannot but confeſs that, by ſlow degrees, you have raiſed my opinion of your underſtanding, and that, though I believe it will be long before I can be prevailed upon to regard you with much kindneſs, you have, however, more of my eſteem than thoſe whom I ſometimes make happy with opportunities to fill my tea-pot, or pick up my fan. I ſhall therefore chuſe you for the confident of my diſtreſſes, and aſk your counſel with regard to the means of conquering or eſcaping them, though I never expect from you any of that ſoftneſs and pliancy which conſtitutes the perfection of a companion for the ladies: as, in the place where I now am, I have recourſe to the maſtiff for protection, though I have no intention of making him a lap-dog.

My mamma is a very fine lady, who has more numerous and more frequent aſſemblies at her houſe than any other perſon in the ſame quarter of the town. I was bred from my earlieſt infancy in a perpetual tumult of pleaſure, and remember to have heard of little elſe than meſſages, viſits, play-houſes, and balls; of the awkwardneſs of one woman, and the coquetry of another; the charming convenience of ſome riſing faſhion, the difficulty of playing a new game, the incidents of a maſquerade, and the dreſſes of a court-night. I knew before I was ten years old all the rules of paying and receiving viſits, and to how much civility every one of my acquaintance was entitled; and was able to return, with

e proper degree of reſerve or of vivacity, the ſtated and tabliſhed anſwer to every compliment; ſo that I was ry ſoon celebrated as a wit and a beauty, and had heard fore I was thirteen all that is ever ſaid to a young lady. y mother was generous to ſo uncommon a degree, as to pleaſed with my advance into life, and allowed me, thout envy or reproof, to enjoy the ſame happineſs ith herſelf; though moſt women about her own age ere very angry to ſee young girls ſo forward; and many e gentlemen told her how cruel it was to throw new ains upon mankind, and to tyrannize over them at the me time with her own charms and thoſe of her daughr.

I have now lived two-and-twenty years, and have ſſed of each year nine months in town, and three at ichmond; ſo that my time has been ſpent uniformly in e ſame company and the ſame amuſements, except as ſhion has introduced new diverſions, or the revolutions the gay world have afforded new ſucceſſions of wits d beaus. However, my mother is ſo good an economiſt pleaſure, that I have no ſpare hours upon my hands; r every morning brings ſome new appointment, and very night is hurried away by the neceſſity of making r appearance at different places, and of being with e lady at the opera, and with another at the cardble.

When the time came of ſettling our ſcheme of felicity r the ſummer, it was determined that I ſhould pay a ſit to a rich aunt in a remote county. As you know e chief converſation of all tea-tables, in the ſpring, ſes from a communication of the manner in which me is to be paſſed till winter, it was a great relief to the arrenneſs of our topics, to relate the pleaſures that ere in ſtore for me, to deſcribe my uncle's ſeat, with e park and gardens, the charming walks, and beautil waterfalls, and every one told me how much ſhe ened me, and what ſatisfaction ſhe had once enjoyed in a uation of the ſame kind.

As we are all credulous in our own favour, and willing imagine ſome latent ſatisfaction in any thing which we have

have not experienced, I will confeſs to you, with
reſtraint, that I had ſuffered my head to be filled w
expectations of ſome nameleſs pleaſure in a rural li
and that I hoped for the happy hour that ſhould ſet
free from noiſe, and flutter, and ceremony, diſmiſs
to the peaceful ſhade, and lull me in content and tra
quillity. To ſolace myſelf under the miſery of delay,
ſometimes heard a ſtudious lady of my acquaintance re
paſtorals. I was delighted with ſcarce any talk but
leaving the town, and never went to bed without drea
ing of groves, and meadows, and friſking lambs.

At length I had all my clothes in a trunk, and ſaw t
coach at the door; I ſprung in with ecſtacy, quarrel
with my maid for being too long in taking leave of
other ſervants, and rejoiced as the ground grew le
which lay between me and the completion of my wiſh
A few days brought me to a large old houſe, encom
paſſed on three ſides with woody hills, and looking fro
the front on a gentle river, the ſight of which renew
all my expectations of pleaſure, and gave me ſome reg
for having lived ſo long without the enjoyment wh
theſe delightful ſcenes were now to afford me. My au
came out to receive me, but in a dreſs ſo far remov
from the preſent faſhion, that I could ſcarcely look up
her without laughter; which would have been no ki
requital for the trouble ſhe had taken to make herſ
fine againſt my arrival. The night and the next mor
ing were driven along with enquiries about our famil
my aunt then explained our pedigree, and told me ſto
of my great-grandfather's bravery in the civil wars; n
was it leſs than three days before I could perſuade her
leave me to myſelf.

At laſt economy prevailed; ſhe went in the uſual ma
ner about her own affairs, and I was at liberty to ran
in the wilderneſs, and ſit by the caſcade. The nove
of the objects about me pleaſed me for a while, but af
a few days they were new no longer, and I ſoon began
perceive that the country was not my element; that ſhad
and flowers, and lawns and waters, had very ſoon e
hauſted all their power of pleaſing, and that I had not
myſ

yſelf any fund of ſatisfaction with which I could ſup-
y the loſs of my cuſtomary amuſements.

I unhappily told my aunt, in the firſt warmth of our
mbraces, that I had leave to ſtay with her ten weeks.
ix only are yet gone; and how ſhall I live through the
emaining four! I go out and return; I pluck a flower,
nd throw it away; I catch an inſect, and when I have
xamined its colours, ſet it at liberty; I fling a pebble
nto the water, and ſee one circle ſpread after another.
When it chances to rain I walk in the great hall, and
atch the minute-hand upon the dial, or play with a
itter of kittens, which the cat happens to have brought
n a lucky time.

My aunt is afraid I ſhall grow melancholy, and there-
ore encourages the neighbouring gentry to viſit us.
They came at firſt with great eagerneſs to ſee the fine
ady from London; but when we met, we had no com-
non topic on which we could converſe; they had no cu-
oſity after plays, operas, or muſic: and I find as little
atisfaction from their accounts of the quarrels or alli-
nces of families, whoſe names, when once I can eſcape,
ſhall never hear. The women have now ſeen me;
know how my gown is made, and are ſatisfied; the men
re generally afraid of me, and ſay little, becauſe they
hink themſelves not at liberty to talk rudely.

Thus am I condemned to ſolitude; the day moves
owly forward, and I ſee the dawn with uneaſineſs, be-
auſe I conſider that night is at a great diſtance. I have
ried to ſleep by a brook, but find its murmurs ineffec-
ual; ſo that I am forced to be awake at leaſt twelve
ours without viſits, without cards, without laughter,
nd without flattery. I walk becauſe I am diſguſted
ith ſitting ſtill, and ſit down becauſe I am weary with
alking. I have no motive to action, nor any object of
ove, or hate, or fear, or inclination. I cannot dreſs
ith ſpirit, for I have neither rival nor admirer. I can-
ot dance without a partner; nor be kind or cruel with-
ut a lover.

Such is the life of Euphelia, and ſuch it is likely to
ontinue for a month to come. I have not yet declared

againſt

againſt exiſtence, nor called upon the deſtinies to cut my thread; but I have ſincerely reſolved not to condemn myſelf to ſuch another ſummer, nor too haſtily to flatter myſelf with happineſs. Yet I have heard, Mr. Rambler, of thoſe who never thought themſelves ſo much at eaſe as in ſolitude; and cannot but ſuſpect it to be ſome way or other my own fault, that, without great pain, either of mind or body, I am thus weary of myſelf: that the current of youth ſtagnates, and that I am languiſhing in a dead calm, for want of ſome external impulſe. I ſhall therefore think you a benefactor to our ſex, if you will teach me the art of living alone; for I am confident that a thouſand, and a thouſand, and a thouſand ladies, who affect to talk with ecſtacies of the pleaſures of the country, are in reality, like me, longing for the winter, and wiſhing to be delivered from themſelves by company and diverſion.

I am, Sir, Yours,
EUPHELIA.

No. XLIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1750.

Flumine perpetuo torrens ſolet acrius ire,
Sed tamen hæc brevis eſt, illa perennis aqua. OVID.

In courſe impetuous ſoon the torrent dries,
The brook a conſtant peaceful ſtream ſupplies.
F. LEWIS.

IT is obſerved by thoſe who have written on the conſtitution of the human body, and the original of thoſe diſeaſes by which it is afflicted, that every man comes into the world morbid, that there is no temperature ſo exactly regulated but that ſome humour is fatally predominant, and that we are generally impregnated, in our firſt entrance upon life, with the ſeeds of that malady which in time ſhall bring us to the grave.

This remark has been extended by others to the intellectual faculties. Some that imagine themſelves to have

have looked with more than common penetration into human nature, have endeavoured to perſuade us that each man is born with a mind formed peculiar for certain purpoſes, and with deſires unalterably determined to particular objects, from which the attention cannot be long diverted, and which alone, as they are well or ill purſued, muſt produce the praiſe or blame, the happineſs or miſery, of his future life.

This poſition has not, indeed, been hitherto proved with ſtrength proportionate to the aſſurance with which it has been advanced, and perhaps will never gain much prevalence by a cloſe examination.

If the doctrine of innate ideas be itſelf diſputable, there ſeems to be little hope of eſtabliſhing an opinion which ſuppoſes that even complications of ideas have been given us at our birth, and that we are made by nature ambitious or covetous, before we know the meaning of either power or money.

Yet as every ſtep in the progreſſion of exiſtence changes our poſition with reſpect to the things about us, ſo as to lay us open to new aſſaults and particular dangers, and ſubjects us to inconveniences from which any other ſituation is exempt; as a public or private life, youth and age, wealth and poverty, have all ſome evil cloſely adherent, which cannot wholly be eſcaped but by quitting the ſtate to which it is annexed, and ſubmitting to the incumbrances of ſome other condition; ſo it cannot be denied that every difference in the ſtructure of the mind has its advantages and its wants; and that failures and defects being inſeparable from humanity, however the powers of underſtanding be extended or contracted, there will on one ſide or the other always be an avenue to error and miſcarriage.

There ſeem to be ſome ſouls ſuited to great, and others to little employments; ſome formed to ſoar aloft, and take in wide views, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow ſphere. Of theſe the one is always in danger of becoming uſeleſs by a daring negligence, the other by a ſcrupulous ſolicitude: the one collects many ideas, but confuſed and indiſtinct; the

other is buſied in minute accuracy, but without compaſs and without dignity.

The general error of thoſe who poſſeſs powerful and elevated underſtandings, is, that they form ſchemes of too great extent, and flatter themſelves too haſtily with ſucceſs; they feel their own force to be great, and, by the complacency with which every man ſurveys himſelf, imagine it ſtill greater: they therefore look out for undertakings worthy of their abilities, and engage in them with very little precaution, for they imagine that, without premeditated meaſures, they ſhall be able to find expedients in all difficulties. They are naturally apt to conſider all prudential maxims as below their regard, to treat with contempt thoſe ſecurities and reſources which others know themſelves obliged to provide, and diſdain to accompliſh their purpoſes by eſtabliſhed means and common gradations.

Precipitation thus incited by the pride of intellectual ſuperiority, is very fatal to great deſigns. The reſolution of the combat is ſeldom equal to the vehemence of the firſt charge. He that meets with an oppoſition which he did not expect, loſes his courage. The violence of his firſt onſet is ſucceeded by a laſting and unconquerable languor; miſcarriage makes him fearful of giving way to new hopes; and the contemplation of an attempt, in which he has fallen below his own expectations, is painful and vexatious; he therefore naturally turns his attention to more pleaſing objects, and habituates his imagination to other entertainments, till, by ſlow degrees, he quits his firſt purſuit, and ſuffers ſome other project to take poſſeſſion of his thoughts, in which the ſame ardour of mind promiſes him again certain ſucceſs, and which diſappointments of the ſame kind compel him to abandon.

Thus too much vigour in the beginning of an undertaking, often intercepts and prevents the ſteadineſs and perſeverance always neceſſary in the conduct of a complicated ſcheme, where many intereſts are to be connected, many movements to be adjuſted, and the joint effort of diſtinct and independent powers to be directed to a ſin-

gle point. In all important events which have been suddenly brought to pass, chance has been the agent rather than reason; and, therefore, however those who seemed to preside in the transaction may have been celebrated by such as loved or feared them, succeeding times have commonly considered them as fortunate rather than prudent. Every design in which the connection is regularly traced from the first motion to the last, must be formed and executed by calm intrepidity, and requires not only courage which danger cannot turn aside, but constancy which fatigues cannot weary, and contrivance which impediments cannot exhaust.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance: it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-ax, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

It is therefore of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason and their spirit the power of persisting in their purposes; acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.

The student who would build his knowledge on solid foundations, and proceed by just degrees to the pinnacles of truth, is directed by the great philosopher of France to begin by doubting of his own existence. In like manner, whoever would complete any arduous and intricate enterprise, would, as soon as his imagination can cool after the first blaze of hope, place before his own eyes every possible embarrassment that may retard or defeat him. He should first question the probability of success,

and then endeavour to remove the objections that he has raiſed. It is proper, ſays old Markham, to exerciſe your horſe on the more inconvenient ſide of the courſe, that if he ſhould, in the race, be forced upon it, he may not be diſcouraged: and Horace adviſes his poetical friend to conſider every day as the laſt which he ſhall enjoy, becauſe that will always give pleaſure which we receive beyond our hopes. If we alarm ourſelves beforehand with more difficulties than we really find, we ſhall be animated by unexpected facility with double ſpirit; and if we find our cautions and fears juſtified by the conſequence, there will however happen nothing againſt which proviſion has not been made, no ſudden ſhock will be received, nor will the main ſcheme be diſconcerted.

There is, indeed, ſome danger leſt he that too ſcrupulouſly balances probabilities, and too perſpicaciouſly foreſees obſtacles, ſhould remain always in a ſtate of inaction, without venturing upon attempts on which he may perhaps ſpend his labour without advantage. But previous deſpondence is not the fault of thoſe for whom this eſſay is deſigned; they who require to be warned againſt precipitation, will not ſuffer more fear to intrude into their contemplations than is neceſſary to allay the effervеſcence of an agitated fancy. As Des Cartes has kindly ſhewn how a man may prove to himſelf his own exiſtence, if once he can be prevailed upon to queſtion it, ſo the ardent and adventurous will not be long without finding ſome plauſible extenuation of the greateſt difficulties. Such, indeed, is the uncertainty of all human affairs, that ſecurity and deſpair are equal follies; and as it is preſumption and arrogance to anticipate triumphs, it is weakneſs and cowardice to prognoſticate miſcarriages. The numbers that have been ſtopped in their career of happineſs are ſufficient to ſhew the uncertainty of human foreſight; but there are not wanting contrary inſtances of ſucceſs obtained againſt all appearances, as may warrant the boldeſt flights of genius, if they are ſupported by unſhaken perſeverance.

Corbould del. Ibotcey Sculp.

Engrav'd for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, Mar. 23. 1793.

No. XLIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1750.

Ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστι. HOMER.

—— Dreams deſcend from Jove. POPE.

To the Rambler.

Sir,

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows:

Methought I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively converſation, when on a ſudden I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſt in black, her ſkin was contracted into a thouſand wrinkles, her eyes deep ſunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting ſeverity, and her hands armed with whips and ſcorpions. As ſoon as ſhe came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, ſhe bid me follow her. I obeyed, and ſhe led me through rugged paths, beſet with briars and thorns, into a deep ſolitary valley. Wherever ſhe paſſed, the fading verdure withered beneath her ſteps; her peſtilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obſcured the luſtre of the ſun, and involved the fair face of heaven in univerſal gloom. Diſmal howlings reſounded through the foreſt, from every baleful tree, the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the proſpect was filled with deſolation and horror. In the midſt of this tremendous ſcene my execrable guide addreſſed me in the following manner:

'Retire with me, O raſh unthinking mortal, from 'the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn 'that pleaſure was not deſigned the portion of human

'life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretch-
'ed; this is the condition of all below the ſtars; and
'whoever endeavours to oppoſe it, acts in contradiction to
'the will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchant-
'ments of youth and ſocial delight, and here conſecrate
'the ſolitary hours to lamentation and woe. Miſery is
'the duty of all ſublunary beings, and every enjoyment
'is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worſhipped only
'by the mortification of every ſenſe of pleaſure, and the
'everlaſting exerciſe of ſighs and tears.'

This melancholy picture of life quite ſunk my ſpirits, and ſeemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myſelf beneath a blaſted yeugh, where the winds blew cold and diſmal round my head, and dreadful apprehenſions chilled my heart. Here I reſolved to lie till the hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, ſhould put an end to the miſeries of a life ſo deplorably wretched. In this ſad ſituation I eſpied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whoſe heavy waves rolled on in ſlow ſullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was juſt upon the brink, when I found myſelf ſuddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was ſurpriſed by the ſight of the loweſt object I had ever beheld. The moſt engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories ſparkled in her eyes, and their awful ſplendours were ſoftened by the gentleſt looks of compaſſion and peace. At her reproach the frightful ſpectre, who had before tormented me, vaniſhed away, and with her all the horrors ſhe had cauſed. The gloomy clouds brightened into cheerful ſunſhine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite tranſported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleaſure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine inſtructions:

'My name is Religion. I am the offſpring of Truth
'and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and
'Joy. That monſter from whoſe power I have freed you,
'is called Superſtition; ſhe is the child of Diſcontent,
'and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus different

'as

'as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my 'name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to 'think us the same, till she at length drives them to 'the borders of Despair, that dreadful abyss into which 'you were just going to sink.

'Look round and survey the various beauties of the 'globe, which Heaven has destined for the seat of the 'human race, and consider whether a world thus ex-'quisitely framed could be meant for the abode of mi-'sery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of 'Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, 'but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, 'and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of 'it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue 'and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of 'pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. 'Infinite goodness is the source of created existence; the 'proper tendency of every rational being, from the 'highest order of raptured seraphs to the meanest rank 'of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of hap-'piness to higher. They have each faculties assigned 'them for various orders of delight.'

'What,' cried I, 'is this the language of Religion? 'Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and 'bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the 'painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, 'the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?'

'The true enjoyments of a reasonable being,' answered 'she mildly, 'do not consist in unbounded indulgence 'or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the lan-'guor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. 'Yielding to immoral pleasure corrupts the mind, living 'to animal and trifling ones debases it; both in their de-'gree disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it 'over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy 'must make the diligent and regular exercise of his supe-'rior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections 'of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow crea-'tures, cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower fa-'culties he must allow such gratifications as will, by re-'freshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the re-

'gions

'gions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant ſtream, nor needs there any mound to check its courſe. Beings conſcious of a frame of mind originally diſeaſed, as all the human race has cauſe to be, muſt uſe the regimen of a ſtricter ſelf-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary exceſſes muſt patiently ſubmit both to the painful workings of nature and needful ſeverities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is intitled to a moderate ſhare of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair manſion of his merciful Parent affords, conſiſtent with his recovery: And in proportion as this recovery advances, the livelieſt joy will ſpring from his ſecret ſenſe of an amended and improving heart. So far from the horrors of deſpair is the condition even of the guilty. Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph into which thou waſt but now going to plunge.

'While the moſt faulty have ever encouragement to amend, the more innocent ſoul will be ſupported with ſtill ſweeter conſolations under all its experience of human infirmities; ſupported by the gladdening aſſurance that every ſincere endeavour to outgrow them ſhall be aſſiſted, accepted, and rewarded. To ſuch a one, the livelieſt ſelf-abaſement is but a deep-laid foundation for the moſt elevated hopes; ſince they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, ſhall be enabled under my conduct to become what they deſire. The chriſtian and the hero are inſeparable; and to aſpirings of unaſſuming truſt and filial confidence, are ſet no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the univerſe, no difficulty is inſurmountable. Secure in this purſuit of every needful aid his conflict with the ſevereſt pains and trials is little more than the vigorous exerciſes of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that providence which looks through all eternity, his ſilent reſignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inſcrutable ways, is at once the moſt excellent ſort of ſelf-denial, and a ſource of the moſt exalted

'exalted tranſports. Society is the true ſphere of human 'virtue. In ſocial, active life, difficulties will perpetually 'be met with; reſtraints of many kinds will be neceſſary; 'and ſtudying to behave right in reſpect of theſe is a di'ſcipline of the human heart, uſeful to others, and im'proving to itſelf. Suffering is no duty but where 'it is neceſſary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor plea'ſure a crime, but where it ſtrengthens the influence of 'bad inclinations, or leſſens the generous activity of 'virtue. The happineſs allotted to man in his preſent ſtate 'is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal proſ'pects and noble capacities; but yet, whatever portion 'of it the diſtributing hand of Heaven offers to each in'dividual, is a needful ſupport and refreſhment for the 'preſent moment, ſo far as it may not hinder the at'taining of his final deſtination.

'Return then with me from continual miſery to mo'derate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Return from 'the contracted views of ſolitude to the proper duties of 'relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined 'to cells and cloſets, nor reſtrained to ſullen retirement. 'Theſe are the gloomy doctrines of Superſtition, by 'which ſhe endeavours to break thoſe chains of benevo'lence and ſocial affection that link the welfare of every 'particular with that of the whole. Remember that 'the greateſt honour you can pay to the Author of your 'being, is by ſuch a cheerful behaviour as diſcovers a 'mind ſatisfied with his diſpenſations.'

Here my preceptreſs pauſed, and I was going to expreſs my acknowledgments for her diſcourſe, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-riſen ſun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

I am, yours, &c.

No. XLV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1750.

Ἥπερ μεγιστη γίγνεται σωτηρία,
Ὅταν γύνη πρὸς ανδρα μη διχοστατη,
Νῦν δ' ενθα πασα.—— EURIP.

This is the chief felicity of life,
That Concord smile on the connubial bed:
But now 'tis hatred all ——

To the Rambler.

Sir,

THOUGH, in the dissertations which you have given us on marriage, very just cautions are laid down against the common causes of infelicity, and the necessity of having, in that important choice, the first regard to virtue, is carefully inculcated; yet I cannot think the subject so much exhausted, but that a little reflection would present to the mind many questions, in the discussion of which great numbers are interested, and many precepts which deserve to be more particularly and forcibly impressed.

You seem, like most of the writers that have gone before you, to have allowed, as an uncontested principle, that *Marriage is generally unhappy:* but I know not whether a man who professes to think for himself, and concludes from his own observations, does not degrade from his character when he follows the crowd thus implicitly, and receives maxims without recalling them to a new examination, especially when they comprise so wide a circuit of life, and include such variety of circumstances. As I have an equal right with others to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that state which I have tried than many who talk of it without experience, I am unwilling to be restrained by mere authority from advancing what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy, otherwise than as life is unhappy; and that most of those who complain

mplain of connubial miſeries, have as much ſatisfaction their nature would have admitted, or their conduct ocured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both ſexes repine at ar change, relate the happineſs of their earlier years, me the folly and raſhneſs of their own choice, and n thoſe whom they ſee coming into the world againſt ſame precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be membered, that the days which they ſo much wiſh to ll back, are the days not only of celibacy but of youth, days of novelty and improvement, of ardour and of e, of health and vigour of body, of gaiety and light- s of heat. It is not eaſy to ſurround life with any cumſtances in which youth will not be delightful; and am afraid that whether married or unmarried, we ſhall d the veſture of terreſtrial exiſtence more heavy and umbrous the longer it is worn.

That they cenſure themſelves for the indiſcretion of eir choice, is not ſufficient proof that they have choſen ſince we ſee the ſame diſcontent at every other part life which we cannot change. Converſe with almoſt y man, grown old in a profeſſion, and you will find n regretting that he did not enter into ſome different urſe, to which he too late finds his genius better adapt- d, or in which he diſcovers that wealth and honour are ore eaſily attained. 'The merchant,' ſays Horace, envies the ſoldier, and the ſoldier recounts the felicity of the merchant; the lawyer, when his clients harraſs him, calls out for the quiet of the countryman; and the countryman, when buſineſs calls him to town, pro- claims that there is no happineſs but amidſt opulence and crowds.' Every man recounts the inconveniences his own ſtation, and thinks thoſe of any other leſs, be- uſe he has not felt them. Thus the married praiſe the fe and freedom of a ſingle ſtate, and the ſingle fly to arriage from the wearineſs of ſolitude. From all our ſervations we may collect with certainty, that miſery the lot of man, but cannot diſcover in what particular ndition it will find moſt alleviations; or whether all external

external appendages are not, as we uſe them, the cauſes either of good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for eaſe from change of poſture; he changes it, and finds himſelf equally tormented: and of the ſame kind are the expedients by which we endeavour to obviate or elude thoſe uneaſineſſes to which mortality will always be ſubject. It is not likely that the married ſtate is eminently miſerable, ſince we ſee ſuch numbers, whom the death of their partners has ſet free from it, entering it again.

Wives and huſbands are, indeed, inceſſantly complaining of each other; and there would be reaſon for imagining that almoſt every houſe was infeſted with perverſeneſs or oppreſſion beyond human ſufferance, did we not know upon how ſmall occaſions ſome minds burſt out into lamentations and reproaches, and how naturally every animal revenges his pain upon thoſe who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cauſe. We are always willing to fancy ourſelves within a little of happineſs; and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, perſuade ourſelves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, ſince, if we could find any other obſtacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomiſts have often remarked, that though our diſeaſes are ſufficiently numerous and ſevere, yet when we enquire into the ſtructure of the body, the tenderneſs of ſome parts, the minuteneſs of others, and the immenſe multiplicity of animal functions that muſt concur to the healthful and vigorous exerciſe of all our powers, there appears reaſon to wonder rather that we are preſerved ſo long, than that we periſh ſo ſoon, and that our frame ſubſiſts for a ſingle day, or hour, without diſorder, rather than that it ſhould be broken or obſtructed by violence of accidents, or length of time.

The ſame reflection ariſes in my mind, upon obſervation of the manner in which marriage is frequently contracted. When I ſee the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and their beds without any enquiry, but after farms and money: or the giddy and thoughtleſs uniting themſelves for life to thoſe who

they have only ſeen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make articles for their children, without enquiring after their conſent; when ſome marry for heirs to diſappoint their brothers, and others throw themſelves into the arms of thoſe whom they do not love, becauſe they have found themſelves rejected where they were more ſolicitous to pleaſe; when ſome marry becauſe their ſervants cheat them; ſome becauſe they ſquander their own money; ſome becauſe their houſes are peſtered with company; ſome becauſe they will live like other people; and ſome only becauſe they are ſick of themſelves,—I am not ſo much inclined to wonder that marriage is ſometimes unhappy, as that it appears ſo little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that ſociety has ſomething in itſelf eminently agreeable to human nature, when I find its pleaſures ſo great, that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them.

By the ancient cuſtom of the Muſcovites, the men and women never ſaw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be ſuſpected, that by this method many unſuitable matches were produced, and many tempers aſſociated that were not qualified to give pleaſure to each other. Yet perhaps, among a people ſo little delicate, where the paucity of gratifications and the uniformity of life gave no opportunity for imagination to interpoſe its objections, there was not much danger of capricious diſlike; and while they felt neither cold nor hunger they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another.

Amongſt us, whom knowledge has made nice, and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requiſite to ſecure tranquillity; and yet if we obſerve the manner in which thoſe converſe who have ſingled out each other for marriage, we ſhall, perhaps, not think that the Ruſſians loſt much by their reſtraint: For the whole endeavour of both parties, during the time of courtſhip, is to hinder themſelves from being known; and to diſguiſe their natural temper and real deſires in hypocritical imitation, ſtudied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed,

neither ſees the other but in a maſk; and the cheat is managed often on both ſides with ſo much art, and diſcovered afterwards with ſo much abruptneſs, that each has reaſon to ſuſpect that ſome tranſformation has happened on the wedding-night, and that by a ſtrange impoſture, one has been courted and another married.

I deſire you, therefore, Mr. Rambler, to queſtion all who ſhall hereafter come to you with matrimonial complaints concerning their behaviour in the time of courtſhip, and inform them they are neither to wonder nor repine, when a contract begun with fraud has ended in diſappointment.

I am, &c.

No. XLVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1750.

—— Genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipſi,
Vix ea noſtra voco. OVID.

Nought from my birth or anceſtors I claim;
All is my own, my honour and my fame.

To the Rambler.

Sir,

SINCE I find that you have paid ſo much regard to my complaints as to publiſh them, I am inclined by vanity or gratitude, to continue our correſpondence; and indeed, without either of theſe motives, am glad of an opportunity to write, for I am not accuſtomed to keep in any thing that ſwells my heart; and have here none with whom I can freely converſe. While I am thus employed, ſome tedious hours will ſlip away, and when I return to watch the clock, I ſhall find that I have diſburdened myſelf of part of the day.

You perceive that I do not pretend to write with much conſideration of any thing but my own convenience; and, not to conceal from you my real ſentiments, the intervening time which I have ſpent, againſt my will, in ſolitary me-

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dition, has not much contributed to my veneration for authors. I have now ſufficient reaſon to ſuſpect that, with all your ſplendid profeſſions of wiſdom, and ſeeming regard for truth, you have very little ſincerity; that you either write what you do not think, and willingly impoſe upon mankind, or that you take no care to think right but while you ſet up yourſelves as guides, miſlead your followers by credulity or negligence; that you produce to the public whatever notions you can ſpecioufly maintain or elegantly expreſs, without enquiring whether they are juſt; and tranſcribe hereditary falſehoods from old authors perhaps as ignorant and careleſs as yourſelves.

You may perhaps wonder that I expreſs myſelf with ſo much acrimony on a queſtion in which women are ſuppoſed to have very little intereſt; and you are likely enough, for I have ſeen many inſtances of the raſcineſs of ſcholars, to tell me that I am more properly employed in playing with my kittens than in giving myſelf airs of criticiſm and cenſuring the learned. But you are miſtaken, if you imagine that I am to be intimidated by your contempt, or ſilenced by your reproofs. As I read, I have to judge; as I am injured, have a right to complain; and theſe privileges, which I have purchaſed at ſo dear a rate, I ſhall not eaſily be perſuaded to reſign.

To read has, indeed, never been my buſineſs; but as there are hours of leiſure in the moſt active life, I have paſſed the ſuperfluities of time, which the diverſions of the town left upon my hands, in turning over a large collection of tragedies and romances, where, amongſt other ſentiments, common to all authors of this claſs, I have found almoſt every page filled with the charms and happineſs of a country life; that life to which every ſtateſman in the higheſt elevation of his proſperity is contriving to retire; that life to which every tragic heroine in ſome ſcene or other wiſhes to have been born, and which is repreſented as a certain refuge from folly, from anxiety, from paſſion, and from guilt.

It was impoſſible to read ſo many paſſionate exclamations and ſoothing deſcriptions, without feeling ſome

deſire to enjoy the ſtate in which all this felicity was to be enjoyed; and therefore I received with raptures the invitation of my good aunt, and expected that by ſome unknown influence I ſhould find all hopes and fears, jealouſies and competitions, vaniſh from my heart upon my firſt arrival at the ſeats of innocence and tranquillity; that I ſhould ſleep in halcyon bowers, and wander in elyſian gardens, where I ſhould meet with nothing but the ſoftneſs of benevolence, the candour of ſimplicity, and the cheerfulneſs of content; where I ſhould ſee Reaſon exerting her ſovereignty over Life, without any interruption from Envy, Avarice, or Ambition, and every day paſſing in ſuch a manner as the ſevereſt wiſdom ſhould approve.

This, Mr. Rambler, I tell you I expected, and this I had by an hundred authors been taught to expect. By this expectation I was led hither, and here I live in perpetual uneaſineſs, without any other comfort than that of hoping to return to London.

Having, ſince I wrote my former letter, been driven, by the mere neceſſity of eſcaping from abſolute inactivity, to make myſelf more acquainted with the affairs and inhabitants of this place, I am now no longer an abſolute ſtranger to rural converſation and employments, but am far from diſcovering in them more innocence or wiſdom than in the ſentiments or conduct of thoſe with whom I have paſſed more cheerful and more faſhionable hours.

It is common to reproach the tea-table and the park, with giving opportunities and encouragement to ſcandal. I cannot wholly clear them from the charge; but muſt, however, obſerve, in favour of the modiſh prattlers, that, if not by principle, we are at leaſt by accident, leſs guilty of defamation than the country ladies. For having greater numbers to obſerve and cenſure, we are commonly content to charge them only with their own faults or follies, and ſeldom give way to malevolence, but ſuch as ariſes from ſome injury or affront, real or imaginary, offered to ourſelves. But in theſe diſtinct provinces, where the ſame families inhabit the ſame houſes from age to age, they

they tranſmit and recount the faults of a whole ſucceſſion. I have been informed how every eſtate in the neighbourhood was originally got; and find, if I may credit the accounts given me, that there is not a ſingle acre in the hands of the right owner. I have been told of intrigues between beaus and toaſts that have been now three centuries in their quiet graves; and am often entertained with traditional ſcandal on perſons of whoſe names there would have been no remembrance, had they not committed ſomewhat that might diſgrace their deſcendants.

In one of my viſits I happened to commend the air and dignity of a young lady who had juſt left the company; upon which two grave matrons looked with great ſlyneſs at each other, and the elder aſked me whether I had ever ſeen the picture of Henry the Eighth. You may imagine that I did not immediately perceive the propriety of the queſtion; but after having waited a while for information, I was told that the lady's grandmother had a great-great-grandmother that was an attendant on Anna Bullen, and ſuppoſed to have been too much a favourite of the king.

If once there happens a quarrel between the principal perſons of two families, the malignity is continued without end, and it is common for old maids to fall out about ſome election in which their grandfathers were competitors: the heart-burnings of the civil war are not yet extinguiſhed; there are two families in the neighbourhood who have deſtroyed each other's game from the time of Philip and Mary; and when an account came of an inundation, which had injured the plantations of a worthy gentleman, one of the hearers remarked, with exultation, that he might now have ſome notion of the ravages committed by his anceſtors in their retreat from Boſworth.

Thus Malice and Hatred deſcend here with an inheritance; and it is neceſſary to be well verſed in hiſtory, that the various factions of this county may be underſtood. You cannot expect to be on good terms with families who are reſolved to love nothing in common; and,

in ſelecting your intimates, you are perhaps to conſider which party you moſt favour in the barons wars. I have often the good opinion of my aunt's viſitants by confounding the intereſts of York and Lancaſter; and was once cenſured for ſitting ſilent when William Rufus was called a tyrant. I have, however, now thrown aſide all pretences to circumſpection; for I find it impoſſible in leſs than ſeven years to learn all the requiſite cautions. At London, if you know your company, and their parents, you are ſafe; but you are here ſuſpected of alluding to the ſlips of great-grandmothers, and of reviving conteſts which were decided in armour by the redoubted knights of ancient times. I hope therefore that you will not condemn my impatience, if I am weary of attending where nothing can be learned, and of quarrelling where there is nothing to conteſt, and that you will contribute to divert me while I ſtay here by ſome facetious performance.

I am,

Sir,

EUPHELIA.

No. XLVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1750.

Quanquam his ſolatiis acquieſcam, debilitor et frangor eadem illa humanitate quæ me, ut hoc ipſum permitterem, induxit, non ideo tamen velim derior fieri: nec ignoro alios hujuſmodi caſus nihil amplius vocare quam damnum; eoque ſibi magnos homines et ſapientes videri. Quivan magni ſapienteſque ſint, neſcio: homines non ſunt. Hominis eſt enim affici dolore, ſentire: reſiſtere tamen, et ſolatia admittere; non ſolatiis non egere. PLIN.

Theſe proceedings have afforded me ſome comfort in my diſtreſs; notwithſtanding which, I am ſtill diſpirited, and unhinged by the ſame motives of humanity that induced me to grant ſuch indulgences. However, I by no means wiſh to become leſs ſuſceptible of tenderneſs. I know theſe kind of misfortunes would be eſtimated by other perſons only as common loſſes, and from ſuch ſenſations they would conceive themſelves great and wiſe men. I ſhall not determine either their greatneſs or their wiſdom; but I am certain they have no humanity. It is the part of a man to be affected with grief; to feel ſorrow at the ſame time that he is to reſiſt it, and to admit of comfort. EARL of ORRERY.

OF the paſſions with which the mind of man is agitated, it may be obſerved, that they naturally haſten towards their own extinction, by inciting and quickening the attainment of their objects. Thus fear urges our flight, and deſire animates our progreſs; and if there are ſome which perhaps may be indulged till they outgrow the good appropriated to their ſatisfaction, as it is frequently obſerved of Avarice and Ambition, yet their immediate tendency is to ſome means of happineſs really exiſting, and generally within the proſpect. The miſer always imagines that there is a certain ſum that will fill his heart to the brim; and every ambitious man, like King Pyrrhus, has an acquiſition in his thoughts that is to terminate his labours, after which he ſhall paſs the reſt of his life in eaſe or gaiety, in repoſe or devotion.

Sorrow is perhaps the only affection of the breaſt that can be excepted from this general remark, and it therefore

fore deſerves the particular attention of thoſe who have aſſumed the arduous province of preſerving the balance of the mental conſtitution. The other paſſions are diſeaſes indeed, but they neceſſarily direct us to their proper cure. A man at once feels the pain and knows the medicine, to which he is carried with greater haſte as the evil which requires it is more excruciating, and cures himſelf by unerring inſtinct, as the wounded ſtags of Crete are related by Ælian to have recourſe to vulnerary herbs. But for ſorrow there is no remedy provided by nature; it is often occaſioned by accidents irreparable, and dwells upon objects that have loſt or changed their exiſtence; it requires what it cannot hope, that the laws of the univerſe ſhould be repealed; that the dead ſhould return, or the paſt ſhould be recalled.

Sorrow is not that regret for negligence or error which may animate us to future care or activity, or that repentance of crimes for which, however irrevocable, our Creator has promiſed to accept it as an atonement; the pain which ariſes from theſe cauſes has very ſalutary effects, and is every hour extenuating itſelf by the reparation of thoſe miſcarriages that produce it. Sorrow is properly that ſtate of the mind in which our deſires are fixed upon the paſt, without looking forward to the future, an inceſſant wiſh that ſomething were otherwiſe than it has been, a tormenting and harraſſing want of ſome enjoyment or poſſeſſion which we have loſt, and which no endeavours can poſſibly regain. Into ſuch anguiſh many have ſunk upon ſome ſudden diminution of their fortune, an unexpected blaſt of their reputation, or the loſs of children or of friends. They have ſuffered all ſenſibility of pleaſure to be deſtroyed by a ſingle blow, have given up for ever the hopes of ſubſtituting any other object in the room of that which they lament, reſigned their lives to gloom and deſpondency, and worn themſelves out in unavailing miſery.

Yet ſo much is this paſſion the natural conſequence of tenderneſs and endearment, that however painful and however uſeleſs, it is juſtly reproachful not to feel it on ſome occaſions; and ſo widely and conſtantly has it always

always prevailed, that the laws of ſome nations, and the cuſtoms of others, have limited a time for the external appearances of grief cauſed by the diſſolution of cloſe alliances, and the breach of domeſtic union.

It ſeems determined by the general ſuffrage of mankind, that ſorrow is to a certain point laudable, as the offspring of love, or at leaſt pardonable as the effect of weakneſs; but that it ought not to be ſuffered to increaſe by indulgence, but muſt give way after a ſtated time to ſocial duties, and the common avocations of life. It is at firſt unavoidable, and therefore muſt be allowed, whether with or without our choice; it may afterwards be admitted as a decent and affectionate teſtimony of kindneſs and eſteem; ſomething will be extorted by nature, and ſomething may be given to the world. But all beyond the burſts of paſſion or the forms of ſolemnity, is not only uſeleſs but culpable; for we have no right to ſacrifice to the vain longings of affection, that time which Providence allows us for the taſk of our ſtation.

Yet it too often happens that ſorrow, thus lawfully entering, gains ſuch firm poſſeſſion of the mind, that it is not afterwards to be ejected; the mournful ideas, firſt violently impreſſed, and afterwards willingly received, ſo much engroſs the attention, as to predominate in every thought, to darken gaiety, and perplex ratiocination. An habitual ſadneſs ſeizes upon the ſoul, and the faculties are chained to a ſingle object, which can never be contemplated but with hopeleſs uneaſineſs.

From this ſtate of dejection it is very difficult to riſe to cheerfulneſs and alacrity, and therefore many who have laid down rules of intellectual health, think preſervatives eaſier than remedies, and teach us not to truſt ourſelves with favourite enjoyments, not to indulge the luxury of fondneſs, but to keep our minds always ſuſpended in ſuch indifference, that we may change the objects about us without emotion.

An exact compliance with this rule might perhaps contribute to tranquillity, but ſurely it would never produce happineſs. He that regards none ſo much as to be afraid of loſing them, muſt live for ever without the gentle pleaſures

ſures of ſympathy and confidence; he muſt feel no melting fondneſs, no warmth of benevolence, nor any of thoſe honeſt joys which nature annexes to the power of pleaſing. And as no man can juſtly claim more tenderneſs than he pays, he muſt forfeit his ſhare in that officious and watchful kindneſs which love only can dictate, and thoſe lenient endearments by which love only can ſoften life. He may juſtly be overlooked and neglected by ſuch as have more warmth in their heart; for who would be the friend of him, whom, with whatever aſſiduity he may be courted, and with whatever ſervices obliged, his principles will not ſuffer to make equal returns, and who, when you have exhauſted all the inſtances of good-will, can only be prevailed on not to be an enemy?

An attempt to preſerve life in a ſtate of neutrality and indifference, is unreaſonable and vain. If by excluding joy we could ſhut out grief, the ſcheme would deſerve very ſerious attention; but ſince, however we may debar ourſelves from happineſs, miſery will find its way at inlets, and the aſſaults of pain will force our regard, though we may withhold it from the invitations of pleaſure, we may ſurely endeavour to raiſe life above the middle point of apathy at one time, ſince it will neceſſarily ſink below it at another.

But though it cannot be reaſonable not to gain happineſs for fear of loſing it, yet it muſt be confeſſed, that in proportion to the pleaſure of poſſeſſion, will be for ſome time our ſorrow for the loſs; it is therefore the province of the moraliſt to enquire whether ſuch pains may not quickly give way to mitigation. Some have thought that the moſt certain way to clear the heart from its embarraſſment is to drag it by force into ſcenes of merriment. Others imagine, that ſuch a tranſition is too violent, and recommend rather to ſooth it into tranquillity, by making it acquainted with miſeries more dreadful and afflictive, and diverting to the calamities of others the regard which we are inclined to fix too cloſely upon our own misfortunes.

It may be doubted whether either of thoſe remedies will be ſufficiently powerful. The efficacy of mirth is not always eaſy to try, and the indulgence of melancholy may

may be ſuſpected to be one of thoſe medicines which will deſtroy, if it happens not to cure.

The ſafe and general antidote againſt ſorrow is employment. It is commonly obſerved, that among ſoldiers and ſeamen, though there is much kindneſs, there is little grief; they ſee their friend fall without any of that lamentation, which is indulged in ſecurity and idleneſs, becauſe they have no leiſure to ſpare from the care of themſelves; and whoever ſhall keep his thoughts equally buſy, will find himſelf equally unaffected with irretrieveable loſſes.

Time is obſerved generally to wear out ſorrow; and its effects might doubtleſs be accelerated by quickening the ſucceſſion, and enlarging the variety of objects.

Si tempore longo
Levari poterit luctus, tu ſperne morari,
Qui ſapiet ſibi tempus erit. —— GROTIUS.

'Tis long ere Time can mitigate your grief;
To Wiſdom fly; ſhe quickly brings relief.
F. LEWIS.

Sorrow is a kind of ruſt of the ſoul, which every new idea contributes in its paſſage to ſcour away. It is the putrefaction of ſtagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.

No. XLVIII. SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1750.

Non eſt vivere, ſed valere, vita. MART.

For life is not to live, but to be well. ELPHINSTON.

AMONG the innumerable follies, by which we lay up in our youth repentance and remorſe for the ſucceeding part of our lives, there is ſcarce any againſt which warnings are of leſs efficacy than the neglect of Health. While the ſpringy of motion are yet entire, while the heart bounds with vigour, and the eye ſparkles with ſpirit,

ſpirit, it is with difficulty that we are taught to conceive the imbecility that every hour is bringing upon us, or to imagine that the nerves which are now braced with ſo much ſtrength, and the limbs which play with ſo much activity, will loſe all their power under the gripe of time, relax with numbneſs, and totter with debility.

To the arguments which have been uſed againſt complaints under the miſeries of life, the philoſophers have, I think, forgot to add the incredulity of thoſe to whom we recount our ſufferings. But if the purpoſe of lamentation be to excite pity, it is ſurely ſuperfluous for age and weakneſs to tell their plaintive ſtories; for pity preſuppoſes ſympathy; and a little attention will ſhew them, that thoſe who do not feel pain, ſeldom think that it is felt; and a ſhort recollection will inform almoſt every man, that he is only repaid the inſult which he has given, ſince he may remember how often he has mocked infirmity, laughed at its cautions, and cenſured its impatience.

The valetudinarian race have made the care of health ridiculous, by ſuffering it to prevail over all other conſiderations, as the miſer has brought frugality into contempt, by permitting the love of money not to ſhare, but to engroſs his mind: they both err alike, by confounding the means with the end; they graſp at health only to be well, as at money only to be rich; and forget that every terreſtrial advantage is chiefly valuable as it furniſhes abilities for the exerciſe of virtue.

Health is indeed ſo neceſſary to all the duties, as well as pleaſures of life, that the crime of ſquandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a ſhort gratification brings weakneſs and diſeaſes upon himſelf, and for the pleaſure of a few years paſſed in the tumults of diverſion and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be juſtly reproached, not only as a ſpendthrift of his own happineſs, but as a robber of the public; as a wretch that has voluntarily diſqualified himſelf for the buſineſs of his ſtation, and refuſed that part which Providence aſſigns him in the general taſk of human nature.

The

There are perhaps very few conditions more to be pi[t]ied than that of an active and elevated mind, labouring under the weight of a diſtempered body; the time of ſuch a man is always ſpent in forming ſchemes, which a change of wind hinders him from executing, his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleaſes his ambition with the fame he ſhall acquire, or his benevolence with the good he ſhall confer. But in the night the ſkies are overcaſt, the temper of the air is changed, he awakes in languor, impatience, and diſtraction, and has no longer any wiſh but for eaſe, nor any attention but to miſery. It may be ſaid that diſeaſe generally begins that equality which death completes; the diſtinctions which ſet one man ſo much above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a ſick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or inſtruction from the wiſe; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reaſoner perplexed, and the hero ſubdued; where the higheſt and brighteſt of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the conſciouſneſs of innocence.

There is among the fragments of the Greek poets a ſhort hymn to Health, in which her power of exalting the happineſs of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to poſſeſſion, is inculcated with ſo much force and beauty, that no one who has ever languiſhed under the diſcomforts and infirmities of a lingering diſeaſe, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wiſh, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture. The particular occaſion of this little compoſition is not known, but it is probable that the author had been ſick, and in the firſt raptures of returning vigour addreſſed Health in the following manner:

Ὑγίεια σεμνοτάτη μακάρων,
Μετὰ σοὶ ναίοιμι
Τὸ λειπόμενον βιότου.

Συ δε μοι προφρων συνοικος ει ῃς
Ἑι γαρ τις η πλουτου χαρις η τεκεον,
Ταϛ ευδαιμονος τ' ανθρωποις
Βασιληιδος αρχας, η ποθων,
Ὁυς κρυφιοις Αφροδιτης αρκυσιν θηρευομεν;
Ἤ ε. τις αλλα θεοθεν ανθρωποις τερψις,
Ἤ πονων αμποω πεφανται·
Μετω σειο μακαρια Ὑγιεια,
Τεθηλι παντα, και λαμπει χαριτων εαρ·
Σεθεν δε χωρις, ουδεις ευδαιμων πελει.

——Health, moſt venerable of the powers of Heaven!—with thee may the remaining part of my life be paſſed, nor do thou refuſe to bleſs me with thy reſidence. For whatever there is of beauty or of pleaſure in wealth, in deſcendants, or in ſovereign command, the higheſt ſummit of human enjoyment, or in thoſe objects of deſire which we endeavour to chace into the toils of love; whatever delight, or whatever ſolace is granted by the celeſtials to ſoften our fatigues,— in thy preſence, thou parent of happineſs, all thoſe joys ſpread out and flouriſh:—in thy preſence blooms the ſpring of pleaſure, and without thee no man is happy.

Such is the power of health, that without its co-operation every other comfort is torpid and lifeleſs, as the powers of vegetation without the ſun. And yet this bliſs is commonly thrown away in thoughtleſs negligence, or in fooliſh experiments on our own ſtrength; we let it periſh without remembering its value, or waſte it to ſhow how much we have to ſpare; it is ſometimes given up to the management of levity and chance, and ſometimes ſold for the applauſe of jollity and debauchery.

Health is equally neglected, and with equal impropriety, by the votaries of buſineſs and the followers of pleaſure. Some men ruin the fabric of their bodies by inceſſant revels, and others by intemperate ſtudies; ſome batter it by exceſs, and others ſap it by inactivity. To the noiſy route of bacchanalian rioters, it will be to little purpoſe that advice is offered, though it requires no great abilities to prove that he loſes pleaſure who loſes health; their clamours are too loud for the whiſpers of caution, and

and they run the courſe of life with too much precipitance to ſtop at the call of wiſdom. Nor perhaps will they that are buſied in adding thouſands to thouſands, pay much regard to him that ſhall direct them to haſten more ſlowly to their wiſhes. Yet, ſince lovers of money are generally cool, deliberate, and thoughtful, they might ſurely conſider that the greater good ought not to be ſacrificed to the leſs. Health is certainly more valuable than money, becauſe it is by health that money is procured; but thouſands and millions are of ſmall avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of ſenſe, or reſuſcitate the powers of digeſtion. Poverty is indeed an evil from which we naturally fly; but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take ſhelter in the arms of ſickneſs.

Projecere animam! quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem, et duros tolerare labores!

For healthful indigence in vain they pray,
In queſt of wealth who throw their lives away.

Thoſe who loſe their health in an irregular and impetuous purſuit of literary accompliſhments, are yet leſs to be excuſed; for they ought to know that the body is not forced beyond its ſtrength, but with the loſs of more vigour than is proportionate to the effect produced. Whoever takes up life beforehand, by depriving himſelf of reſt and refreſhment, muſt not only pay back the hours, but pay them back with uſury; and for the gain of a few months but half enjoyed, muſt give up years to the liſtleſſneſs of languor and the implacability of pain. They whoſe endeavour is mental excellence, will learn perhaps too late, how much it is endangered by diſeaſes of the body; and find that knowledge may eaſily be loſt in the ſtarts of melancholy, the flights of impatience, and the peeviſhneſs of decrepitude.

No. XLIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1750.

Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit libitinam, uſque ego poſtera
Creſcam laude recens. HOR.

Whole Horace ſhall not die; his ſongs ſhall ſave
The greateſt portion from the greedy grave.

CREECH.

THE firſt motives of human actions are thoſe appetites which Providence has given to man in common with the reſt of the inhabitants of the earth. Immediately after our birth, thirſt and hunger incline us to the breaſt which we draw by inſtinct, like other young creatures, and when we are ſatisfied, we expreſs our uneaſineſs by importunate and inceſſant cries, till we have obtained a place or poſture proper for repoſe.

The next call that rouſes us from a ſtate of inactivity, is that of our paſſions; we quickly begin to be ſenſible of hope and fear, love and hatred, deſire and averſion; theſe ariſing from the power of compariſon and reflection, extend their range wider as our reaſon ſtrengthens and our knowledge enlarges. At firſt we have no thought of pain but when we actually feel it; we afterwards begin to fear it; yet not before it approaches us very nearly; but by degrees we diſcover it at a greater diſtance, and find it lurking in remote conſequences. Our terror in time improves into caution, and we learn to look round with vigilance and ſolicitude, to ſtop all the avenues at which miſery can enter, and to perform or endure many things in themſelves toilſome and unpleaſing, becauſe we know by reaſon, or by experience, that our labour will be overbalanced by the reward; that it will either procure ſome poſitive good, or avert ſome evil greater than itſelf.

But as the ſoul advances to a fuller exerciſe of its powers, the animal appetites, and the paſſions immediately ariſing from them, are not ſufficient to find it employment;

ployment; the wants of nature are ſoon ſupplied, the fear of their return is eaſily precluded, and ſomething more is neceſſary to relieve the long intervals of inactivity, and to give thoſe faculties, which cannot lie wholly quieſcent, ſome particular direction. For this reaſon, new deſires and artificial paſſions are by degrees produced; and, from having wiſhes only in conſequence of our wants, we begin to feel wants in conſequence of our wiſhes; we perſuade ourſelves to ſet a value upon things which are of no uſe, but becauſe we have agreed to value them; things which can neither ſatisfy hunger, nor mitigate pain, nor ſecure us from any real calamity, and which, therefore, we find of no eſteem among thoſe nations whoſe artleſs and barbarous manners keep them always anxious for the neceſſaries of life.

This is the original of avarice, vanity, ambition, and generally of all thoſe deſires which ariſe from the compariſon of our condition with that of others. He that thinks himſelf poor, becauſe his neighbour is richer; he that, like Cæſar, would rather be the firſt man of a village than the ſecond in the capital of the world, has apparently kindled in himſelf deſires which he never received from nature, and acts upon principles eſtabliſhed only by the authority of cuſtom.

Of thoſe adſcititious paſſions, ſome, as avarice and envy, are univerſally condemned; ſome, as friendſhip and curioſity, generally praiſed: but there are others about which the ſuffrages of the wiſe are divided, and of which it is doubted, whether they tend moſt to promote the happineſs, or increaſe the miſeries of mankind.

Of this ambiguous and diſputable kind is the love of fame, a deſire of filling the minds of others with admiration, and of being celebrated by generations to come with praiſes which we ſhall not hear. This ardour has been conſidered by ſome, as nothing better than ſplendid madneſs, as a flame kindled by pride, and fanned by folly; for what, ſay they, can be more remote from wiſdom, than to direct all our actions by the hope of that which is not to exiſt till we ourſelves are in the grave!

To pant after that which can never be poſſeſſed, and of which the value thus wildly put upon it, ariſes from this particular condition, that, during life, it is not to be obtained! To gain the favour and hear the applauſes of our contemporaries, is indeed equally deſireable with any other prerogative of ſuperiority, becauſe fame may be of uſe to ſmooth the paths of life, to terrify oppoſition, and fortify tranquillity; but to what end ſhall we be the darlings of mankind, when we can no longer receive any benefits from their favour! It is more reaſonable to wiſh for reputation while it may yet be enjoyed; as Anacreon calls upon his companions to give him for preſent uſe the wine and garlands which they purpoſe to beſtow upon his tomb.

The advocates for the love of fame allege in its vindication, that it is a paſſion natural and univerſal; a flame lighted by Heaven, and always burning with greateſt vigour in the moſt enlarged and elevated minds. That the deſire of being praiſed by poſterity implies a reſolution to deſerve their praiſes, and that the folly charged upon it is only a noble and diſintereſted generoſity, which is not felt, and therefore not underſtood, by thoſe who have been always accuſtomed to refer every thing to themſelves, and whoſe ſelfiſhneſs has contracted their underſtandings. That the ſoul of man, formed for eternal life, naturally ſprings forward beyond the limits of corporeal exiſtence, and rejoices to conſider herſelf as co-operating with future ages, and as co-extended with endleſs duration. That the reproach urged with ſo much petulance, the reproach of labouring for what cannot be enjoyed, is founded on an opinion which may with great probability be doubted; for ſince we ſuppoſe the powers of the ſoul to be enlarged by its ſeparation, why ſhould we conclude that its knowledge of ſublunary tranſactions is contracted or extinguiſhed!

Upon an attentive and impartial review of the argument, it will appear that the love of fame is to be regulated rather than extinguiſhed; and that men ſhould be taught not to be wholly careleſs about their memory, but to endeavour that they may be remembered chiefly for

for their virtues, ſince no other reputation will be able to tranſmit any pleaſure beyond the grave.

It is evident that fame, conſidered merely as the immortality of a name, is not leſs likely to be the reward of bad actions than of good; he therefore has no certain principle for the regulation of his conduct, whoſe ſingle aim is not to be forgotten: and hiſtory will inform us, that this blind and undiſtinguiſhed appetite of renown has always been uncertain in its effects, and directed by accident or opportunity, indifferently to the benefit or deſtruction of the world. When Themiſtocles complained that the trophies of Miltiades hindered him from ſleep, he was animated by them to perform the ſame ſervices in the ſame cauſe. But Cæſar, when he wept at the ſight of Alexander's picture, having no honeſt opportunities of action, let his ambition break out to the ruin of his country.

If, therefore, the love of fame is ſo far indulged by the mind as to become independent and predominant, it is dangerous and irregular; but it may be uſefully employed as an inferior and ſecondary motive, and will ſerve ſometimes to revive our activity, when we begin to languiſh and loſe ſight of that more certain, more valuable, and more durable reward, which ought always to be our firſt hope and our laſt. But it muſt be ſtrongly impreſſed upon our minds, that virtue is not to be purſued as one of the means to fame, but fame to be accepted as the only recompenſe which mortals can beſtow on virtue; to be accepted with complacence, but not ſought with eagerneſs. Simply to be remembered is no advantage; it is a privilege which ſatire as well as panegyric can confer, and is not more enjoyed by Titus or Conſtantine, than by Timocreon of Rhodes, of whom we only know from his epitaph, *that he had eaten many a meal, drank many a flaggon, and uttered many a reproach.*

Πολλὰ φαγὼν, καὶ πολλὰ πιὼν, καὶ πολλὰ κακ' εἰπὼν
Ἀνθρώπων, κεῖμαι Τιμοκρέων Ῥόδιος.

The

The true ſatisfaction which is to be drawn from the conſciouſneſs that we ſhall ſhare the attention of future times, muſt ariſe from the hope, that with our name our virtues will be propagated; and that thoſe whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive inſtruction from our examples, and incitement from our renown.

No. L. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1750.

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non aſſurrexerat, atque
Barbato cuicunque puer, licet ipſe videret
Plura domi fraga, et majores glandis acervos. JUV.

And had not men the hoary head rever'd,
And boys paid rev'rence when a man appear'd,
Both muſt have dy'd, tho' richer ſkins they wore,
And ſaw more heaps of acorns in their ſtore.

CREECH.

I HAVE always thought it the buſineſs of thoſe who turn their ſpeculations upon the living world, to commend the virtues as well as to expoſe the faults of their contemporaries, and to confute a falſe as well as to ſupport a juſt accuſation; not only becauſe it is peculiarly the buſineſs of a monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, leſt thoſe who can once charge him with partiality ſhould indulge themſelves afterwards in diſbelieving him at pleaſure, but becauſe he may find real crimes ſufficient to give full employment to caution or repentance, without diſtracting the mind by needleſs ſcruples and vain ſolicitudes.

There are certain fixed and ſtated reproaches that one part of mankind has in all ages thrown upon another, which are regularly tranſmitted through continued ſucceſſions, and which he that has once ſuffered them is certain to uſe with the ſame undiſtinguiſhing vehemence, when he has changed his ſtation, and gained the pre-

ſcriptive right of inflicting on others what he had formerly endured himſelf.

To theſe hereditary imputations, of which no man ſees the juſtice till it becomes his intereſt to ſee it, very little regard is to be ſhewn; ſince it does not appear that they are produced by ratiocination or enquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of inſtantaneous contagion, and ſupported rather by willingneſs to credit than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of thoſe who are deſirous to believe themſelves made venerable by length of time, to cenſure the new comers into life, for want of reſpect to grey hairs and ſage experience, for heady confidence in their own underſtandings, for haſty concluſions upon partial views, for diſregard of counſels which their fathers and grandſires are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that ſubordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as neceſſary to its ſecurity from evils, into which it would be otherwiſe precipitated by the raſhneſs of paſſion, and the blindneſs of ignorance.'

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and inſolence of the riſing generation. He recounts the decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the diſcipline and ſobriety of the age in which his youth was paſſed; a happy age which is now no more to be expected, ſince confuſion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

It is not ſufficiently conſidered how much he aſſumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining: for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full ſhare of the miſeries of life, he is inclined to conſider all clamorous uneaſineſs as a proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to aſk, 'What merit has this man to ſhow, by 'which he has acquired a right to repine at the diſtribu-'tions of nature? Or, why does he imagine that ex-'emptions ſhould be granted him from the general con-'dition of man?' We find ourſelves excited rather to captiouſneſs than pity; and inſtead of being in haſte to ſooth

ſooth his complaints by ſympathy and tenderneſs, we enquire, whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation; and whether, ſuppoſing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly, rather than calamity.

The querulouſneſs and indignation which is obſerved ſo often to diſfigure the laſt ſcene of life, naturally leads us to enquiries like theſe. For ſurely it will be thought, at the firſt view of things, that if age be thus contemned and ridiculed, inſulted and neglected, the crime muſt at leaſt be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of eſtabliſhing their authority over minds ductile and unreſiſting; they who have been the protectors of helpleſſneſs, and the inſtructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth and the dignity of command, muſt defeat their influence by their own miſconduct, and make uſe of all theſe advantages with very little ſkill, if they cannot ſecure to themſelves an appearance of reſpect, and ward off open mockery and declared contempt.

The general ſtory of mankind will evince, that lawful and ſettled authority is very ſeldom reſiſted when it is well employed. Groſs corruption, or evident imbecility, is neceſſary to the ſuppreſſion of that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, on thoſe whom they ſee ſurrounded by ſplendor, and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their paſſions into forgetfulneſs of inviſible rewards and puniſhments, yet they are eaſily kept obedient to thoſe who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is diſſipated by ſuch wickedneſs and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It may, therefore, very reaſonably be ſuſpected that the old draw upon themſelves the greateſt part of thoſe inſults which they ſo much lament, and that age is rarely deſpiſed but when it is contemptible. If men imagine that exceſs of debauchery can be made reverend by time, that knowledge is the conſequence of long life, however idly and thoughtleſsly employed, that priority of birth will ſupply the want of ſteadineſs or honeſty, can it raiſe much

much wonder that their hopes are diſappointed, and that they ſee their poſterity rather willing to truſt their own eyes in their progreſs into life, than liſt themſelves under guides who have loſt their way?

There are, indeed, many truths which time neceſſarily and certainly teaches, and which might, by thoſe who have learned them from experience, be communicated to their ſucceſſors at a cheaper rate: but dictates, though liberally enough beſtowed, are generally without effect; the teacher gains few proſelytes by inſtruction which his own behaviour contradicts; and young men miſs the benefit of counſel, becauſe they are not very ready to believe that thoſe who fall below them in practice can much excel them in theory. Thus the progreſs of knowledge is retarded, the world is kept long in the ſame ſtate, and every new race is to gain the prudence of their predeceſſors by committing and redreſſing the ſame miſcarriages.

To ſecure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might ſo much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is abſolutely neceſſary that they give themſelves up to the duties of declining years; and contentedly reſign to youth its levity, its pleaſures, its frolics, and its fopperies. It is a hopeleſs endeavour to unite the contrarieties of ſpring and winter; it is unjuſt to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wiſdom and gravity of men, whom they conſider as placed at a diſtance from them in the ranks of exiſtence; and naturally look on thoſe whom they find trifling with long beards, with contempt and indignation, like that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If dotards will contend with boys in thoſe performances in which boys muſt always excel them; if they will dreſs crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavour at gaiety with faultering voices, and darken aſſemblies of pleaſure with the ghaſtlineſs of diſeaſe; they may well expect thoſe who find their diverſions obſtructed will hoot them away; and that if they deſcend

to

to competition with youth, they muſt bear the inſolence of ſucceſsful rivals.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis atque bibiſti ;
Tempus abire tibi eſt.

You've had your ſhare of mirth, of meat and drink ;
'Tis time to quit the ſcene; 'tis time to think.

ELPHINSTON.

Another vice of age, by which the riſing generation may be alienated from it, is ſeverity and cenſoriouſneſs, that gives no allowance to the failings of early life, that expects artfulneſs from childhood, and conſtancy from youth, that is peremptory in every command, and inexorable to every failure. There are many who live merely to hinder happineſs, and whoſe deſcendants can only tell of long life that it produces ſuſpicion, malignity, peeviſhneſs, and perſecution: and yet even theſe tyrants can talk of the ingratitude of the age, curſe their heirs for impatience, and wonder that young men cannot take pleaſure in their fathers company.

He that would paſs the latter part of life with honour and decency, muſt, when he is young, conſider that he ſhall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he muſt lay up knowledge for his ſupport when his powers of action ſhall forſake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience only can correct.

No. LI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1750.

———Stultus labor eſt ineptiarum. MART.

How fooliſh is the toil of trifling cares!

ELPHINSTON.

To the Rambler.

Sir,

AS you have allowed a place in your paper to Euphelia's letters from the country, and appear to think no form of human life unworthy of your attention, I have reſolved, after many ſtruggles with idleneſs and diffidence, to give you ſome account of my entertainment in this ſober ſeaſon of univerſal retreat, and to deſcribe to you the employments of thoſe who look with contempt on the pleaſures and diverſions of polite life, and employ all their powers of cenſure and invective upon the uſeleſſneſs, vanity, and folly of dreſs, viſits, and converſation.

When a tireſome and vexatious journey of four days had brought me to the houſe where invitation, regularly ſent for ſeven years together, had at laſt induced me to paſs the ſummer, I was ſurpriſed, after the civilities of my firſt reception, to find, inſtead of the leiſure and tranquillity which a rural life always promiſes, and, if well conducted, might always afford a confuſed wildneſs of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded, and every motion agitated. The old lady, who was my father's relation, was, indeed, very full of the happineſs which ſhe received from my viſit, and, according to the forms of obſolete breeding, inſiſted that I ſhould recompenſe the long delay of my company with a promiſe not to leave her till winter. But, amidſt all her kindneſs and careſſes, ſhe very frequently turned her head aſide, and whiſpered, with anxious earneſtneſs, ſome order to her daughters, which never failed to ſend them out with unpolite precipitation. Sometimes her impatience would not ſuffer her to ſtay

behind; ſhe begged my pardon, ſhe muſt leave me for a moment: ſhe went, and returned and ſat down again, but was again diſturbed by ſome new care, diſmiſſed her daughters with the ſame trepidation, and followed them with the ſame countenance of buſineſs and ſolicitude.

However I was alarmed at this ſhew of eagerneſs and diſturbance, and however my curioſity was excited by ſuch buſy preparations as naturally promiſed ſome great event, I was yet too much a ſtranger to gratify myſelf with enquiries; but finding none of the family in mourning, I pleaſed myſelf with imagining that I ſhould rather ſee a wedding than a funeral.

At laſt we ſat down to ſupper, when I was informed that one of the young ladies, after whom I thought myſelf obliged to enquire, was under a neceſſity of attending ſome affair that could not be neglected: ſoon afterward my relation began to talk of the regularity of her family, and the inconvenience of London hours; and at laſt let me know that they had propoſed that night to go to bed ſooner than was uſual, becauſe they were to riſe early in the morning to make cheeſecakes. This hint ſent me to my chamber, to which I was accompanied by all the ladies, who begged me to excuſe ſome large ſieves of leaves and flowers that covered two thirds of the floor; for they intended to diſtil them when they were dry, and they had no other room that ſo conveniently received the riſing ſun.

The ſcent of the plants hindered me from reſt, and therefore I roſe early in the morning with a reſolution to explore my new habitation. I ſtole unperceived by my buſy couſins into the garden, where I found nothing either more great or elegant, than in the ſame number of acres cultivated for the market. Of the gardener, I ſoon learned that his lady was the greateſt manager in that part of the country, and that I was come hither at the time in which I might learn to make more pickles and conſerves than could be ſeen at any other houſe a hundred miles round.

It was not long before her ladyſhip gave me ſufficient opportunities of knowing her character, for ſhe was too much

much pleaſed with her own accompliſhments to conceal them; and took occaſion, from ſome ſweetmeats which ſhe ſet next day upon the table, to diſcourſe for two long hours upon robs and gellies; laid down the beſt methods of conſerving, reſerving, and preſerving all ſorts of fruit; told us with great contempt of the London lady in the neighbourhood, by whom theſe terms were very often confounded; and hinted how much ſhe ſhould be aſhamed to ſet before company, at her own houſe, ſweetmeats of ſo dark a colour as ſhe had often ſeen at Miſtreſs Sprightly's.

It is, indeed, the great buſineſs of her life to watch the ſkillet on the fire, to ſee it ſimmer with the due degree of heat, and to ſnatch it off at the moment of projection; and the employments to which ſhe has bred her daughters are to turn roſe-leaves in the ſhade, to pick out the ſeeds of currants with a quill, to gather fruit without bruiſing it, and to extract bean-flower water for the ſkin. Such are the taſks with which every day, ſince I came hither, has begun and ended, to which the early hours of life are ſacrificed, and in which that time is paſſing away which never ſhall return.

But to reaſon or expoſtulate are hopeleſs attempts. The lady has ſettled her opinions, and maintains the dignity of her own performances with all the firmneſs of ſtupidity accuſtomed to be flattered. Her daughters having never ſeen any houſe but their own, believe their mother's excellence on her own word. Her huſband is a mere ſportſman, who is pleaſed to ſee his table well furniſhed, and thinks the day ſufficiently ſucceſsful in which he brings home a leaſh of hares to be potted by his wife.

After a few days I pretended to want books; but my lady ſoon told me that none of her books would ſuit my taſte: for her part, ſhe never loved to ſee young women give their minds to ſuch follies, by which they would only learn to uſe hard words; ſhe bred up her daughters to underſtand a houſe, and whoever ſhould marry them, if they knew any thing of good cookery, would never repent it.

There are, however, ſome things in the culinary ſciences too ſublime for youthful intellects; myſteries into which they muſt not be initiated till the years of ſerious maturity, and which are referred to the day of marriage, as the ſupreme qualification for connubial life. She makes an orange-pudding, which is the envy of all the neighbourhood, and which ſhe has hitherto found means of mixing and baking with ſecrecy, that the ingredient to which it owes its flavour has never been diſcovered. She, indeed, conducts this great affair with all the caution that human policy can ſuggeſt. It is never known before-hand when this pudding will be produced; ſhe takes the ingredients privately into her own cloſet, employs her maids and daughters in different parts of the houſe, orders the oven to be heated for a pie, and places the pudding in it with her own hands; the mouth of the oven is then ſtopped, and all enquiries are vain.

The compoſition of the pudding ſhe has, however, promiſed Clarinda, that if ſhe pleaſes her in marriage, ſhe ſhall be told without reſerve. But the art of making Engliſh capers ſhe has not yet perſuaded herſelf to diſcover; but ſeems reſolved that ſecret ſhall periſh with her, as ſome alchymiſts have obſtinately ſuppreſſed the art of tranſmuting metals.

I once ventured to lay my fingers on her book of receipts, which ſhe left upon the table, having intelligence that a veſſel of gooſeberry-wine had burſt the hoops. But though the importance of the event ſufficiently engroſſed her care, to prevent any recollection of the danger to which her ſecrets were expoſed, I was not able to make uſe of the golden moments; for this treaſure of hereditary knowledge was ſo well concealed by the manner of ſpelling uſed by her grandmother, her mother, and herſelf, that I was totally unable to underſtand it, and loſt the opportunity of conſulting the oracle, for want of knowing the language in which its anſwers were returned.

It is, indeed, neceſſary, if I have any regard to her ladyſhip's eſteem, that I ſhould apply myſelf to ſome of theſe economical accompliſhments, for I overheard her,

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two days ago, warning her daughters, by my mournful example, againſt negligence of paſtry, and ignorance in carving: 'For you ſaw,' ſaid ſhe, 'that, with all her 'pretenſions to knowledge, ſhe turned the partridge the 'wrong way when ſhe attempted to cut it; and, I be-'lieve, ſcarcely knows the difference between paſte 'raiſed and paſte in a diſh.'

The reaſon, Mr. Rambler, why I have laid Lady Buſtle's character before you, is a deſire to be informed whether, in your opinion, it is worthy of imitation, and whether I ſhall throw away the books which I have hitherto thought it my duty to read, for *The Lady's Cloſet Opened*, *The Complete Servant Maid*, and *The Court Cook*, and reſign all curioſity after right and wrong for the art of ſcalding damaſcenes without burſting them, and preſerving the whiteneſs of pickled muſhrooms.

Lady Buſtle has, indeed, by this inceſſant application to fruits and flowers, contracted her cares into a narrow ſpace, and ſet herſelf free from many perplexities with which other minds are diſturbed. She has no curioſity after the events of a war, or the fate of heroes in diſtreſs; ſhe can hear, without the leaſt emotion, the ravage of a fire, or devaſtations of a ſtorm; her neighbours grow rich or poor, come into the world or go out of it, without regard, while ſhe is preſſing the gelly-bag, or airing the ſtore-room; but I cannot perceive that ſhe is more free from diſquiets than thoſe whoſe underſtandings take a wider range. Her marigolds, when they are almoſt cured, are often ſcattered by the wind, and the rain ſometimes falls upon fruit when it ought to be gathered dry. While her artificial wines are fermenting, her whole life is reſtleſſneſs and anxiety: Her ſweetmeats are not always bright; and the maid ſometimes forgets the juſt proportions of ſalt and pepper when veniſon is to be baked. Her conſerves mould, her wines ſour, and pickles mother; and, like all the reſt of mankind, ſhe is every day mortified with the defeat of her ſchemes, and the diſappointment of her hopes.

With regard to vice and virtue, ſhe ſeems a kind of neutral being. She has no crime but luxury, nor any

virtue but chaſtity; ſhe has no deſire to be praiſed but for her cookery, nor wiſhes any ill to the reſt of mankind, but that whenever they aſpire to a feaſt, their cuſtards may be wheyiſh, and their pie-cruſts tough.

I am now very impatient to know whether I am to look on theſe ladies as the great patterns of our ſex, and to conſider conſerves and pickles as the buſineſs of my life; whether the cenſures which I now ſuffer be juſt; and whether the brewers of wines and the diſtillers of waſhes, have a right to look with inſolence on the weakneſs of

CORNELIA.

No. LII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1750.

——Quoties flenti Theſeius heros
Siſte modum, dixit, neque enim fortuna querenda
Sola tua eſt, ſimiles aliorum reſpice caſus,
Mitius iſta feres. OVID.

How oft in vain the ſon of Theſeus ſaid,
The ſtormy ſorrows be with patience laid:
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone;
Weigh others woes, and learn to bear thy own.

CATCOTT.

AMONG the various methods of conſolation, to which the miſeries inſeparable from our preſent ſtate have given occaſion, it has been, as I have already remarked, recommended by ſome writers to put the ſufferer in mind of heavier preſſures, and more excruciating calamities, than thoſe of which he has himſelf reaſon to complain.

This has, in all ages, been directed and practiſed; and, in conformity to this cuſtom, Lipſius, the great modern maſter of the Stoic philoſophy, has in his celebrated treatiſe on *ſteadineſs of mind*, endeavoured to fortify the breaſt againſt too much ſenſibility of misfortune, by enumerating the evils which have in former ages fallen upon the world, the devaſtation of wide-extended regions,

gions, the ſack of cities, and maſſacre of nations: And the common voice of the multitude, uninſtructed by precept, and unprejudiced by authority, which, in queſtions that relate to the heart of man, is, in my opinion, more deciſive than the learning of Lipſius ſeems to juſtify the efficacy of this procedure; for one of the firſt comforts which one neighbour adminiſters to another, is a relation of the like infelicity, combined with circumſtances of greater bitterneſs.

But this medicine of the mind is like many remedies applied to the body, of which, though we ſee the effects, we are unacquainted with the manner of operation, and of which, therefore, ſome, who are unwilling to ſuppoſe any thing out of the reach of their own ſagacity, have been inclined to doubt whether they have really thoſe virtues for which they are celebrated, and whether their reputation is not the mere gift of fancy, prejudice, and credulity.

Conſolation, or comfort, are words which, in their proper acceptation, ſignify ſome alleviation of that pain to which it is not in our power to afford the proper and adequate remedy; they imply rather an augmentation of the power of bearing than a diminution of the burthen. A priſoner is relieved by him that ſets him at liberty, but receives comfort from ſuch as ſuggeſt conſiderations by which he is made patient under the inconvenience of confinement. To that grief which ariſes from a great loſs, he only brings the true remedy, who makes his friend's condition the ſame as before; but he may be properly termed a comforter, who by perſuaſion extenuates the pain of poverty, and ſhews, in the ſtyle of Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole.*

It is, perhaps, not immediately obvious how it can lull the memory of misfortune, or appeaſe the throbbings of anguiſh, to hear that others are more miſerable; others, perhaps, unknown, or wholly indifferent, whoſe proſperity raiſes no envy, and whoſe fall can gratify no reſentment. Some topics of comfort ariſing, like that which gave hope and ſpirit to the captive of Seſoſtris, from the perpetual viciſſitudes of life, and the mutability

tability of human affairs, may as properly raiſe the dejected as depreſs the proud, and have an immediate tendency to exhilarate and revive. But how can it avail the man who languiſhes in the gloom of ſorrow, without proſpect of emerging into the ſunſhine of cheerfulneſs, to hear that others are ſunk yet deeper in the dungeon of miſery, ſhackled with heavier chains, and ſurrounded with darker deſperation?

The ſolace ariſing from this conſideration ſeems indeed the weakeſt of all others, and is perhaps never properly applied, but in caſes where there is no place for reflections of more ſpeedy and pleaſing efficacy. But even from ſuch calamities life is by no means free; a thouſand ills incurable, a thouſand loſſes irreparable, a thouſand difficulties inſurmountable, are known, or will be known, by all the ſons of men. Native deformity cannot be rectified, a dead friend cannot return, and the hours of youth trifled away in folly, or loſt in ſickneſs, cannot be reſtored.

Under the oppreſſion of ſuch melancholy, it has been found uſeful to take a ſurvey of the world, to contemplate the various ſcenes of diſtreſs in which mankind are ſtruggling round us, and acquaint ourſelves with the *terribiles viſu formæ*—the various ſhapes of miſery, which make havoc of terreſtrial happineſs, range all corners almoſt without reſtraint, trample down our hopes at the hour of harveſt, and when we have built our ſchemes to the top, ruin their foundations.

The firſt effect of this meditation is, that it furniſhes a new employment for the mind, and engages the paſſions on remoter objects; as kings have ſometimes freed themſelves from a ſubject too haughty to be governed, and too powerful to be cruſhed, by poſting him in a diſtant province till his popularity has ſubſided, or his pride been repreſſed. The attention is diſſipated by variety, and acts more weakly upon any ſingle part, as that torrent may be drawn off to different channels, which, pouring down in one collected body, cannot be reſiſted. This ſpecies of comfort is, therefore, unavailing in ſevere paroxyſms of corporal pain, when the mind

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is every inſtant called back to miſery, and in the firſt ſhock of any ſudden evil; but will certainly be of uſe againſt encroaching melancholy, and a ſettled habit of gloomy thoughts.

It is further advantageous, as it ſupplies us with opportunities of making compariſons in our own favour. We know that very little of the pain or pleaſure, which does not begin and end in our ſenſes, is otherwiſe than relative; we are rich or poor, great or little, in proportion to the number that excel us, or fall beneath us, in any of theſe repects; and therefore a man whoſe uneaſineſs ariſes from reflection on any misfortune that throws him below thoſe with whom he was once equal, is comforted by finding that he is not yet loweſt.

There is another kind of compariſon leſs tending towards the vice of envy, very well illuſtrated by an old poet, whoſe ſyſtem will not afford many reaſonable motives to content. 'It is,' ſays he, 'pleaſing to look 'from ſhore upon the tumults of a ſtorm, and to ſee a 'ſhip ſtruggling with the billows; it is pleaſing, not be-'cauſe the pain of another can give us delight, but be-'cauſe we have a ſtronger impreſſion of the happineſs of 'ſafety.' Thus, when we look abroad, and behold the multitudes that are groaning under evils heavier than thoſe which we have experienced, we ſhrink back to our own ſtate, and, inſtead of repining that ſo much muſt be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this obſervation of the miſeries of others, fortitude is ſtrengthened, and the mind brought to a more extenſive knowledge of her own powers. As the heroes of action catch the flame from one another, ſo they to whom Providence has allotted the harder taſk of ſuffering with calmneſs and dignity, may animate themſelves by the remembrance of thoſe evils which have been laid on others, perhaps naturally as weak as themſelves, and bear up with vigour and reſolution againſt their own oppreſſions, when they ſee it poſſible that more ſevere afflictions may be borne.

There is ſtill another reaſon why, to many minds, the relation of other mens infelicity may give a laſting and conti-

continual relief. Some, not well inſtructed in the meaſures by which Providence diſtributes happineſs, are perhaps miſled by divines, who, as Bellarmine makes temporal proſperity one of the characters of the true church, have repreſented wealth and eaſe as the certain concomitants of virtue, and the unfailing reſult of the Divine approbation. Such ſufferers are dejected in their misfortunes, not ſo much for what they feel as for what they dread; not becauſe they cannot ſupport the ſorrows, or endure the wants of their preſent condition, but becauſe they conſider them as only the beginnings of more ſharp and more laſting pains. To theſe mourners, it is an act of the higheſt charity to repreſent the calamities which not only virtue has ſuffered, but virtue has incurred; but to inform them that one evidence of a future ſtate is the uncertainty of any preſent reward for goodneſs; and to remind them, from the higheſt authority, of the diſtreſſes and penury of men *of whom the world was not worthy*.

No. LIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1750.

Φείδεο τῶν κείνων.

EPIGRAM. VET.

Huſband thy poſſeſſions.

THERE is ſcarcely among the evils of human life, any ſo generally dreaded as Poverty. Every other ſpecies of miſery, thoſe who are not much accuſtomed to diſturb the preſent moment with reflection, can eaſily forget, becauſe it is not always forced upon their regard: but it is impoſſible to paſs a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without ſeeing how much indigence is expoſed to contumely, neglect, and inſult; and, in its loweſt ſtate, to hunger and nakedneſs; to injuries againſt which every paſſion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot ſuſtain.

Againſt other evils, the heart is often hardened by true

true or falſe notions of dignity and reputation: thus we ſee dangers of every kind faced with willingneſs, becauſe bravery in a good or bad cauſe is never without its encomiaſts and admirers. But in the proſpect of poverty there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body ſuffer together; its miſeries bring no alleviations; it is a ſtate in which every virtue is obſcured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach: a ſtate in which cheerfulneſs is inſenſibility, and dejection ſullenneſs, of which the hardſhips are without honour, and the labours without reward.

Of theſe calamities there ſeems not to be wanting a general conviction; we hear on every ſide the noiſe of trade, and ſee the ſtreets thronged with numberleſs multitudes, whoſe faces are clouded with anxiety, and whoſe ſteps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain; and the whole world is put in motion by the deſire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued as it ſecures us from poverty; for it is more uſeful for defence than acquiſition, and is not ſo much able to procure good as to exclude evil.

Yet there are always ſome whoſe paſſions or follies lead them to a conduct oppoſite to the general maxims and practice of mankind; ſome who ſeem to ruſh upon poverty with the ſame eagerneſs with which others avoid it; who ſee their revenues hourly leſſened, and the eſtates which they inherit from their anceſtors mouldering away, without reſolution to change their courſe of life; who perſevere againſt all remonſtrances, and go forward with full career, though they ſee before them the precipice of deſtruction.

It is not my purpoſe, in this paper, to expoſtulate with ſuch as ruin their fortunes by expenſive ſchemes of buildings and gardens, which they carry on with the ſame vanity that prompted them to begin; chuſing, as it happens in a thouſand other caſes, the remote evil before the lighter, and deferring the ſhame of repentance till they incur the miſeries of diſtreſs. Thoſe for whom I intend my preſent admonitions, are the thoughtleſs, the negligent, and the diſſolute; who having, by the viciouſneſs

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of their own inclinations, or the ſeducements of alluring companions, been engaged in habits of expence, and accuſtomed to move in a certain round of pleaſures diſproportioned to their condition, are without power to extricate themſelves from the inchantments of cuſtom, avoid thought becauſe they know it will be painful, and continue from day to day, and from month to month, to anticipate their revenues, and ſink every hour deeper into the gulphs of uſury and extortion.

This folly has leſs claim to pity, becauſe it cannot be imputed to the vehemence of ſudden paſſion; nor can the miſchief which it produces be extenuated as the effect of any ſingle act which rage or deſire might execute before there could be time for an appeal to reaſon. Theſe men are advancing towards miſery by ſoft approaches, and deſtroying themſelves, not by the violence of a blow, which, when once given, can never be recalled, but by a ſlow poiſon, hourly repeated, and obſtinately continued.

This conduct is ſo abſurd when it is examined by the unprejudiced eye of rational judgment, that nothing but experience could evince its poſſibility; yet, abſurd as it is, the ſudden fall of ſome families and the ſudden riſe of others, prove it to be common; and every year ſees many wretches reduced to contempt and want by their coſtly ſacrifices to pleaſure and vanity.

It is the fate of almoſt every paſſion, when it has paſſed the bounds which nature preſcribes, to counteract its own purpoſe. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumſpection, too much eagerneſs of profit hurts the credit of the trader, too much ardour takes away from the lover that eaſineſs of addreſs with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity and incited by voluptuouſneſs, ſeldom procures ultimately either applauſe or pleaſure.

If praiſe be juſtly eſtimated by the character of thoſe from whom it is received, little ſatisfaction will be given to the ſpendthrift by the encomiums which he purchaſes. For who are they that animate him in his purſuits, but young men, thoughtleſs and abandoned like himſelf; unacquain-ed

unacquainted with all on which the wiſdom of nations has impreſſed the ſtamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profuſion praiſed, but by wretches who conſider him as ſubſervient to their purpoſes: Sirens that entice him to ſhipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whoſe knowledge, or whoſe virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with ſcorn or pity (neither of which can afford much gratification to pride) on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence; and whom he ſees parcelled out among the different miniſters of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by taylors and jockies, vintners and attornies, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are ſecretly triumphing over his weakneſs, when they preſent new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his deſires by counterfeited applauſe.

Such is the praiſe that is purchaſed by prodigality. Even when it is yet not diſcovered to be falſe, it is the praiſe only of thoſe whom it is reproachful to pleaſe, and whoſe ſincerity is corrupted by their intereſt; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wiſe, they ſhall loſe their power. Yet with ſuch flatteries, if they could laſt, might the cravings of vanity, which is ſeldom very delicate, be ſatisfied; but the time is always haſtening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, ſhall vaniſh, and when thoſe who now ſurround them with obſequiouſneſs and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, ſhall turn upon him with inſolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themſelves.

And as little pretenſions has the man who ſquanders his eſtate by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleaſure than are obtained by others. To make any happineſs ſincere, it is neceſſary that we believe it to be laſting; ſince whatever we ſuppoſe ourſelves in danger of loſing, muſt be enjoyed with ſolicitude and uneaſineſs; and the more value we ſet upon it, the more muſt the preſent poſſeſſion be imbittered. How can he then be

envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conſcious that a very ſhort time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more exceſſes, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuſeneſs?

It appears evident that frugality is neceſſary even to complete the pleaſure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of theſe who ſquander what they know their fortune not ſufficient to allow, that in their moſt jovial expence there always breaks out ſome proof of diſcontent and impatience; they either ſcatter with a kind of wild deſperation, and affected laviſhneſs, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot eſcape it, or pay their money with a peeviſh anxiety, and endeavour at once to ſpend idly, and to ſave meanly: having neither firmneſs to deny their paſſions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poiſon the bowl of pleaſure by reflection on the coſt.

Among theſe men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very ſeldom the tranquillity of cheerfulneſs; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and conſider it as the firſt buſineſs of the night to ſtupify recollection, and lay that reaſon aſleep which diſturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken ſatisfaction is of ſhort continuance, and muſt be expiated by a long ſeries of miſery and regret. In a ſhort time the creditor grows impatient, the laſt acre is ſold, the paſſions and appetites ſtill continue their tyranny, with inceſſant calls for their uſual gratifications, and the remainder of life paſſes away in vain repentance, or impotent deſire.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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